WEEK ENDING AN. 19, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Journey's End

HE MURDERS ON THE ROOF *by* EDWARD DOHERTY

Bananas

. . . a good mixer with every fruit that grows

Oranges, apples, grapefruit, pineapples, pears, melons, grapes—all these and many others—blend perfectly with bananas. The distinctive flavor of the banana, when added to a fruit cup, a fruit salad, or any fruit combination, brings out the flavor of the other fruits and makes them taste better.

"Eat plenty of fresh fruits" is now an accepted principle of diet—and the mere sight of mellow, luscious bananas is an invitation to serve many delicious and nourishing fruit combinations.

"Ripe bananas are good for little children."

All year round from the tropics . . . Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas—every season, every day—bananas are available. Thanks to the nearness and all-year-round productiveness of the tropics, they always can be had at your grocery or fruit store.

Children crave the temptingly flavored banana instinctively. And it is well that they do, for bananas are one of the most important energy-producing foods. Doctors and dietitians consider the banana not only one of the most *valuable* foods, but also one of the most *easily digested* . . . as beneficial for grown-ups as for children.

Serve bananas with other fruits, with cereals, with milk or cream . . . or serve them plain. But always be sure they are fully ripe (generously flecked with brown spots). If they are not at the proper stage of ripeness when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place them in the ice-box.

UNIFRUIT BANANAS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A United Fruit Company Product

Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

A scene in Colombia, South America, where fine bananas are grown in the coastal plain along the Caribbean. Hundreds of thousands of stems of this delicious fruit are shipped every year from the Colombian port of Santa Marta.

BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

Forty years of faithkeeping

BELIEF . . . in the loyalty of loved ones dwells deep in your heart . . . undisturbed by doubt. They have kept faith. The passing years have proved them *worthy* of your trust.

So, too, do forty years of faith-keeping . . . of honest timekeeping service . . . of strict adherence to the highest standard of excellence assure you of the trustworthy character of Westclox.

Combined with this long-distinguished reliability, you now find a new style in alarms . . . stately grace . . . dignity of design. Built on a sturdy artistic base that lends a delightful touch of beauty . . . a noteworthy development in clock making . . . lessens possibility of tipping . . . insures longer life.

These new models — in nickel and in beautiful colors — old rose, blue or green. Westclox prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
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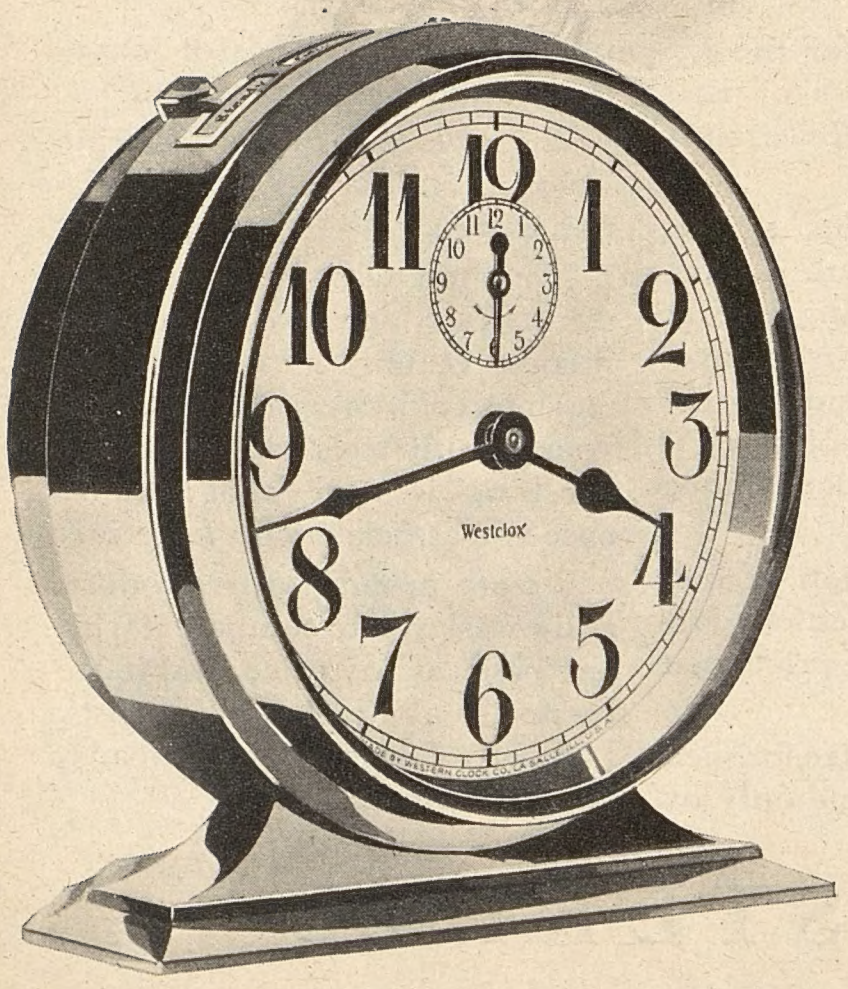
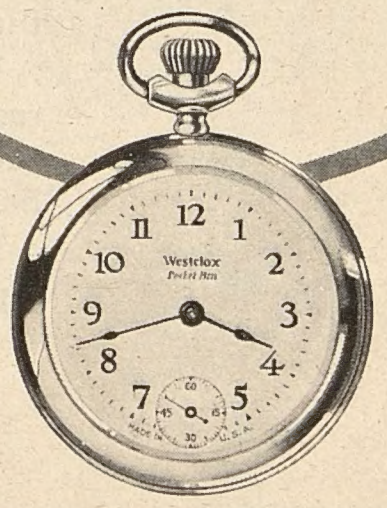
Peterborough, Ont.

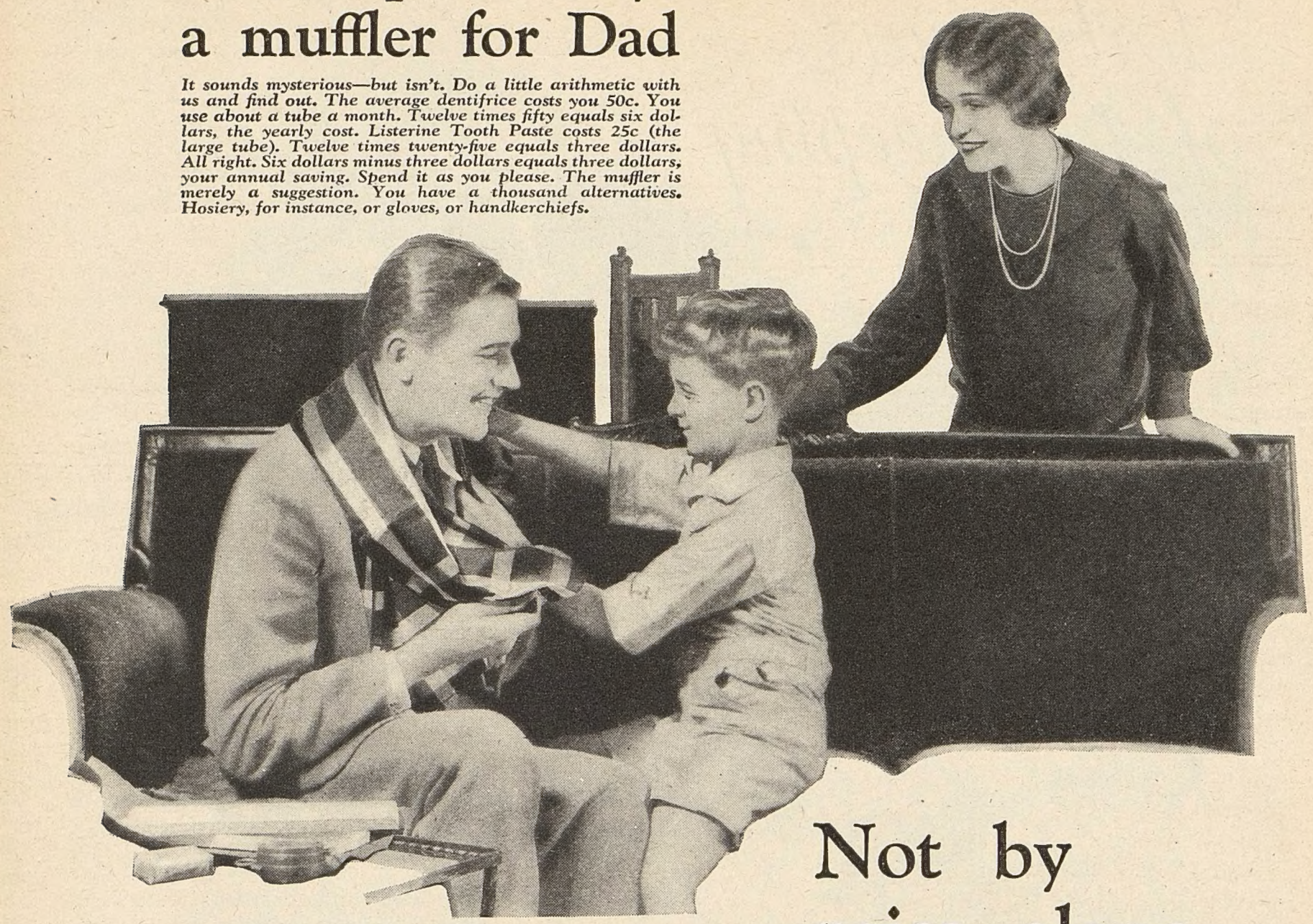


Pocket Ben
The attractive and thoroughly reliable Westclox watch . . $1.50



Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.



Not by price alone did this dentifrice seize popularity

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

JAN. 19, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 2

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

HOOVER AND THE RESERVOIR OF LABOR

For some time there has been a school of thought which believes that in times of unemployment activity on public works could be used to take up the slack. In other words, that jobs are better than doles.

If we remember correctly, this theory was advanced by French communists during the commune that followed the overthrow of the Second Empire. And all over the more civilized portions of the world professors and sociologists have taught that it was fundamentally unsound—that to use public utilities to provide work in periods of unemployment was to pauperize the community.

However, times have changed. Mr. Hoover, soon to be President, has come to the point of saying that a reservoir of labor—specifically, a fund of $3,000,000,000—should be established and used under government supervision to carry on public construction work when private enterprise has slowed down.

It seems to us a sensible sort of thing. There is an enormous amount of work that should be done in the country.

Road-building, for one thing. New paved roads are needed everywhere. Existing narrow roads should be made double-width. Gravel roads should be made cement highways. One-way roads should be established in congested areas, and in these same congested areas crossings at grade should be done away with. This alone would be enough to employ a vast amount of labor for a good many years.

We can admit that this work need not all be done at once. But it is best done when work is scarce. Then, wages being low, the governments —federal, state, county, etc.—can get more advantageous prices. And obviously those who are given employment are greatly benefited.

It is better, instead of peaks of prosperity and depression, to have a measurably steady flow of employment that the nation can count on. "Stabilization of prosperity" is no theorists' dream; it should be, at least in some degree, perfectly feasible.

It is interesting to know how this thesis of Mr. Hoover's has been received. It is particularly gratifying to know that it has been well received by the leaders of American labor.

When it was made known, soon after Mr. Hoover's election, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor called it "the first definite movement to systematize wages and employment—the most important announcement on wages made for a decade."

"The principle of the thing is right," said I. M. Mornburn, president of the International Cigar Makers Union.

"It should usher in a new era for the workers of this country," said James O'Connell, president of the metal trades department.

We believe in this Mr. Hoover has taken a very definite forward step as President-elect. It is a sagacious piece of statesmanship.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Film on Teeth—*Don't let it rob you of a fascinating smile*

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing dentifrice is urged by dentists. Please accept a free 10-day supply

"ISN'T there something I can do?" wrote a young woman recently. "I am so sensitive about my 'yellow' cloudy teeth. I brush them for hours only to meet with failure."

Today, three months later, she writes, "My teeth are as sparkling white and lovely as those I used to envy. . . . How awfully near I came to never knowing it. Everyone should accept the free test you offer."

Millions do not know

A tragic story with a happy ending. . . . There are thousands like this charming girl whose winning personalities are shadowed by unattractive teeth.

Now science has discovered, 9 times in 10, the cause of "discolored" teeth is a dingy film that coats them. It is your greatest enemy to loveliness. It is a dangerous enemy to health, too, for film is held responsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other troubles. Your dentist knows how true this is.

You must fight film

Feel for film with your tongue—a slippery, sticky coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it... germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

FREE
10-DAY TUBE

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Only one tube to a family 3082

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

Beginning

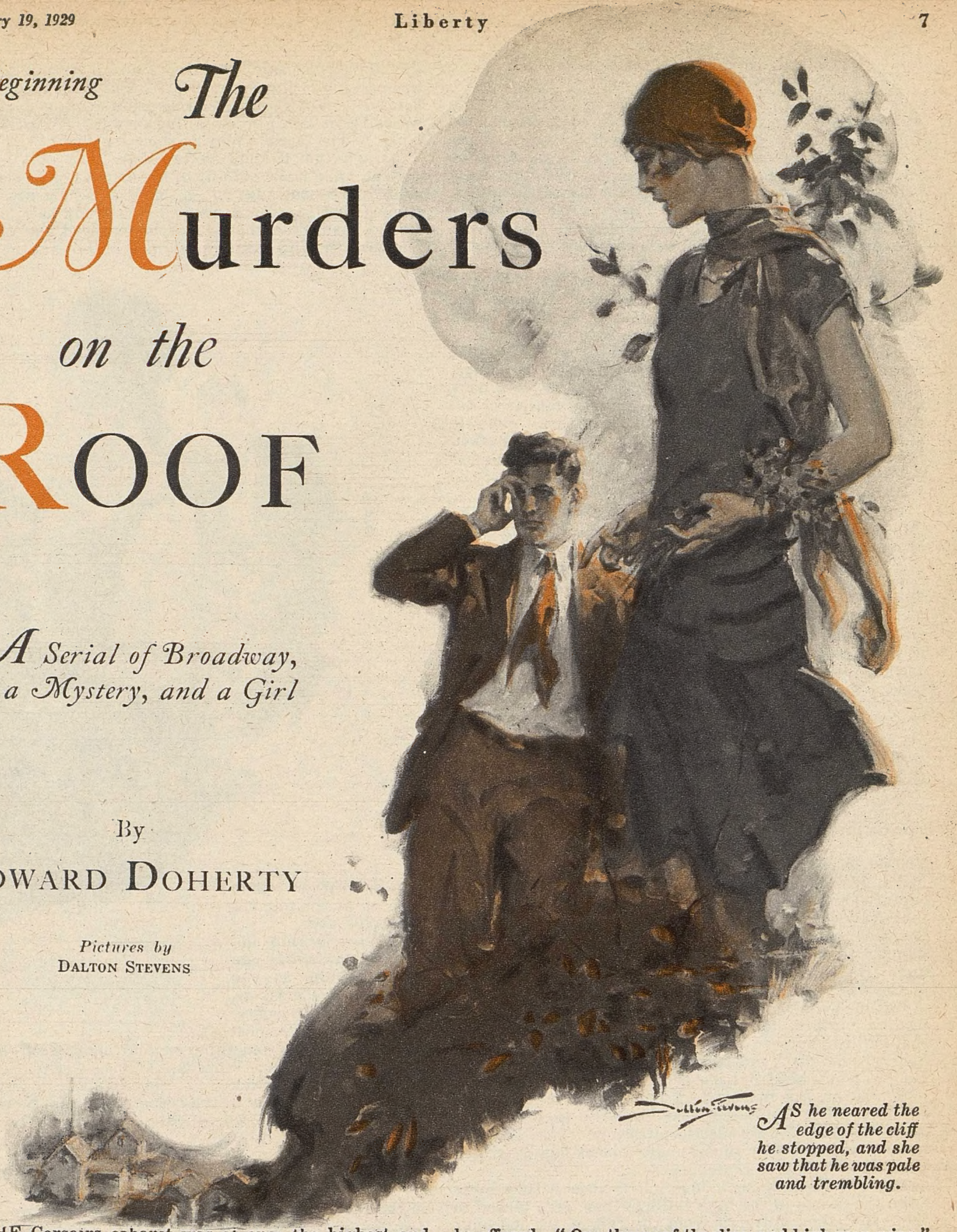
The Murders *on the* ROOF

A Serial of Broadway, a Mystery, and a Girl

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by
DALTON STEVENS



AS he neared the edge of the cliff he stopped, and she saw that he was pale and trembling.

THE Corsairs cabaret was at once the highest and the lowest night club in all New York, Geoffrey Platt explained.

It was highest not only in the sense that it was "high hat" and that its prices were so absurdly far above reason, but also in the sense of position; for it was perched on the top of the Allegheny Building, sixty stories above Times Square. It was lowest only in reputation. It was a bungalow built by the Allegheny's architect. He had intended it as a shelter for a dancing blonde; but she left him before it was finished and after he was broke. She, the wisecrackers said, went to a man who owned a fancy cellar. And the architect went to Big Joe Carozzo, who at that time ran a spaghetti joint in Greenwich Village.

"My penthouse against a hundred thousand dollars," he offered. "One throw of the dice, and high-man wins."

Carozzo sent the dice spinning on the green table in his back room.

"What's a penthouse?" he asked.

"My bungalow on the Allegheny roof."

Carozzo rolled two six spots. The architect rolled a pair of deuces and blew out his brains.

Thus the house built for secrecy and illicit love became a place of notoriety and illicit liquor, though illicit love still found shelter beneath the bright colored roof—and even before it opened as a cabaret the Corsairs had its reputation. The murder of Spots Larkin was not needed to draw the crowds. It helped, naturally, but not so much as Carozzo expected.

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page seven

The dizzy height of its setting was one of the cabaret's attractions. Men and women, before they became too tipsy, liked to stroll out on to the roof between dances.

It gave one a delicious shivery feeling to stand by the shoulder-high stone parapet—clutching it tightly—and wonder what it would be like to fall to crooked Broadway, 800 feet below, turning over and over in the air, watching the street rush up at you, widening, menacing—inescapable. Or perhaps one wondered how someone else would feel—say a husband or a wife.

There was always a cool breeze, always the chance to put an arm around a girl—most of them felt as if the building were going to fall—always a chance to laugh and repeat that gag about "a cool roof and a hot mama."

One could see all New York from this roof if the night were clear—the lighted towers of lesser buildings, steeples, roofs, streets slashed with light, streets dark save for the scurrying rays of headlights, ferries crossing the Hudson, great ships putting out to sea—gigantic glowworms—the red light far to the south that marked the tower of the Woolworth Building, a structure almost as high as the Allegheny, the chain of lights along the Hudson, searchlights fingering the sky.

It was still up here—when the music died in the cabaret—and the shouts of newsboys rose, and the honk of auto horns.

The Corsairs was highest, too, in the sense that the "best people" came here night after night, though they frequently brought the worst company with them. One had to be known to Big Joe Carozzo and his roughneck crew of guards in the lobby to be admitted. One had to be in evening dress—for Carozzo insisted on class. And one must not come alone—for the solitary visitor is sometimes a husband looking for his wife.

THE cabaret boasted an excellent orchestra, a good show, the prettiest girls in the city, the finest spaghetti and ravioli, the best bootleg, and the smoothest dance floor. But one had only to enter and look around to feel oneself in a dive.

Perhaps it was the dice game and the architect's suicide that was responsible for the sinister atmosphere of the place. Perhaps it was Big Joe's own reputation. Those who claimed to know said he was a rum pirate. He had stolen a ship, they said, manned it with murderers, captured and scuttled other ships that were running rum into New York, and made millions of dollars. They claimed, too, that he had once smuggled Chinese—and dumped them overboard when hard pressed by customs men. He was the "bootleg king" to them, and a master of the dice.

Big Joe wasn't big except around the waist. He was of medium stature, dark, sleek, bland. He had black eyes that chilled you even when they blazed, and little waxed points to his black mustache. He wore three great diamonds on his shirtfront, and three diamonds on each hand.

It was on the morning of the Larkin murder that Geoffrey Platt exhibited The Corsairs to his friend Anson Keen, a deputy district attorney. They sat at a table close to the dance floor, under a black flag decorated with the skull and crossbones.

There were many such flags in the place. They hung from the beams in the high ceiling; they were tacked to the walls; they fluttered from the rail of the balcony; they draped the casement windows.

Platt sat with his back to the window, his light blue eyes commanding the room. Keen sat directly across from him, looking out through the casement at a roof garden far away and far below him, a brightly lighted place that seemed to him like another planet.

"It's a joint," Keen said. "It's a den. There's something here that—"

"That you'd like to examine under a microscope and label 'People's Exhibit A,'" Platt finished the thought. "Some day you may have the opportunity, Anse. I brought you here partly for that reason, partly to hear Pio Mora sing."

Keen smiled and nodded.

"But you don't come here night after night to hear Pio Mora," he said. He looked at his friend severely through his owlish spectacles. "You don't drink. You don't eat. You've sat over that glass of ginger ale since we came in here. What's the answer? A girl? The music? The faces? Why do you come here?"

"Maybe you'll know before long."

Keen could make nothing of the expression on the thin, pallid face—nothing but a baffling seriousness. He studied that face for a moment, the sandy hair brushed straight back from the high, broad forehead, the straight, fine pose, the wide, thin-lipped mouth, the ears that were

arched rather than rounded at the top, the light blue eyes.

"I always said nobody in the world can look so dumb as you when you are most astute, nobody can look so sleepy when you are most alert. You've got something on your mind, Geoff—something troubling you. What is it?"

Platt did not answer.

"That little fellow in the corner," he said, motioning with his head, "the one with the overgrown girl. How do you see him?"

KEEN was one of those philosophers who see, or pretend to see, the faces of birds and fish and animals in the faces of men and women. He had his own Who's Zoo, he used to say, and most of his friends were in it, plainly and neatly labeled.

"The man's a weasel," said Keen. "A ferocious, bloodthirsty little beast. Who is he? What enormous long arms he has!"

"That's Mickey Finn, one of Carozzo's killers. At the table behind him are Fannie Faire, the movie star, shopping for a new husband, and Billy Wren, the middleweight, shadow boxing his silver flask."

"A peacock and an ape."

"And the girl going up to the balcony to sing?"

Keen took off his glasses, wiped them, adjusted them carefully, and stared. He drew in his breath a little. "That's a queen cobra," he announced. "A deadly and loyal snake."

"You're right," said Platt. He looked with frank

ACROSS that sudden silence there came the shrill voice of the waiter: "Murder! Larkin's murdered!"

admiration at his friend. "Her name is Marcia Caponi. She's Carozzo's girl. They call her Snake Eyes. She bit a girl's wrist the other morning."

"Hungry?"

"The girl made some crack about Carozzo."

"How do you see people, Geoff?" Keen asked.

"Mostly as bones plastered with affectations," said Platt, rising suddenly and hurrying toward the entrance door.

He threw a quick "Excuse me" over his shoulder, waved his hand to someone Keen didn't see, and walked with quick, springy steps toward a group of men at the door.

Keen looked at the men Platt greeted.

"A fox, a jackal, and a lion," he mused. "A sick lion."

He felt a trifle disappointed when Platt returned to the table with only the fox, whom he introduced as "the proprietor, Mr. Carozzo." He took Carozzo's hand, a limp, moist, fat hand, and let it drop. He smiled, and trusted that Carozzo was not uneasy because of his presence there.

"The district attorney is most welcome," Carozzo said. "Maybe you will do me a favor some day. Who shall say? If there is anything you wish—"

He bowed.

"Just one thing," Keen said. "Why all these poison flags? Warning against bootleg booze?"

Carozzo laughed. "If they bring their own," he said, "I cannot be responsible. But when you have seen Pio Mora you know all." He moved away with a smile.

"Ugh!" said Keen. "Looking into that man's eyes is like looking into a sewer. He's a fox, Geoff, a fat, cruel fox. Even to his foxy mustache tips. What wouldn't I give to have him in the witness stand for half an hour! A fox in an eagle's nest. The man should live in a hole in the ground."

"HE has a den in the next room," Platt said. "Spots Larkin and Anthony Sommers are going in there now. Larkin is the little rat—"

"Jackal."

"Jackal, if you will. He's been trying to sell a diamond. Kelly, the cop on the beat, says it's as big as a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page nine

coconut. I wonder if Sommers is going to buy it for Carozzo."

"A hot diamond?"

"If it wasn't stolen how would that rat have it?"

"Not rat, Geoff. Jackal. I insist."

"For that matter, he looks like a leopard to me. Did you see his spotted face?"

"That's only his liver showing through his skin—or maybe it's his soul. But who's the sick lion?"

He turned to watch Larkin and his companion maneuver their way through the tables to a door on the other side of the room, a door marked "Private."

"Anthony Sommers, the fellow who sprung Mickey Finn."

"No!"

"Oh, yes. Sommers is Carozzo's mouthpiece ever since he got Finn off on a plea of self-defense. He shot his man in the back, but when Sommers began talking to the jury that didn't mean a thing. He could have shot the jury and won the keys to the city. Carozzo gives Sommers all the booze he can drink—and Sommers seems to be satisfied with that arrangement. I wonder what Larkin will ask for that diamond."

"Tony Sommers! I wouldn't have known him. How hath the mighty fallen! But he still has the same fine brow, the same gray mane. Failure in every line of the face—but he still is Tony Sommers! Why, Geoff, some of his cases are in the textbooks."

He watched the show for a little while, seeing it and not seeing it, thinking of Sommers and what he had been. He twisted around to find Geoff talking in whispers to a pretty brunette, the cigarette girl.

So! It was a girl, after all, then? And such a hard little girl! Geoffrey Cameron Platt III, scion of a great family, heir to millions—"New York's most eligible bachelor"—and this girl. What would his brother the senator say? And his sister, who had become a Belgian countess? Was the boy mad?

The girl left the table quickly, and Geoff rose and once more excused himself.

"Anse," he said, "I've just decided to go to Paris on the Ile de France. She leaves at nine o'clock this morning. Mind if I do some telephoning?"

HE had left before Keen could do more than gasp, and it was almost an hour before he slid back into his seat. The pirate number, the big hit of the show, the justification of the cover charge, and the reason for the decorations, had just begun.

Sixteen slim young beauties, dressed as pirates never were on land or sea, dancing bits of color and powdered legs and arms, capered on the dance floor. Their heels beat a rhythm on the polished wood. The cello laughed. The rowdy saxophone guffawed. The violins tittered. At times the words came through the music clearly:

"We are the pirates of Old Times Square,
Cruising around for a millionaire—"

Pio Mora rushed out of the darkness and stood in front of the girls, a knife blade held in his gleaming teeth, a guitar in his terrible hands.

He was more than six feet tall, and his shoulders were as wide as a door. He was dressed in a comic make-up—a red bandanna tied with a true lovers' knot at the back of the head, a speckled silk shirt that billowed like an Argentine dancer's and buttoned at the neck, a yellow sash bristling with the wooden butts of derringers and the handles of knives, baggy red knee breeches, barber pole stockings, and square-toed shoes with silver buckles.

His mustaches were heavy and long and red. Great hoops of gold dangled from his hairy ears, hollow hoops filled with jingling noises, hoops that seemed part of the man and not of the costume.

The funny good nature of the disguise intensified the villainy of the face, brought out the wild green eyes, the shaggy red brows, the prodigious nose, and the white scar that ran from the bridge of it down across the left cheek.

Keen wondered what weapon had hewed that white path. A woman's knife?

"Tiger! Tiger!" he yelled. One had to yell to be heard above that din.

PLATT appeared not to hear. He had seen Carozzo talking to the waiter known as Flat Wheel, and he was watching the latter flatfoot his way through the tables to the door of Carozzo's den.

Mora was getting ready to sing, and the place was getting ready for him. He had taken the knife from his teeth and had thrust it into his sash. It seemed to be a signal, for the powdered legs came down with a slam and the orchestra stopped, midnote, leaving the music to hang in the air.

There was a hush even among the diners who had been applauding boisterously half a second before. No dish rattled in the kitchen, nor in the service bar. No knife touched china at any table, nor did any glass click against bottle under the tables.

Mora's "deep-sea bass"—Platt's phrase—was to fill that silence now—fill it like a wind bellying the sails of a ship. He would strum the guitar and bellow:

"Sixteen men on a dead
man's chest—"

And before one could recover from the shock of it, the orchestra, the girls, everybody present, would join in the thunderous last line:

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle
of rum!"

The room hushed. Pio Mora raised a hand above the guitar, opened his mouth to sing.

And across that sudden silence there came, as shocking as a woman's scream, the shrill voice of the waiter:

"Murder! Larkin's murdered!"

One of the little pirates—she who was known as Snake Eyes — stifled a scream. The trap drummer dropped a stick. The movie star drew her ermine wrap close about her, as though she were cold. A drunken woman said, "Oh, my God!" Another laughed and called for an encore.

"Stuck in the neck," said the waiter. "Stuck like a pig!"

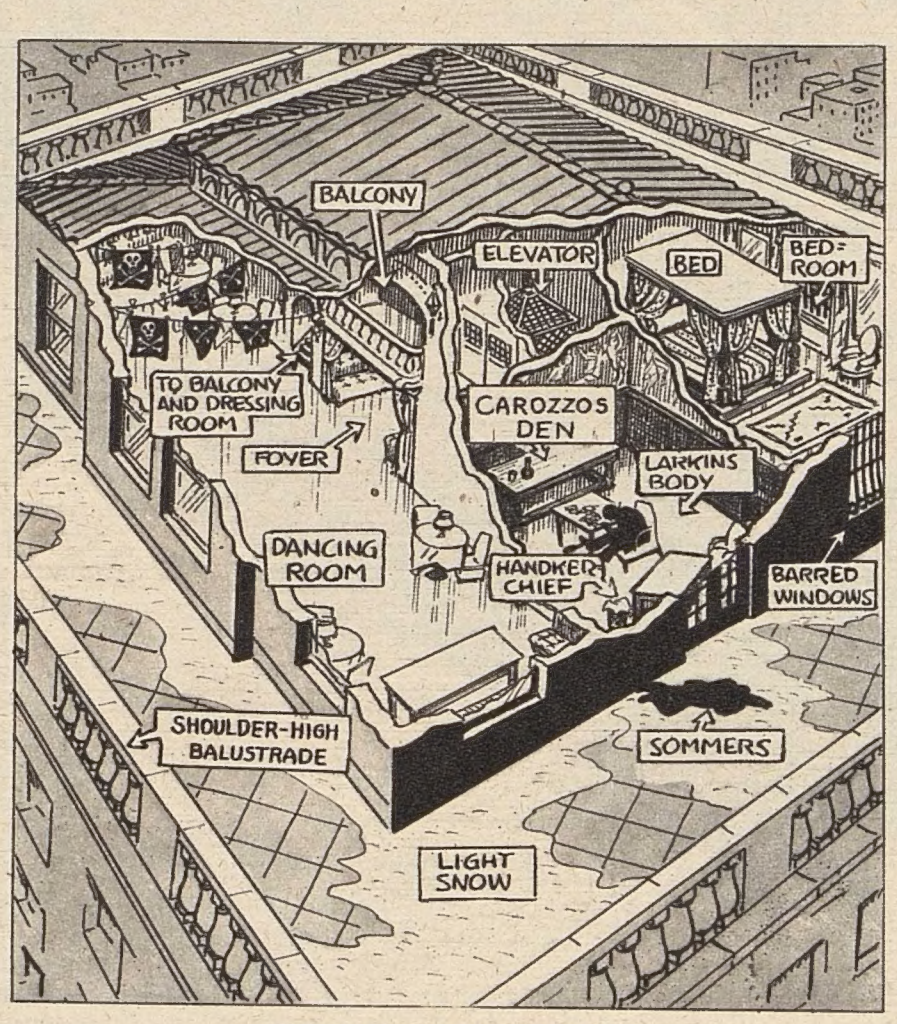
Carozzo's voice was calm:

"Where's Sommers?"

"I don't know."

"And the diamond—?"

"I don't know."



What the police found.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

When Beauty *is at stake* —take care

Use a soap made for the sole purpose of safeguarding good complexions—
a soap containing Nature's greatest cleanser—Olive Oil

TIME was when women were told "Use no soap on your face." For then all soaps were judged to be too harsh. And Nature's great skin cleansers—the oils of olive and palm—were beyond the reach of most.

Today the advice of skin specialists is *wash the face for natural beauty.* And today the prized olive oil that soothingly cleanses pores and keeps skin tissues youthful and fresh, is found scientifically blended in a great complexion soap, Palmolive.

Modern make-up methods require, above all else, a thoroughly *clean* skin as a necessary base for cosmetics. And natural beauty is impossible if the skin itself is not properly cared for, is not carefully cleansed by the use of a soap especially made for fostering good complexions.

Palmolive was developed in response to this need. Its bland emollient oils, in scientific blend, gently penetrate the pores, release their accumulations, keep the skin fabric conditioned to meet the abuse modern life gives complexions.

For your sake and ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

Today it is the beauty soap of the world. Even in beauty-wise Paris, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score—is today one of the two largest-selling soaps in France. For French women find in Palmolive their ideal in a soap—have given it a pinnacle place, for its cosmetic qualities, in beauty culture.

No soap, we believe, can excel in all things. After 64 years of soap study, we are convinced that a soap effective for general use cannot be gentle enough for the delicate skin texture. So Palmolive is made and offered for ONE exclusive purpose, the fostering and safeguarding of a good complexion. To gently guard your youth and charm, and for nothing else.

Women by the thousands, largely on expert advice, have turned to Palmolive; and the result in beauty held and youth retained have made "that schoolgirl complexion" the rule, rather than the exception.

Hence today Palmolive has become the largest-selling toilet soap in the world—favorite of millions in every land and clime.

There are, we admit, toilet soaps at 25c and more that approach Palmolive quality. But Palmolive—due to enormous production—sells for but 10c, no more than ordinary soaps.

When you are asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive quality and results, *take care!* When beauty is at stake use genuine Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use—a soap that embodies Nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion." Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

In Paris, itself, Palmolive fast supplanting French soaps

In France, mecca of the beauty seeker, home of the cosmetic art in its most sophisticated aspects, Palmolive is supplanting French soaps. *Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France today!* Please remember this when tempted to "try" an unproved soap on your face.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

4219

K E E P T H A T S C H O O L G I R L C O M P L E X I O N

Dollar a Pound Quality

Otto Schnering PRESIDENT

© 1929, C. C. Co.

It's all in the Candy

Baby Ruth's goodness is all in the candy. There are no gilt ribbons, no fancy boxes. That's one reason why we can sell this generous packet of dollar-a-pound quality candy for only a nickel. Guaranteed fresh everywhere. Treat yourself today.

What is Baby Ruth made of—
The finest chocolate from sunny tropical plantations; the sweetest golden nuts, hand-picked for plumpness; pure milk, refined cane sugar and everything nice—
That's what Baby Ruth is made of!

CURTISS
CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, *President*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

Keen jumped up. "Don't let anybody leave this place," he said.

He glanced at his wrist watch. It was almost 2 o'clock.

II

SPOTS LARKIN'S head and shoulders lay on a card table near the center of the den. The face was half hidden in a litter of red wet cards. The chair on which he sat was tilted forward. His legs were sprawled beneath the table, an empty whisky bottle near the right shoe. His hands clutched the edge of the table as though by clinging there they would cling to life.

The hair on his head, which had been combed into a thick, sleek pompadour, stood up in little wisps.

The shaft of a spindle, a round steel shaft, sticky, red, reared up out of the back of his neck. It was a spindle such as is used for filing bills. There were a dozen like it on the flat-topped desk—within arm's reach of the body.

"Cold-blooded murder!" Deputy District Attorney Keen said, looking down at the stiffening hands.

"Why?" Platt asked. "It might have been done by a hot-blooded woman, for all you know."

"Nonsense! Sommers killed him, stole his diamond, and escaped."

"Nonsense yourself! Sommers did not kill him, and he hasn't escaped. He's lying out there on the roof."

The body of a man could be seen outside the French windows, face in the gravel. The electric light bulbs on the fire escape showed him plainly.

THE district attorney's representative stepped through the window, and returned in a few moments, to find Platt seated in a chair, studying one of the spindles.

"You're right," he said. "It's Sommers. Dead drunk. If he stole the diamond he passed it to a confederate or hid it. I searched him."

Platt smiled. "You haven't searched the body yet," he said. "How do you know the diamond's gone?"

"It's reasonably certain," Keen answered.

He frowned, and said no more until Captain O'Malley of the homicide squad arrived with his men.

O'Malley was a short, thickset, red-faced man with domineering eyes. He took command at once: searched Larkin, found nothing but a loaded revolver, a small amount of money, a nail file, a pocket comb, and a woman's scented handkerchief. He delegated men to question Carozzo, Mora, the girls, the waiters, the patrons—a frightened, indignant, half hysterical, half sober crowd. He directed others to sift the gravel.

"I've notified the medical examiner," Platt said.

"We'll search the body further when he gets here," O'Malley said. "He'll wait. Mannix! Moffett! Bring in that drunk. Mr. Keen says he's been frisked; but—frisk him again before you trot him in."

A handkerchief lay in the wastepaper basket near the card table. O'Malley picked it up, his fingers barely touching one corner of it. He looked at the splotches of blood, the monogram.

"Who's A. S.?" he asked.

"Anthony Sommers," said Platt.

O'Malley whistled.

"What a tough break for you," he said to Keen, as Detective Sergeants Mannix and Moffett came through the open window with the lawyer.

The man was ill. His face and his hands were splotched with blood. His stiff shirt bosom was stained. Little pieces of gravel clung to his gory face, fell from his gray mane. Yet he carried himself proudly.

"A lion and a bulldog," Keen whispered, watching the prisoner and the police captain.

"What you find on him?" O'Malley demanded.

"A ticket to Detroit, a roll of bills, and some letters."

"Detroit, eh? Across the line from Canada." He turned savagely on Sommers. "Couldn't make the fire escape, eh? Too drunk for the big getaway! What you do with the diamond?"

Sommers, despite his illness, managed to stand erect. He looked the captain in the eye.

"That's a queen cobra," he announced. "A deadly and loyal snake."

'I have nothing to say," he said.

O'Malley thrust out the handkerchief, almost brushing Sommers' face with it.

"That's yours, ain't it?"

"I have nothing to say."

O'Malley lost patience. "Throw him in the can," he said; and as they were going out he barked, "Send in Hanson."

The five men waited more or less patiently for the coming of the medical examiner—Keen at the window, staring down on a building climbing on strings of steel across the street from the Allegheny; Hanson on his knees by the mulberry couch, rummaging through the wastepaper basket, heaping little piles of paper on the satin, scanning scraps, sorting them; Patrolman Kelly, brought up from his beat, standing guard at the door; O'Malley wandering restlessly through the room; Platt sitting in an easy chair, his back to the dead man, his legs thrust out in front of him.

O'MALLEY stopped in his stride and laughed loudly. Hanson looked up, annoyed, and went back to his task. Patrolman Kelly cleared his throat. Keen left the window, sat down beside his friend, and asked, "What's the joke?"

"I was just thinking of the iron bars on them bedroom windows," O'Malley said, waving a hand in the general direction of the door that opened on Carozzo's bedroom. "Did Big Joe put them up to keep visitors out or to keep them in? And did you see the mirrors in the ceiling? And the pictures of naked hussies all over his room—did you notice them? Ah, leave it to you!"

"This was a library before Carozzo took over the place," Platt said. "It was a beautiful room. Bookcases ran up to the eaves. Tapestries hung between them. Carozzo sold them, and covered the bare walls with such art as he could appreciate. He turned that beautiful oak

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page thirteen]

table into a bar, put in these card and dice tables, the cuspidors, and that desk. By the way, captain, did you have a good look at the spindles?"

O'Malley picked one up and eyed it critically.

"Holy mackerel!" he said.

On the conical leaden base were three small carved figures of martyred saints.

"An artist in this den of thieves? Who is he, Mr. Platt?"

"Pio Mora. A talented fellow, captain. He sings. He dances. He carves beautiful things—though he does run to torture. I've been wondering what suffering saint killed the jackal."

Dr. Korn, the medical examiner, a cheerful man with a rolypoly figure, came in briskly, bobbed his head, beamed, threw down his black bag, unloosed the dead hands, propped the body into a sitting position, and addressed himself to Kelly:

"Officer, would you be so kind as to hold up his head while I make my examination? Thank you so much."

Kelly came forward—stopped. "Mother of God!" he said softly.

THE blood had started afresh. It fell on the spindle base, on the carved figures of the crucified, dripped from them to the wilted shirtfront.

The doctor made his examination in silence, and beamed.

Platt thought he would look just that way if he had had occasion to say, "It's a boy, captain. Congratulations!"

"Beautiful job!" he said. "Death almost instantaneous. I should say it occurred about 1 o'clock. Nice, clean death. Anybody got a drink?"

"Kelly, get somebody in here to make a thorough search of this stiff," O'Malley ordered. "Maybe that diamond is sewed in the lining of his coat."

"I got it here," said Hanson, rising.

O'Malley and Keen crossed the room to him quickly. Platt looked puzzled.

"A hunk of glass!" O'Malley said.

"Damn!" Keen exploded.

"That proves Sommers is innocent," said Platt. "Somebody tossed it into the wastebasket to throw suspicion on Sommers. The same hand dropped the handkerchief there, too. The idea was to make us think Sommers killed Larkin for this piece of glass, believing it genuine, and—finding it no good at all—threw it away."

"This was covered with gum," said Hanson. "I cut into the gum with my knife. I—I guess I broke some splinters off the damn thing."

"Gum? What's the meaning of that?" asked Keen.

Platt shrugged his shoulders.

"The show's over so far as I'm concerned, gentlemen," he said. "I'm leaving for Paris in a few hours, and I must pack. I wish I could stay and prove Sommers is being framed, but—"

"Framed, hell!" Keen said angrily. "He was the only man in this room at one o'clock this morning—and I can swear to it. He—"

Platt's pale blue eyes looked dumb.

"You don't even know where I was at one o'clock, Anse," he said gently. "You think I was telephoning. But was I?"

Anson Keen snorted, and then shook hands with his friend.

"Good-by, Geoff," he said. "Drop me a postcard from Paris. Will you be back for the execution?"

"We both should live so long," Platt said—and as he left the room he put his hand in his right waistcoat pocket and his fingers caressed a diamond.

"It isn't as big as a coconut," he thought, "but it's as big as the world, at that."

"The idea was to make us think Sommers killed Larkin for this piece of glass."

III

MOLLY SOMMERS stood on the top of Sentry Hill and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"Oh, please get out of that car, Ted," she called. "Don't be so lazy. This is the most beautiful sight in the world."

A rain-washed world stretched out below her.

Far in the distance the village of Sommerville sprawled over its little hill, like a lot of toy houses and stores and churches some child had spilled. Straight down at the bottom of the cliff the Racket River ran.

The scent of pennyroyal and wild cherry blossoms filled her nostrils. The branches above her had put on their bridal finery, and up in the sky a chicken hawk was painted on a cloud.

The huge young man who sat beside the wheel of the green roadster watched the yellow hair escaping from beneath the blue felt toque, watched the winds billowing the blue skirt, whipping it against the shapely legs.

"I see more beauty than you will ever realize," he answered.

He stood up and jumped. He ran toward her. But as he neared the edge of the cliff he stopped, and she saw that he was pale and trembling.

"I forgot," she said, taking his hands and walking with him.

"It always gives me the creeps, Molly, looking down from any height," he said. He was trying to laugh at himself, she saw.

They sat in the grass and the daisies. Petals fell from white branches over them. The river gurgled.

"I can't even dream of heights but I wake up in terror. Ever since—"

His brown eyes widened, and she moved closer to him, wishing—for the moment—that he was a little boy she could take on her lap and mother. But he was so big, so strong! Ted Morehouse was the strongest man in Crawford County, she thought, looking at his wide shoulders, his square jaw, his wild black hair, his big hands. The strongest—and the shyest.

Men and boys loved him, imitated him, liked to be seen with him. Girls pursued him—subtly at times—and he ran. He was awkward with them. But he had known Molly all her life—and he had loved her ever since he could remember.

She remembered when that fear was born in him. It was years before, when his dog had fallen over the cliff, chasing a rabbit. How cautiously, how fearfully, Ted had gone down that almost precipitous slope, clutching a branch here, a stone there, feeling with his feet for some place, some object, on which he could stand long enough to move one hand for a hold lower down.

The dog was dead when Ted reached it, and he held it in his arms for hours. He stood frozen against the rock, looking down, unable to climb up, afraid to move, until Molly had brought men with a rope.

"Does it—does it make any difference to you, Molly?" he asked, avoiding her gray eyes. His hands were steady now, but listless.

"Of course it doesn't, Ted," she said almost angrily.

"I was afraid," he said, and now he looked at her. "I was afraid, but I came to you anyway, Molly. I love you!"

Now it was she who avoided his eyes, fearing her own might tell secrets. He whispered:

"Will you marry me?"

Every little bit of her wanted to cry out, "Of course I will; I've always intended to marry you; I was born to marry you." But instead she said:

"I love you too, Ted. You know that. Sometimes the tears come to my eyes when I think of you. I've loved you ever since you were a boy—a frightened boy holding a dead dog in his arms and trying not to cry. But, oh, Ted, how can I marry you?"

"But ever since we were kids—"

She put a cool hand over his mouth.

"I am the breadwinner now," she said. "Mama doesn't make much money out of her little hat shop. But, with what I make teaching school, it keeps the house, feeds us all, clothes us. My sisters are going to school. They must have a good education, and—"

"And we must wait?"

"Ella will be through Normal next month. If she doesn't marry, Ted—maybe—maybe next September she can take my place. Then—"

There was a virginal shyness in her last word; but it was wasted on him. He was looking at a robin in the wild cherry tree, and his hands were idly rubbing one little stone against another.

"IF your father hadn't run off and left you, we could have married long ago," he said.

"What do you know of my father?" she demanded angrily. "You couldn't understand him, ever. Nobody understands him but his oldest daughter. Not even mama. Anthony Sommers! Why, the name is like a bugle call to me. It holds a magic for me. A name like a star.

"Oh, he's black and gold—Anthony Sommers, my father. He drinks, and he swears, and he does as he pleases. He wanders where he will, and accounts for his actions only to himself. Would you make rules for such a man?"

"But if he supported his family—"

It was as if she had not heard him. "My father is the last of the Sommers men," she went on, the anger ebbing out of her eyes and dreams flooding them, "the last of a line of splendid ne'er-do-wells! And he never will have a son. One of his ancestors wandered to New York three hundred years ago. There were Sommers men on both sides in the Revolution, on both sides in the Civil War. One of them was my grandfather, Colonel Abner Sommers. Your father was named for him, and so was Sommerville."

Ted smiled and imitated his father's voice: "Old Colonel Sommers, he picked him a reg'ment off these Wisconsin hills like another man might pick posies. And when he got them down South, danged if they wasn't all nettles!"

They laughed together, and Molly let him hold her hands.

"Forgive me for being angry, Ted," she said. "But when you speak of my father—"

"Molly, if he knew we wanted to marry he'd come home, wouldn't he?"

"I'll write him tonight and see."

"And if he doesn't come?"

"We'll wait until September—or later."

After that she let him draw her close to him, let him hold her, let him kiss her. She clung to him a moment, then leaped up and ran to the car, singing a gay song.

He caught her, lifted her easily into the seat beside the wheel, and jumped in after her. It was an amazing jump. She clapped her hands, and snuggled close to him.

"The wind is blowing you to me, Molly," he said.

"The wind has nothing to do with it," she answered.

Mrs. Sommers came to the door when the car stopped in front of the house—a white house with green blinds, a house set back from a garden where lilacs and tulips grew. She stood, hands on hips, trying to frown and not succeeding.

"What happened this time?" she cried to Molly. "Another blowout?"

The pair of them always took hours to come home from Molly's school on a Friday. Wonder how it was they went so quickly over the same road on Monday morning. Wonder? Not at all.

Molly ran to her mother, kissed her gently. "We're going to be married," she whispered.

Ted came bounding up the stairs. "We're going to be married!" he shouted.

MRS. SOMMERS held them both, there on the wide front porch, for all Sommerville to see.

"I'm not surprised a bit," she said. She laughed, but there were tears in her eyes. "Not a bit, Ted. But what will your folks say?"

"They won't be surprised, either," said Ted. "Nor will anyone else in the village."

He was not quite frank in this, but Mrs. Sommers was not deceived. She knew how people talked about Ted Morehouse—the son of the banker, merchant, and rich tobacco grower—and about Molly, the daughter of a dissolute, wandering lawyer. She knew Sommerville would be surprised. And she sighed and hurried into the house, calling over her shoulder that she would bring some lemonade. Perhaps she told the news to Molly's sisters, for they came running out, shouting. They circled about Ted and Molly.

"When's it going to be, Ted? Can I be bridesmaid? Molly, can I be flower girl? What'll you wear, Molly?"

"You can all be bridesmaids and flower girls," she said. "We'll have to wait until Ella comes home from school, but—"

The paper boy, passing on his rounds, twisted a paper, threw it on the porch, and shouted, "Hey, Molly—read it! Something about your old man."

Molly picked up the twisted roll. She sat in the porch swing, smoothed out the paper, spread it on her lap, ran her finger down the Home Folks column, stopped.

"Our distinguished fellow townsman, Mr. Anthony Sommers," she read, "was put under arrest for murder this morning, we learn with sorrow, and this afternoon was indicted. Our deepest sympathy is with his wife and his five daughters."

Her eyes went on reading—"Abijah Pinkham is building a new wing to his barn. Congratulations, Bije"—but her mind was dazed.

Ted, her sisters, her mother standing in the doorway with a pitcher of lemonade and a tray containing glasses and a bowl of homemade cookies, looked at her, alarmed.

"Molly! Molly! What's happened?"

"Nothing, mama," she said softly. "Only—only—" She stopped, looking at them as though they were strangers.

"Only—oh, Ted darling, I can't marry you now."

More of this murder mystery next week. Now turn the page and read about a chance to see, in coming issues of Liberty, whether you think fact is stranger than Mr. Doherty's fiction.

In Next Week's Liberty

Discipline—Why?

An arresting article by

Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly

Gen. Reilly

Exit

Elsie Mackay

Elsie Mackay

The inside story of the famous Englishwoman's flight over the Atlantic into oblivion, by

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

Short Stories by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, Cosmo Hamilton, Richard Carroll

AND

The First of a Series of Real Life Mysteries

offered for your solution

(The author tells you about it on the next page)

The Most Popular Story EVER WRITTEN

Everybody's a detective at heart. No homicide ever is committed without every newspaper reader deciding who killed the victim.

You're Going to Get Ten of Them— and $10,000 Besides

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

EVERYBODY'S a detective at heart. Everybody's interested in and thrilled by a "good" murder, whether it's fiction or real. By a "good" murder I mean one that involves, in the order named, sex, wealth, mystery, romance, celebrities, beauty, and youth. Thus, greater than any masterpiece of fanciful mystery, the greatest human-interest story that ever was printed was the Harry Thaw-Stanford White-Evelyn Nesbit triangle of riches, talent, passion, beauty, youth, perversion, jealousy, violent death, sensational trial, and farcical verdict.

And no homicide ever is committed without every newspaper reader deciding who killed the victim. We have suspected, indicted, tried, convicted, and executed some character in each murder mystery long before the police have made their first arrest. How much more pleasant, then, will your task be when you are paid actual cash for solving ten of the still unsolved murders which have engrossed the nation during recent years!

LIBERTY is going to give its readers $10,000 for solutions to the ten enigmas in assassination which I am going to write. More amazing than any detective story ever penned, these slayings have successfully challenged the brightest and most expert minds in America's detective forces—and all you have to do is to read the stories, decide who is guilty, and sit down and write your conclusions and send them to me.

From the daybreak of tribal time society has been the arena in which has been waged, and always will be waged, an endless contest between the assassin and his fellows, the former striving to kill with impunity and the latter striving to fasten retribution where it belongs.

Unfortunately for abstract justice, the "poor" murder attracts scant attention—so little, indeed, that detective-story writers almost never make plebeians their chief characters. In real life, as portrayed in the columns of the newspapers, who cares if a truck driver murders his slattern wife? Who isn't thrilled when a Broadway butterfly, young and fascinating, the mistress of a multimillionaire's son-in-law, is found killed by chloroform in her luxurious "love nest"?

That the public is never surfeited with the fare served it by baffled detectives and astute newspaper reporters is proved by the zest with which it devours fictitious murders—well told detective stories. Murder is so definite, so real, so conclusive, so ominously personal—it could have happened to any one of us!—that individual welfare as well as universal curiosity demands a solution of the killing and a punishment of the killer.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

He saves investment time and worry

—so can you

The tempo of modern life is too fast to allow for much "shopping around." You save time and worry by going direct to reliable houses for nearly everything you purchase—your clothes, your automobile, your furniture, your investments. In buying securities you naturally rely upon the counsel of one or two investment houses in whom you have confidence. We invite you to use The National City Company's world-wide knowledge and experience when purchasing new securities, and when reviewing your present investments. Your telephone keeps you in quick touch with this service in 50 American cities.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES. INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES. INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

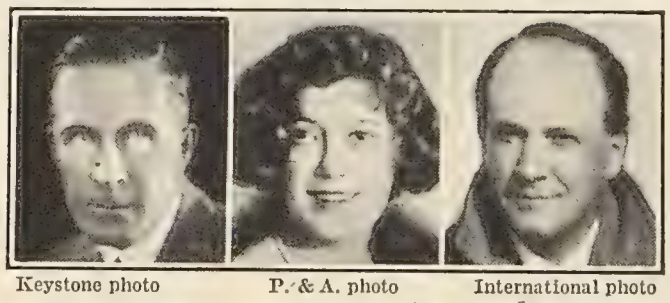
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

You see, every one of us has often wished he might safely murder somebody—and, *per contra,* somebody has often wished he (or she) might, without detection, murder us! Hence our interest in any murder; hence our avid interest in every "good" murder.

In recent times the greatest newspaper stories have been day-by-day developments of famous murder cases —the Molineux poisonings; the Thaw case; the William Desmond Taylor mystery; the Hall-Mills tragedy; the Ruth Snyder slaying; the Elwell murder; the Dot King and Louise Lawson assassinations; the fatal Rosenthal ambuscade; and the Loeb-Leopold atrocity.

For though the masters of mystery fiction, in novel or in drama, have made us shiver and wonder, the most realistic, truthful, entertaining, and graphic narratives of homicide have been spun in the columns of the daily press. You pay $2 for a good detective yarn; you pay $5.50 for an orchestra seat to see a drama involving murder; you stand in line and undergo exasperating discomforts to watch a motion picture weave its chronicle of violent death.

Whereas for two cents daily your morning paper will rivet your attention for weeks with thousands upon thousands of words about an actual murder which far transcends in interest the cleverest detective story ever imagined.



Keystone photo — P. & A. photo — International photo

W. D. Taylor — *Louise Lawson* — *J. B. Elwell*

P. & A. photo — P. & A. photo — N. Y. *World* photo

Dot King — *E. W. Hall* — *Eleanor Mills*

The average mystery novel runs to some 80,000 words and costs you $2 plus. The Hall-Mills murder trial—to say nothing of the original discovery of the bodies and the months and years of investigation and conjecture and speculation and discussion—that trial alone was given more than 250,000 words in the New York *Times,* a model of restraint and dignity and taste.

The Western Union reports that exactly 14,000,000 words went out to the expectant world from that little courthouse in Somerville, New Jersey, while the widow Hall and her two brothers were on trial!

For fifty-six cents you could have purchased the New York *Times* during the twenty-eight days the trial proceeded—a quarter of a million terrific, gripping, truthful words; three long novels about live humans, a woman and two men fighting desperately for their lives; three living, frantic, apprehensive quarries of a relentless prosecutor on duty bound—all for five dimes, a nickel, and a penny! I repeat: make no mistake—the *Times* would not have printed this multitude of words had its editors not been positive that each of them would be read and re-read by hundreds of thousands of men and women.

THE Bat played more than 19,000 times in large cities, small towns, in foreign countries and languages, and in stock; and still is playing. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in admissions were spent by adults who sat spellbound watching this artificial, improbable melodrama.

Against that imaginary and grotesque footlight mystery, with its seats ranging from twenty cents to $5.50, the newspapers, acting on sound judgment, printed millions upon millions of words about the Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray assassination of Albert Snyder and the subsequent electrocution of the pair in Sing Sing prison.

Book publishers and magazine editors will confess that at the head of the parade of their nightly prayers strides the passionate plea that the morning mail will contain the manuscript of a good detective story, because it is the most popular fiction of all.

For instance, more than 200,000 copies each of The Benson Murder Case and The Canary Murder Case were sold at $2 apiece—and they are merely fictionized, and untrue, accounts of the Elwell and Dot King murders. The New York Public Library says that these two books and similar murder tales are the volumes most sought for on its shelves.

It has been my lot to watch the developments of several famous murders from the vantage point of my profession—a newspaper man assigned by my city editor to cover the story. Some of the mysteries were solved and the culprit punished; many of them are still in the "open file" at detective headquarters throughout the country where I have worked.

Long and observant association with detectives has not, I confess, made me expert enough to find a solution of the mystery after the trained sleuths had failed. I have often decided that I knew who did the killing, and sometimes the police have agreed with me *sub rosa;* but neither they nor I have been able to piece together the scattered fragments of the riddle in so conclusive and irrefutable a manner that the assembled puzzle would stand up as convicting evidence in a court of law.

Nevertheless, I think my years of experience have taught me to recognize as important not only the salient facts and deductions, but the subtle and concealed features the detectives and my newspaper confreres discovered. And so the publishers of LIBERTY have asked me to narrate again for your entertainment some of the famous murder cases I have investigated, either at the time or afterward.

That they will be interesting from one standpoint at least is certain: it will be the first time that most of them have ever been told in one running story. They have been told from day to day and from year to year as they developed in the inquiry and in the press; but now you will be told everything that is known about the murders in one assembled, coherent narrative.

AND since they are mysteries, still unsolved, it has further occurred to the publishers of this magazine that the inevitable reaction of each reader to the interrogation point with which each story closes—the inevitable speculation as to who slew the victim—might be pleasantly heightened by proffering a cash reward for the best solution.

I am authorized, consequently, to perform that agreeable task of giving away somebody else's money! I will give $1,000 for the best solutions of each mystery that are sent in to me by LIBERTY readers. You don't have to be a subscriber. Simply read the story, figure out who committed the murder, sit down and write out your solution, and mail it to me in care of this magazine.

You do not have to be a professional writer; the literary quality of your communication is of no importance —*what* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to keep your solution in 500 words or less, merely telling who you think did it and how you arrive at that conclusion. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions.

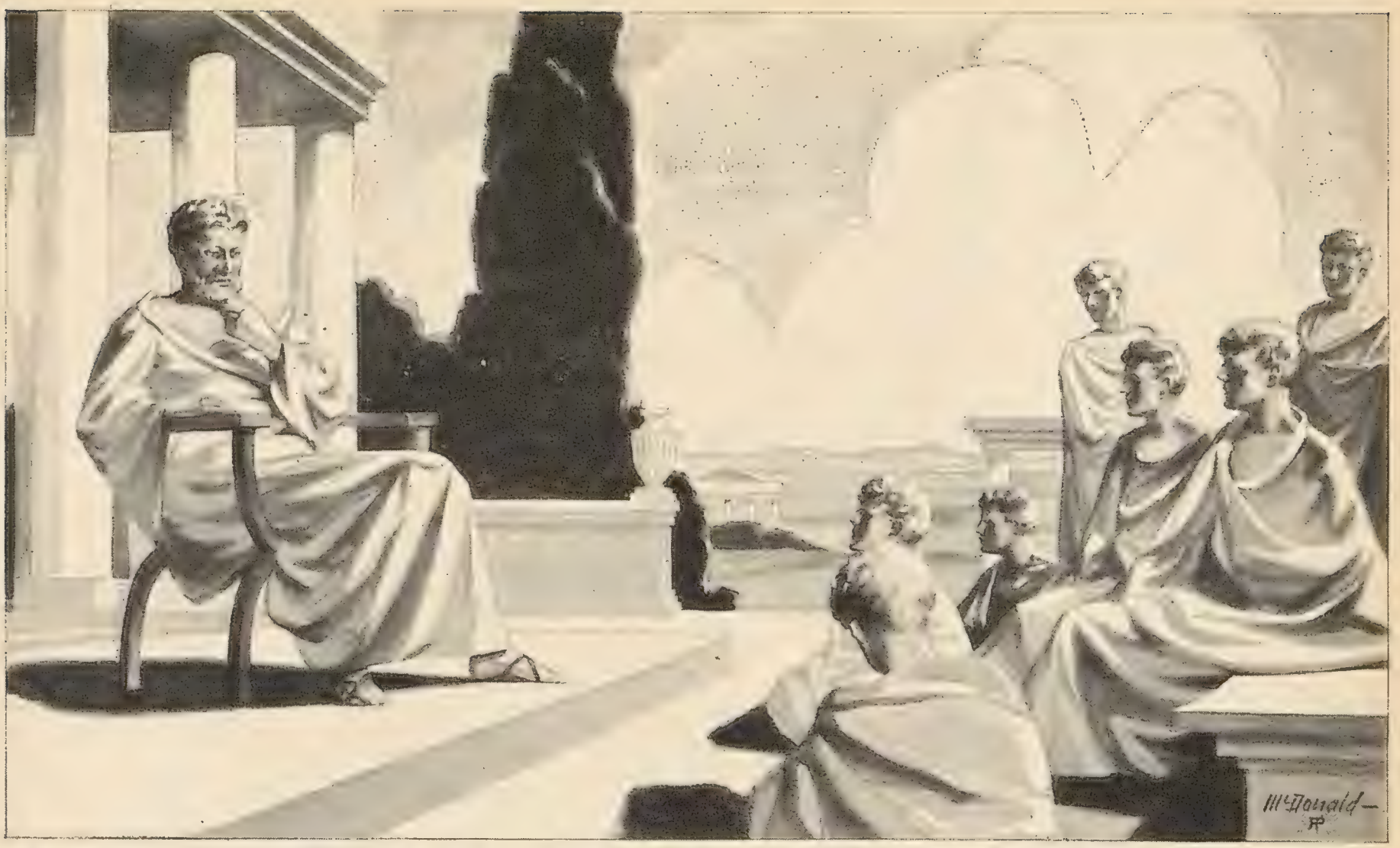
There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500; one of $250; one of $100; one of $50; and four of $25. Manifestly there must be a dead line somewhere; so any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears.

Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. In case of a tie the prizes will be duplicated.

The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

There will, I reiterate, be ten famous murders and $10,000 in prizes. Any reader is eligible, save employees of this magazine and their relatives; and it isn't necessary to subscribe to LIBERTY to compete.

Mr. Sutherland's first story will appear next week.



There is a Vital Principle that Dwells in Man

UNDER the blue skies of Athens, 2300 years ago, two of the greatest thinkers the world has ever known expounded their idea of life." All the observations and the study of mankind since then have added little to that teaching, begun by Plato, the philosopher, and developed more perfectly by his pupil, Aristotle.

In the Middle Ages, centuries before the dawn of modern science, this teaching was universally accepted. From his study of the ways of Nature the scholar recognized that every living thing was actuated by a *vital principle,* a directing force as invisible as the forces of electricity or gravity, yet as plainly observable in its work.

Through each span of life, this vital principle was seen to guide the whole complex business of that life, according to the *form* that life had taken. It made a tree take root, grow up as a tree, live and flourish as a tree, decay *as a tree.* It controlled the wonderful development of the plants, the birds, the animals—each life consistent with its natural *form.* It was seen to direct all parts of which each human body is composed to work in harmony and live together *one human life.*

600 YEARS AGO AND TODAY

In other words, these scholastics of six hundred years ago, knowing so little of the wonders of the body, yet realized that any living thing made up of many parts had vital intelligence to govern all those parts and functions and keep them working for a common plan and purpose.

In our own laboratories of chemistry and physics, under the microscope of the biologist and the knife of the anatomist, we have observed wonders hidden to earlier ages. We have seen the theory that man is a physical and chemical machine blasted by a thousand discoveries—quite often made by those who sought most earnestly to prove that physics and chemistry were the whole of life.

HOW VITAL PRINCIPLE FUNCTIONS

What has been learned in the past fifty years of the brain, nerves, muscles, organs and construction of the body confirms the teaching of Aristotle more than two thousand years ago. We now know that this life sustaining intelligence (the *vital principle* of Aristotle) resides within the brain and that through the nerves it orders and directs the complicated processes of life. We now know that it establishes a perfect coordination of all parts, which is the state of *health.* To maintain health it protects, it heals, it constantly rebuilds. With a wisdom beyond our comprehension it organizes billions of separate cells to live in perfect harmony, while the body, which they compose, is made to rise from infancy, perform its appointed work, give life to others, and meet old age gently and with grace.

Anatomists tell us that the great trunk line of the nervous system is the spinal cord, descending from the brain and giving off branches to right and left between the many separate bones (the *vertebrae*) which make up the spine. Displacement of any one of these small vertebrae may create pressure or interference with a nerve branch, obstructing normal communication between brain and body *and the normal operation of the vital principle.*

MAINTAINING OR RESTORING HEALTH

Chiropractic philosophy regards this as the intelligent explanation for abnormal conditions contrary to health. It recognizes that sleep and relaxation often relieve the obstruction by restoring the vertebrae to correct position. It teaches that those properly trained can locate and correct those points of obstruction which are too acute for natural restoration. Finally, it teaches that the return to health is then a normal function of the vital principle. *Unless the damage is irreparable, Nature, and Nature alone, can make repairs.*

A more complete explanation of these principles and the answers to many questions which this article must necessarily leave unanswered may be obtained in a booklet "Health Through Chiropractic." It is an authoritative statement of chiropractic principles by those who practice them. Its reports of clinical cases will be found particularly interesting. "Health Through Chiropractic" will be mailed, without cost, to any one requesting it of the Educational Committee, The American Society of Chiropractors, 390 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CHIROPRACTORS

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

Part Two—The Boy Orator Takes Up Free Silver

IN last week's LIBERTY, Mr. Werner told of Bryan's ancestry and parentage, his boyhood in Illinois, his courtship and marriage, and the removal of the Bryans to Nebraska. Recounting his beginnings in the law, and in public life as an orator and debater, Mr. Werner's story followed him to his first election to Congress, in 1890, when he was but thirty years old.

DURING Bryan's youth the politics of the United States was recovering from long domination by the question of Negro slavery, which had been killed as a political problem by the Civil War. While Bryan was growing up there was a period of restless corruption, the usual political aftermath of war. Seeing their opportunities, men began to take them on a scale that knew no caution, and the result was a series of careless and profligate Republican administrations, such as that of General Grant, accompanied by local activities such as those of the ribald Tweed Ring in New York.

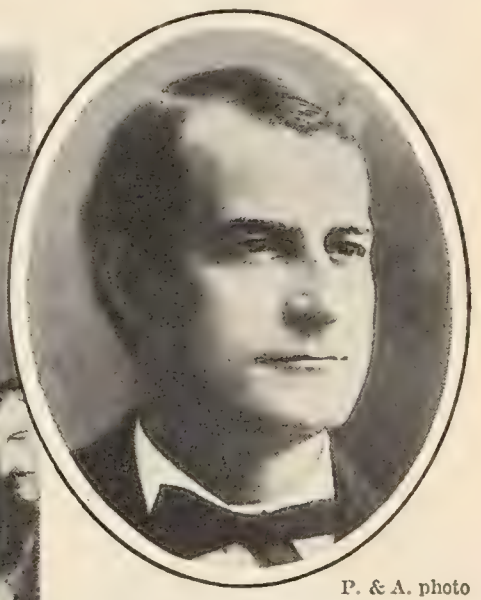
Soon men began to think of ways and means of bettering others and protecting themselves, for the railroads and other forms of monopoly were behaving in business without restraint and in politics with careful exercise of artificial and corrupt control. The farmers and small merchants of the West, through whose lands and property the railroads ran and whose businesses were dependent upon them, were disturbed by increasingly obvious financial disadvantages.

Picture by W. P. Couse

His first oration held the House enthralled for three hours.

In the effort to remedy the evils about them, men in the West began to experiment, and Bryan grew up in the very heart of these political experimental stations. His father, as we have seen, had been interested in the economic activities of the new Greenback party, which was one of the first to consider the currency problem as the basis of economic inequality.

Outside the big cities there was a vague feeling of discontent. Men felt that in some mysterious way they were being cheated, and feeling uncomfortable, they began to brood and to grumble. For many years there had been plenty of free land for the restless and dissatisfied, but the frontier had been rapidly developed, and the restlessness of the impotent ambitious was turning to mental gall. Envy of those who were better off than themselves followed, and it was not long then before men began to question the manner in which the prosperous had acquired their prosperity.

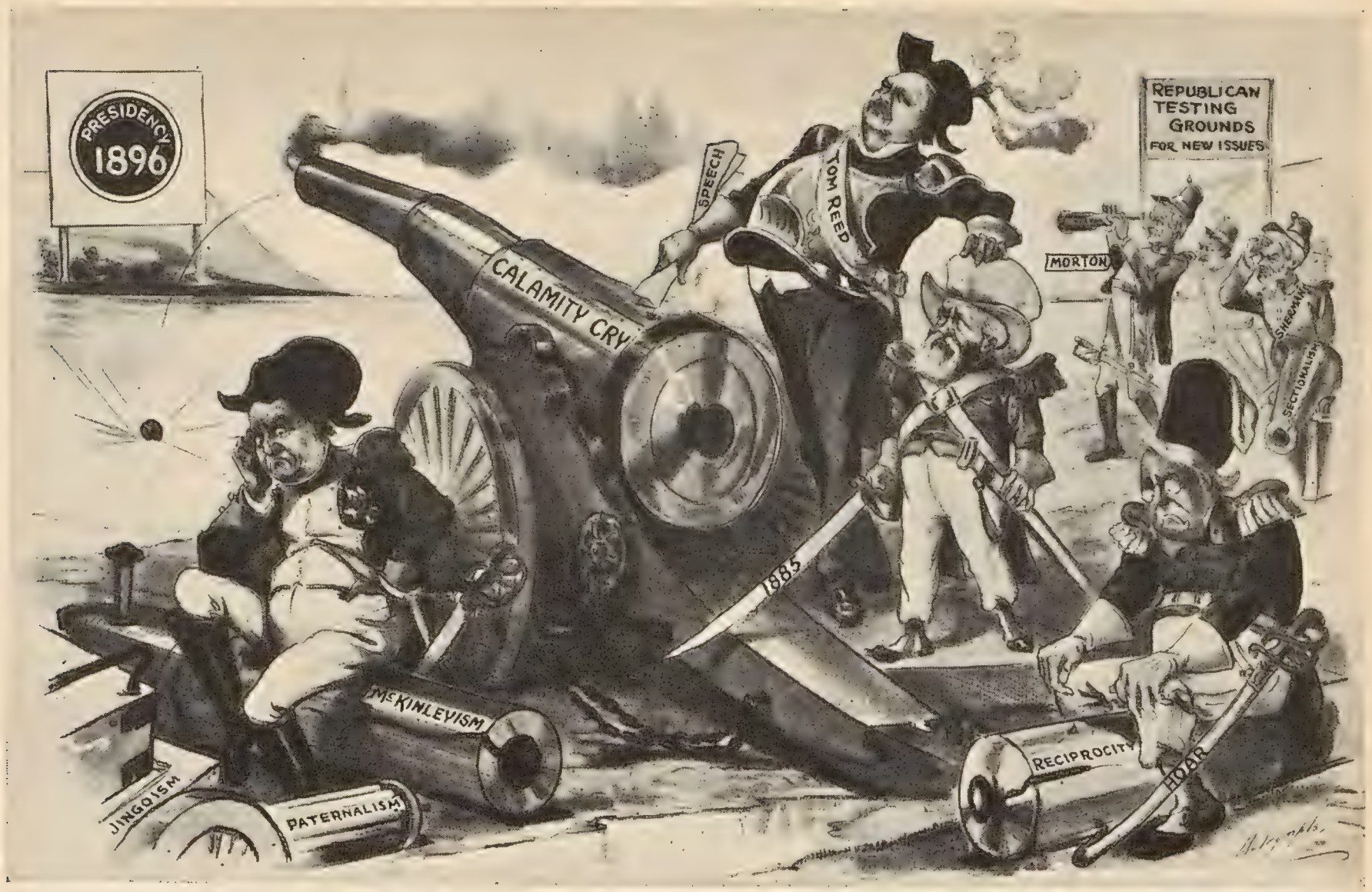


P. & A. photo

Representative Bryan, "the Boy Orator of the Platte."

Politically, the problem became a clear one—namely, whether the government should be controlled by private interests, or whether government should control the private interests. The control of the banks and the railroads, the relations of capital and labor, the distribution of public lands, the quality and quantity of the currency men used, were beginning to be discussed heatedly in the forty state legislatures and smaller civic bodies.

Newspapers became more numerous, and books were cheaper. Men wanted someone to tell them what was wrong and how to set it right, and Bryan, among others, was ready to devote his energies day and night to that activity. There were no motion pictures, and the theater did not reach the small towns and country villages. The



From *Puck*, October 10, 1894

A Democratic jeer at Republican leaders in 1894, "trying to find a gun"—an issue—"that will do for the coming campaign." In the foreground are McKinley, Tom Reed, Ex-President Harrison, and Senator Hoar. The issue turned out to be the gold standard versus "free silver."

resplendent personalities of the time were the political orators and the religious preachers, and Bryan had inherited and developed extraordinary qualities in both these professions. In addition, he was a lawyer, and a lawyer was considered something of a wise man in those days.

When Bryan arrived in Washington to take his seat in the House of Representatives, he did not find it difficult to win attention. La Follette, who met him for the first time in Washington at this period, described him as "a tall, slender, handsome fellow who looked like a young divine." He was thirty-one years old. Bryan also met his old friend from Illinois, William M. Springer, for whom Bryan had spoken in and around Jacksonville. Springer was making a strong fight for the position of Speaker of the House of Representatives. Bryan supported his friend, and Springer, when finally he compromised with Representative Crisp, demanded that he be appointed chairman of the important ways and means committee, and that W. J. Bryan, a new member, be appointed to that committee. This was an unusual privilege for a congressman serving his first term.

DURING his two terms in Congress Bryan succeeded very well in gaining attention and applause. His first speech of importance was made on March 16, 1892, on the tariff. He told the gentlemen of the House what he had told the people of Nebraska—that he wanted to keep people from putting their hands in other people's pockets; and he quoted the Bible to them, which had already become his favorite oratorical practice. And he put his objections to a protective tariff in the homely terms which both congressmen and their constituents could readily understand.

"You want to raise an infant industry, for instance," he told them. "What do you do? You take a protective tariff for a lever, and put one end of it under the infant industry that is to be raised. You look around for some good, fat, hearty consumer and lay him down for a ground chunk; you bear down on the rail and up goes the infant industry, but down goes the ground chunk into the ground."

And then he used effectively the rhetorical device of contrast: "On this question, I wish to say, Mr. Chairman, that the policy of the Democratic party is not hostility to industries. . . . We do not desire to discourage industries; we desire to restore to them the 'lost art' of self-support. We are not objecting to 'infant industries'; but what we do say is that the public treasury shall no longer stand sponsor by the cradle of every 'infant industry' born upon American soil."

This sentiment, skillfully phrased, received appropriate applause, and then Bryan sent forth this appeal, which he knew would reach the ears of the grumbling masses and make them feel that a Daniel had come to judgment:

"And the trouble with this country is that all over the land are the homes of forgotten men—men whose rights have been violated and whose interests have been disregarded in order that somebody else may be enriched. It is the principle that is involved in this little binding-twine bill. You see the industry that gets the $20,000, but you never think of the farmers who go down into their pockets and pay the little sums that make up the great amount. Is not that a fact? Is not that the effect of the tariff?"

He jumped to the defense of the laboring man: "The manufacturer comes here and pleads for a protective tariff in order that he may give employment with remunerative prices to labor. You give him the protection he asks; you make him a trustee for the benefit of his employee; you give that employee no law by which he can enforce his trust. The manufacturer goes back to his factory and puts in his pocket the bonus you have given him. . . . Yes, and when the employee asks for the higher wages that were promised him last year, you find Pinkerton detectives stationed to keep him off and foreigners brought in to supply his place."

The ghastly events of the steel strike at Homestead in Pennsylvania were still vivid in the recollection of every-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page twenty-one]

body who had read of armored ships with hired gunmen sent down the Homestead River for the purpose of protecting the property of the Carnegie steel companies and incidentally destroying the lives of some of their workmen.

"These men," continued Bryan, "tell us that they cannot live without the collections they make; and yet they are the ones who build their stately palaces, who give their banquets, which rival in magnificence the banquets of ancient times. These are the men who can gather around a banquet board as they did, I think it was in New York, to celebrate 'home industries' at ten dollars per plate, when within a stone's throw of their banquet hall were people to whom a ten-cent meal would be a luxury."

Then Bryan led up to his peroration with a bit of becoming sarcasm: "Why not say to the farmer, 'Yes, of course you lose; but does not the Bible say, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'—and if you suffer some inconvenience, just look back over your life and you will find that your happiest moments were enjoyed when you were giving something to somebody, and the most unpleasant moments were when you were receiving.' These manufacturers are self-sacrificing. They are willing to take the lesser part, and the more unpleasant business of receiving, and leave to you the greater joy of giving."

Finally he poured out all the eloquence he could command in a passage replete with poetic quotations and rolling phrases, calculated to make the common man pity himself and to bring tears to the eyes of the orator himself:

"Well has the poet said:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

"We cannot afford to destroy the peasantry of this country. We cannot afford to degrade the common people of this land, for they are the people who in time of prosperity and peace produce the wealth of the country, and they are also the people who in time of war bare their breasts to a hostile fire in defense of the flag. Go to Arlington or to any of the national cemeteries, and see there the plain white monuments which mark the place 'where rest the ashes of the nation's countless dead.'

"WHO were they? Were they the beneficiaries of special legislation? Were they the people who are ever clamoring for privileges? No, my friends; those who come here and obtain from Government its aid and help find in time of war too great a chance to increase their wealth to give much attention to military duties. . . . No; the people who fight the battles are largely the poor, the common people of the country; those who have little to save but their honor, and little to lose but their lives. These are the ones, and I say to you, sir, that the country cannot afford to lose them."

Congressmen had not heard the like in generations, and they showed their appreciation in roars of approval; even Republicans found themselves spontaneously applauding. "There was hardly anything else talked about except the wonderfully brilliant speech of the young Nebraskan of the House," the Washington *Post* said next day. "This speech has been a revolution," reported the New York *World;* "no new member has received such an ovation in years." And the people eagerly grasped the words of this new champion. More than 100,000 copies of Bryan's tariff speech were sent throughout the country, and Bryan was famous as "the man who made a speech about the tariff."

Some congressmen around the lobbies of the hotels, after the spell was broken, remarked cynically that another cheap demagogue had arisen. But that was not quite true, for those who questioned Bryan's sincerity gave him more credit for astuteness than he ever showed that he deserved. Bryan believed every word he said, and perhaps he is only to be blamed because so much of what he said was commonplace truth. His manner of saying it, however, appealed to a vast number of people, and they recognized that his heart was with them in an important fight against the powers of privilege.

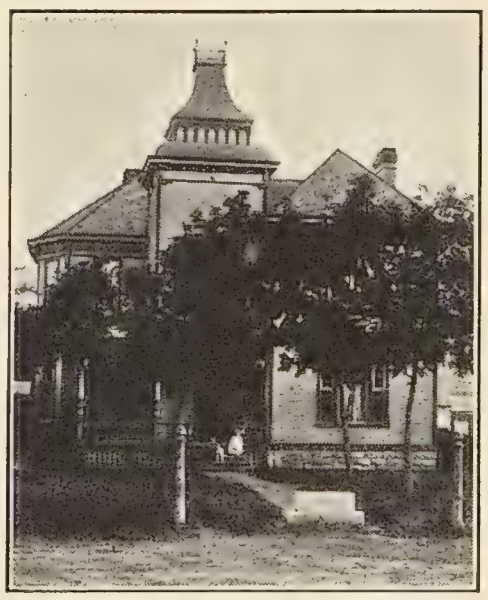
P. & A. photo Courtesy W. B. Conkey Co. International photo

Bryan at 24, with mustache; at 26, bearded; and in his early 30s, "the gentleman from Nebraska."

While he sat in Congress during the early years of his career, Bryan took the opportunity of making himself known in the East by making speeches wherever he could, and the fame of his tariff speech brought him numerous invitations. He had held Congress enthralled from 2:30 in the afternoon until 5:30 with that speech, and smaller civic and political organizations were anxious to hear the new star from the West.

BRYAN'S activities in Congress were not confined entirely to speech-making. It has been said that he obtained more pensions for members of his congressional district than all his predecessors put together.

In the section of the country which Bryan came from there was one question which men were beginning to discuss and argue about more than the evils of the high protective tariff, and that was money—the kind and quantity needed for the best interests of the business men, laboring men, and farmers. After all, men had been talking tariff in politics and at the country store for generations, and if they were manufacturers they believed it should be high, and if they were farmers and small merchants they believed it should be low, and there was not much of anything else to say about it.



P. & A. photo

The first Bryan home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

But the problem of the kind of money was a new one that had been forcing its way to the front because of the inflation of currency during the Civil War, and because of the increased silver-mining activities in the West, and it offered plenty of opportunity for the expression of new ideas as well as an outlet for the grumbling of dissatisfied men. The platform adopted by the convention which nominated Bryan for Congress had this plank, which he wrote: "We demand the free coinage of silver on equal terms with gold and denounce the effort of the Republican party to serve the interests of Wall Street as against the rights of the people."

During his first term in Congress Bryan met Representative Joseph W. Bailey of Texas. Bryan discussed his tariff speech with Mr. Bailey on one of the sofas in the rear of the House soon after he delivered it, and Mr. Bailey begged to differ with some of Mr. Bryan's ideas concerning the reasons for the apparent fall in prices of commodities. Bailey said that "what we were in the habit of calling a fall in prices was really nothing more or less than an appreciation in value of gold."

This interested Bryan immediately, for out his way in Nebraska men liked silver, since it was being produced

From *Judge*, August 26, 1893, by permission.

A Republican cartoon of 1893, representing leading silver men in Congress "trying to sweep back the (anti-silver) ocean." Bryan was not yet prominent enough to be worth cartooning.

not so far away in Nevada and Colorado. Bryan asked Mr. Bailey what were the best books to read on this subject, and when the House adjourned he asked if Mr. Bailey would go to a bookstore with him and help him to select some material on the money question. Bryan read pamphlets issued by the Bimetallic League, the report of the Royal Commission of England on the currency problem, and the works of the leading bimetallists of Europe, Cernuschi Bonamy Price, Gibbs, De Laveleye, and others.

He soon became convinced that the crying economic evil of the age was that gold was the standard of currency, and that if the United States could enjoy more money by making silver equal to gold in value, the scarcity of gold would not cause the dollar to be worth more than it should be worth, and men would be able to buy the things they needed for less money. The number of dollars issued during the Civil War had made paper money worth very little after the war; the decreased production of gold during these years had made that metal worth more than it had ever been worth before, and the increased production of silver had made that metal too cheap in relation to gold.

When he returned to Nebraska from Washington, Bryan was convinced that the one thing needful was that silver be coined by the government into dollars at the fixed ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, no matter what the market price of either metal might be at the time.

This was a rapid decision, for the question was a complicated one, on which scholars as well as statesmen throughout the world were differing widely. But the decision was made easier for Bryan by the fact that the West was where the silver side of the question was most popular.

In his own state, however, he had many who differed from him. He had announced that he was going to introduce into the state convention which met in Omaha on April 15, 1892, a resolution calling for the free coinage of silver. He was warned that it was dangerous to do so, and he told the convention: "If, as has been indicated, this may have an effect on my campaign, then no bridegroom went with gladder heart to greet his bride than I shall welcome defeat." The vote was 267 for Bryan's minority report on the platform, and 237 against it. The convention was in an uproar, and a recount was demanded, and on the recount he lost.

Cook & Wagner photo

Jos. W. Bailey of Texas at the time when he educated Bryan in bimetallism.

BRYAN was renominated for Congress in 1892. He held a debate with his opponent, Allen W. Field, and he increased his following by his eloquence. He was reëlected by 152 votes, but as the district had usually given a large Republican majority, this was considered a triumph.

Bryan went back to Congress with silver on the brain. Early in the new session a bill was introduced which brought the money question to a head. It called for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, a law which required the government to buy a fixed amount of silver each month and to coin it.

The silver question, like all important issues, had been developing slowly in politics. One of the issues of the presidential election of 1868, in which General Grant was the Republican candidate and Seymour the Democratic, was whether the war bonds issued to pay for the Civil War should be redeemed in the depreciated paper money of the time or in good gold. The Democratic platform favored paying the war debts in the paper money, for the Democrats argued that since the bonds had been bought with paper money, they should be redeemed with it.

It was the same fight for stability against repudiation which had come up after the Revolutionary War and which usually occurs in every country after every war. Having recovered from the debauch of unbridled patriotism, people awoke to the realization that there would be a heavy hangover of debts that either must be paid or must be swept aside. The Republican party, which has always had in its ranks

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page twenty-three]

large numbers of people who owned bonds, insisted that the nation's credit was at stake, and that the Civil War bonds must be redeemed in gold, or money which was backed by gold in the United States Treasury.

This was the beginning of the difference on the subject of currency which continued until it broke forth in the passionate wave of excitement which, as we shall see, characterized the presidential election of 1896.

During the Civil War the value of the United States paper dollar fell to less than fifty cents in the markets of the world. The farmer and small merchant of the West who borrowed money from the banker of the East in 1865 gave him a mortgage or a note in which he promised to pay five, ten, or twenty years later. He received his loan in paper money, and if he borrowed $10,000 he really received 10,000 paper dollars which were actually worth $5,000 in gold.

When the government decided, through the medium of the Republican party, that these fifty-cent paper dollars must be redeemed at their face value of one dollar, and that thereafter every dollar must be worth one dollar, the farmer or merchant who had to pay back his loan was compelled to do so in dollars that were worth twice as much as those he had received. This made the farmer and small merchant angry at the big banker of the East, and when he began to think of doing something about it, it occurred to him that the government had been in the hands of these eastern interests who were represented by the Republican party.

The farmer and merchant decided they were Democrats from then on and proceeded to vote accordingly. Some thousands of them went further and decided that both parties were no good, and they joined the new radical groups organized under the names of the Greenback party, the Grangers, and later the Populist party.

THE currency problem cropped up again in the second administration of President Grant. The panic of 1873, the most disastrous in the history of the United States up to that time, had caused many people to believe that everything would be all right if only the government would issue lots of paper money; for it has always been hard to persuade people that twice as many pieces of paper worth half as much do not better their condition. Congress passed an act authorizing the issue of $400,000,000 in paper money backed by the credit of the United States. Grant promptly vetoed the act, and the Republicans breathed easily for a time.

The Republicans believed, and they did not hide their opinion, that the President had saved the nation from a dangerous crisis. The Democrats believed that he had helped those who lent money at the expense of those who borrowed it. Both these statements happened to be true. The currency act which finally passed Congress in 1873 omitted to mention silver dollars at all; and since the silver production had been increasing rapidly, the silver miners of the West who wanted the government to buy their metal and to use it, together with the farmers and small merchants who wanted to pay their debts in cheap dollars, called this act "The Crime of '73" and held it against the Republicans for more than twenty years.

The rich western silver miner and the poor western farmer and merchant found themselves political bedfellows, and, as Mark Sullivan has aptly put it, "They organized several formidable political movements, in which the silver-mine owners, for the most part, furnished the funds, while the farmers furnished the fervor." The currency problem was the leading issue of the presidential campaign of 1876, in which Hayes defeated Tilden, and many men believed in that close election that the Republicans had stolen it from the Democrats.

Congress passed a law introduced by Richard P. Bland providing that the government must buy every month enough silver bullion to coin not less than 2,000,000 nor more than 4,000,000 silver dollars. President Hayes, a Republican, vetoed the law, and Congress passed it over his veto.

From *Puck*, October 4, 1893

Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada as a desperado coercing Uncle Sam in behalf of his state's silver-mine owners.

MEANWHILE, the Secretary of the Treasury quietly accumulated as much gold as he could, so that when the public began to doubt the value of silver dollars, they found they could get gold dollars for them and for their paper money.

They were then willing to let the gold remain in the treasury and use the handier paper and cheaper silver. Some people, however, feared the tempests of the times, and began to put their money in gold and hoard it in their houses.

To complicate the situation further, the world's supply of gold became scarcer every year, and the silver mines were turning out more silver than the miners could sell at a profit.

At this time several European countries which had been using both gold and silver decided that the overproduction of silver and the rarity of gold made it advisable to stick to gold. The demand for gold became greater than ever, and men began to sell their securities to get it and hoard it. The reserve in the United States Treasury, on which the credit of the United States government was based, began to diminish alarmingly, and meanwhile the government had to pay good gold for cheap silver because Congress, under pressure from the western miners and farmers, had passed the Bland-Allison Act compelling the treasury to buy silver and coin it, and to pay for it in rare gold.

Just at this time Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States and William Jennings Bryan went back to Congress. Mr. Cleveland was firmly convinced that the United States must get into its treasury as much gold as possible to meet its obligations, even if it had to borrow the gold abroad at high rates of interest, and Mr. Bryan was one of those who were convinced that the government only had to keep buying silver and sending it out plentifully in dollars to help the farmers and merchants.

Business stopped moving while men waited to see which side would win. When Cleveland went to the White House, he discovered that the United States, due to the foolish act of Congress, had issued five times as many dollars as it had gold to pay for them. In his message to Congress Cleveland pointed out the dangers ahead of the government if it continued to be faced with insufficient supplies of gold, and he begged for the unconditional repeal of the provision of the Sherman Act, which had been substituted by Congress for the Bland-Allison Act, and which compelled the government to buy more silver with gold and issue paper money with cheap silver as its basis.

The Republicans had been willing to join the Democrats in passing this act, for they feared the growing discontent in the West, and, besides, many

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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[BRYAN
Continued from page twenty-four]

Republicans believed in using silver in addition to gold.

Meanwhile, the government of India had decided that it would no longer allow cheap silver to be coined without limit at a fixed ratio of value with gold. This decision caused the silver of the silver miners to be worth even less than ever and was one cause of the business panic which soon followed in the United States. On August 7 President Cleveland called Congress in special session and asked it to make it possible for him to conserve the nation's gold supply, because the laws then existing compelled the treasury to give anybody gold for silver at a price that silver was not worth then.

MR. BRYAN rose in his seat in the House to speak on Mr. Cleveland's recommendation nine days after the special session met. In a long speech which rivaled in eloquence and indignation the tariff speech which had first brought him attention, he denounced the ideas of the President and the head of his party.

He began by telling the House the importance of the issue. "Historians tell us," he said, "that the victory of Charles Martel at Tours determined the history of all Europe for centuries. A greater than Tours is here! In my humble judgment, the vote of this House on the subject under consideration may bring to the people of the West and South, to the people of the United States, and to all mankind, weal or woe beyond the power of language to describe or imagination to conceive."

Reading this today, we are inclined to mock; but his hearers, being nearer to a grave financial problem, felt that there was at least something in the young speaker's fulsome oratory. Having defined the importance of the problem, Bryan appealed once more for his friends, the common people, and he told the gentlemen of the House: "The man who wants the people to destroy the government is an anarchist, but the man who wants the government to destroy the people is a patriot."

And then he gave the tail of the British lion a vigorous twist, an action always productive of popularity for an orator in the simpler communities of the nation. It had been contended that the United States government could not alone decide the value of the metal it used for currency, but that it needed the coöperation of the rest of the world, and especially of its greatest creditor nation, Great Britain. This obvious fact was galling to the free and independent yeomen, who preferred to believe that they could do what they pleased, regardless of the effects of that action on their own or anybody else's affairs.

"Let me appeal to your patriotism," Bryan demanded. "Shall we make our laws dependent upon England's action and thus allow her to legislate for us upon the most important of all questions? Shall we confess our inability to enact monetary laws? Are we an English colony or an independent people? If the use of gold alone is to make us slaves, let us use both metals and be free. If there be some living along the eastern coast—better acquainted with the beauties of the Alps than with the grandeur of the Rockies, more accustomed to the sunny skies of Italy than to the invigorating breezes of the Mississippi Valley—who are not willing to trust their fortunes and their destinies to American citizens, let them learn that the people living between the Alleghenies and the Golden Gate are not afraid to cast their all upon the Republic and rise or fall with it.

"One hundred and seventeen years ago the liberty bell gave notice to a waiting and expectant people that independence had been declared. There may be doubting, trembling ones among us now, but, sirs, I do not overestimate it when I say that out of twelve millions of voters, more than ten millions are waiting, anxiously waiting, for the signal which shall announce the financial independence of the United States.

"This Congress cannot more surely win the approval of a grateful people than by declaring that this nation, the grandest which the world has ever seen, has the right and the ability to legislate for its own people on every subject, regardless of the wishes, the entreaties, or the threats of foreign powers."

From *Puck*, March 21, 1894

President Cleveland's "sound money" policy won him Puck's approval and an oratorical rebuke from young Bryan on the floor of the House.

By permission of Thomas W. Harvey

A page of Coin's Financial School, a silver "primer," very highly esteemed by Bryan.

SOME of Mr. Bryan's audience must have wondered whether the congressional calendar had not been put back to the Fourth of July, and some of them must have felt that the orator could not believe what he said. But his condition was worse than that: Mr. Bryan did believe what he said, for he was always the first one to become intoxicated with his own eloquence.

Bryan went on to tell the House that if it had a choice between benefiting the man who owed money or the man to whom it was owed, he, for one, was always in favor of giving the advantage to the borrower. Unfortunately for his cause, this was not the principle upon which big business was built. He then argued that the problem was simple: since there was not enough of either gold or silver to make one of them the standard of value for the world's money, all the United States had to do was to make both of them the standard for the world's money. What could be easier?

He neglected to consider, however, that the United States could not do this alone. Throughout his career Mr. Bryan suffered from the delusion that things were as he wished them to be.

His eloquence, however, was not nearly exhausted; the House, which enjoyed oratory, gave unanimous consent to extend Bryan's time from the usual one hour, and he spoke for three hours. "The President," he said, among other things, "has recommended unconditional repeal. It is not sufficient to say that he is honest—so were the mothers who, with misguided zeal, threw their children into the Ganges. The question is not 'Is he honest?' but 'Is he right?'"

When Mr. Bryan attempted to argue that question, he entangled himself and his listeners in a mesh of illogical and irrelevant material. His own intentions were honest, but, as history and logic have shown, he was wrong in his attempt to prove that the United States government could arbitrarily make Christmas

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Half a Million

NEW FAMILIES

—with our compliments

LIBERTY has changed its format, is adding 500,000 circulation, and keeping the old advertising rates. Briefly, that is our program for 1929.

A few things for advertisers to consider:

(1)—Because of LIBERTY'S *different* appeal, modern, dramatic, short, interesting, it is read by an audience all its own—a market which is not reached by other publications.

(2)—LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated in major markets to a greater extent than any other big magazine. You reach the people who make more and spend more.

(3)—LIBERTY'S readers believe more in progress than precedent. The proof: 1,500,000 of them have changed their reading habits in a brief period. Here is a group amenable to change, but having the capacity to stick to a thing if they like it. Preferred circulation!

(4)—LIBERTY'S make-up gives greater visibility than is possible in any other big magazine. They will see your advertising in LIBERTY.

(5)—You get whole family attention. LIBERTY appeals to men and women.

(6)—You get more circulation for less money than with any other of 13 leading magazines in LIBERTY'S competitive field.

(7)—LIBERTY'S circulation is 99% newsdealer. That means that every copy is bought to be read—that every advertisement gets the benefit of the full circulation.

Analyze carefully all your prospective media. Figure every advantage and every disadvantage. Such a study will show that, if general magazines are employed, LIBERTY should be your base medium—

the first to use—the last to relinquish.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

[BRYAN
Continued from page twenty-six]

globes or sea shells valuable to the rest of the earth.

David F. Houston, who once heard Mr. Bryan speak on the silver question, wrote many years later: "I discovered that one could drive a prairie schooner through any part of his argument and never scrape against a fact or a sound statement." Most of Mr. Bryan's hearers, however, and all of his followers did not want a fact or a sound statement, but were inordinately impressed with the power of his eloquence and the strength of his heart. Toward the end of this speech he sang once more a song of his common people: "Work-worn and dust-begrimed, they make their sad appeal," etc., etc.

In spite of Bryan's efforts, the bill for the repeal of the Sherman Act passed the House and finally passed the Senate; but President Cleveland had been forced to the vigorous use of party patronage to gain what he thought best for the country, and he also broke the Democratic party into two factions by this necessary measure.

But Mr. Bryan benefited by his speech; he made his own name and the cause of free silver more popular throughout the country.

Whatever may have been the faults of his logic, there were elements of important truth behind the fervor of Bryan's fight. The battle for the free and unlimited coinage of silver was merely another phase of the broader issue between the agrarian population and the industrial population, which has since been decided somewhat in favor of industry. But it was also a battle over whether the bankers were to control the government or the government was to control the bankers, and that question was decided finally only during the Wilson administration, of which Mr. Bryan was an important part, by the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. Meanwhile the laborer, the farmer, and the small merchant were suffering most from the effects of these financial wars.

From *Puck*, May 16, 1894

Conservative Democrats, Puck included, opposed the income tax, which Bryan championed. Uncle Sam is telling Miss Wilson Bill, "I don't keer fer yer pet!"

THE years when Bryan was a congressman and a public speaker for the Democratic party were the leanest years in the recent history of the United States. In 1893 the country suffered from a severe financial panic, due somewhat to the tinkering with the financial structure of the nation. The year 1894 surpassed any other in the history of the United States in the number of people out of employment, and in that year the pathetic gesture of Coxey's Army of the Commonweal of Christ and the ominous ugliness of the Pullman car strike turned the exuberance of the 1893 World's Fair into a feeling of despair. Banks began to fail and railroads went into bankruptcy.

The number of people who were willing to believe that their ills were caused by insufficient silver increased rapidly.

Coin's Financial School, a primer on the question written in all too simple language, sold several hundred thousand copies, and Bryan's eloquence was in great demand and his name better known.

No one, however, with the possible exception of himself, dreamed as yet that he could be a candidate for President of the United States. Even in his own state he did not have the majority of the party with him, and he was defeated in his effort to get the Nebraska state convention of 1893 to declare for the free coinage of silver.

He went back to Congress and continued to talk against President Cleveland and for silver, but he also sometimes mentioned other things. He spoke in favor of the income tax, a measure which was hated in the East and hailed as a socialistic endeavor to take money from the rich and give it to the poor. The law provided for a tax of only 2 per cent on incomes over $4,000, but this was considered by some an outrageous interference with their privileges. Bourke Cockran, a Tammany Hall orator, spoke against the income tax, and Bryan answered him.

ALTHOUGH the income tax was passed, the Supreme Court of the United States by a vote of five to four decided it was unconstitutional, and gave Bryan and his followers another grievance against the powers that were. The government's revenue was thus reduced, and its difficulties increased.

In the spring of 1894 Bryan announced that he was not a candidate for another nomination to the House of Representatives. He was urged by a group of Nebraska Democrats to be a candidate for United States senator from Nebraska, and he accepted and was nominated, but was defeated. It was claimed by Bryan's friends that if there had been election of senators by the people at that time he would have won. Bryan had favored popular election of senators, and he continued to do so until it finally became a law many years later. After he was defeated for senator from Nebraska, Bryan wrote to the friends who had supported him: "Paraphrasing the language of Job, each public servant can say of departing honors: The people gave and the people have taken away, blessed be the name of the people."

Bryan accepted the offer of the Omaha *World-Herald* to become its editor, and he kept his views before the people of his state and other states by means of that paper in 1894. In his editorials, which were not nearly so interesting as his speeches, because, as one newspaper man put it, "Bryan could not smile on paper," he denounced Wall Street, the sugar trust, and the marriages of rich American women to titled foreigners. And he kept hammering away with his phrases in favor of the free coinage of silver, and mailed marked copies of the issues in which they appeared to influential Democratic politicians in every state in the union.

During the interim between the adjournment of Congress and the meeting of the Democratic national convention in Chicago in 1896, Bryan spoke in all the states of the South and the West on silver, and he became acquainted with and known to all the leading politicians who were working in that cause. Free silver was becoming so popular that many of the Republican state conventions declared in its favor, and most of the Democrats of the West and the South believed in it. Bryan was one of many leaders in this movement, but he was the most active and ambitious of them.

When he left for Chicago as a member of Nebraska's delegation to the Democratic national convention in July, 1896, Bryan was the only man in the United States who believed that he might be nominated for President.

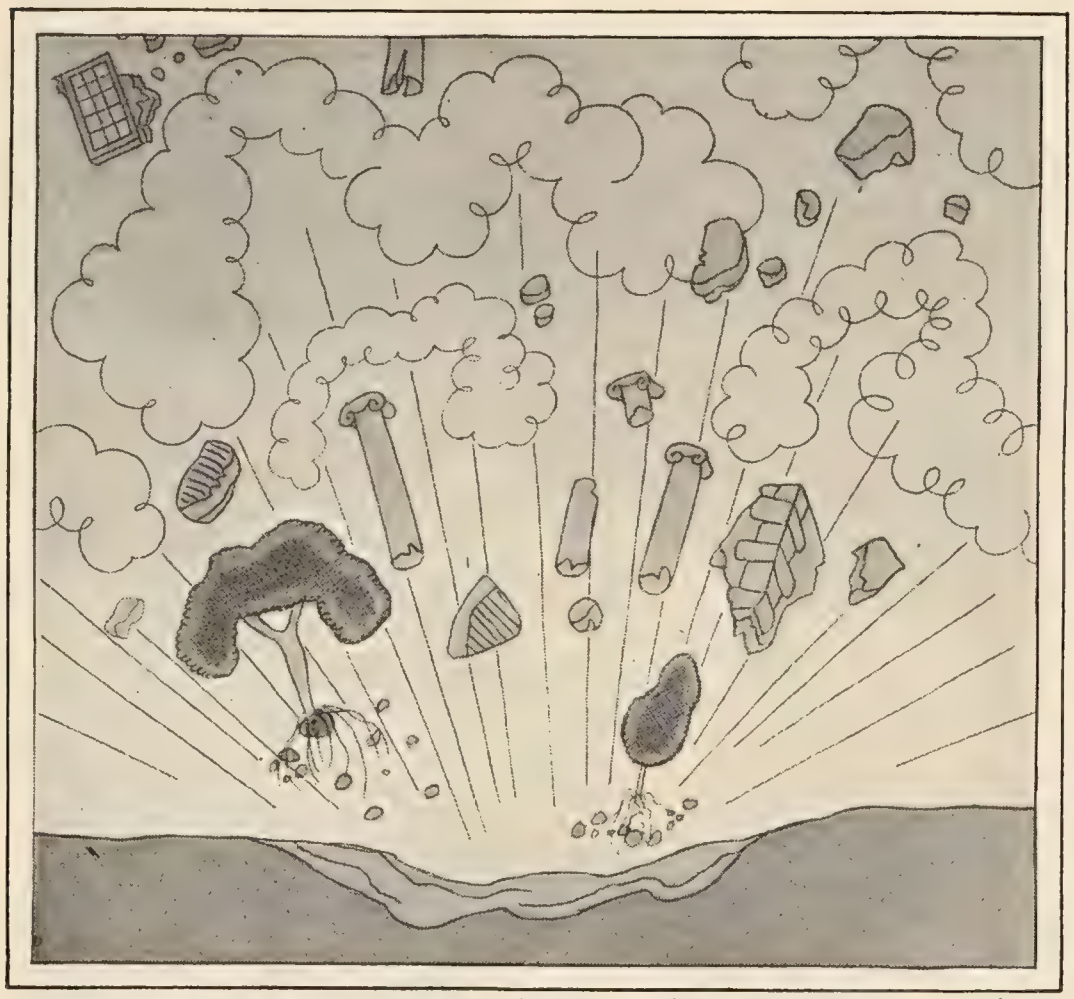
(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner)

How the "Boy Orator" took the convention by storm, as he had planned, with his crown-of-thorns and cross-of-gold speech, and how the frenzied delegates gave him the presidential nomination, will be told next week.

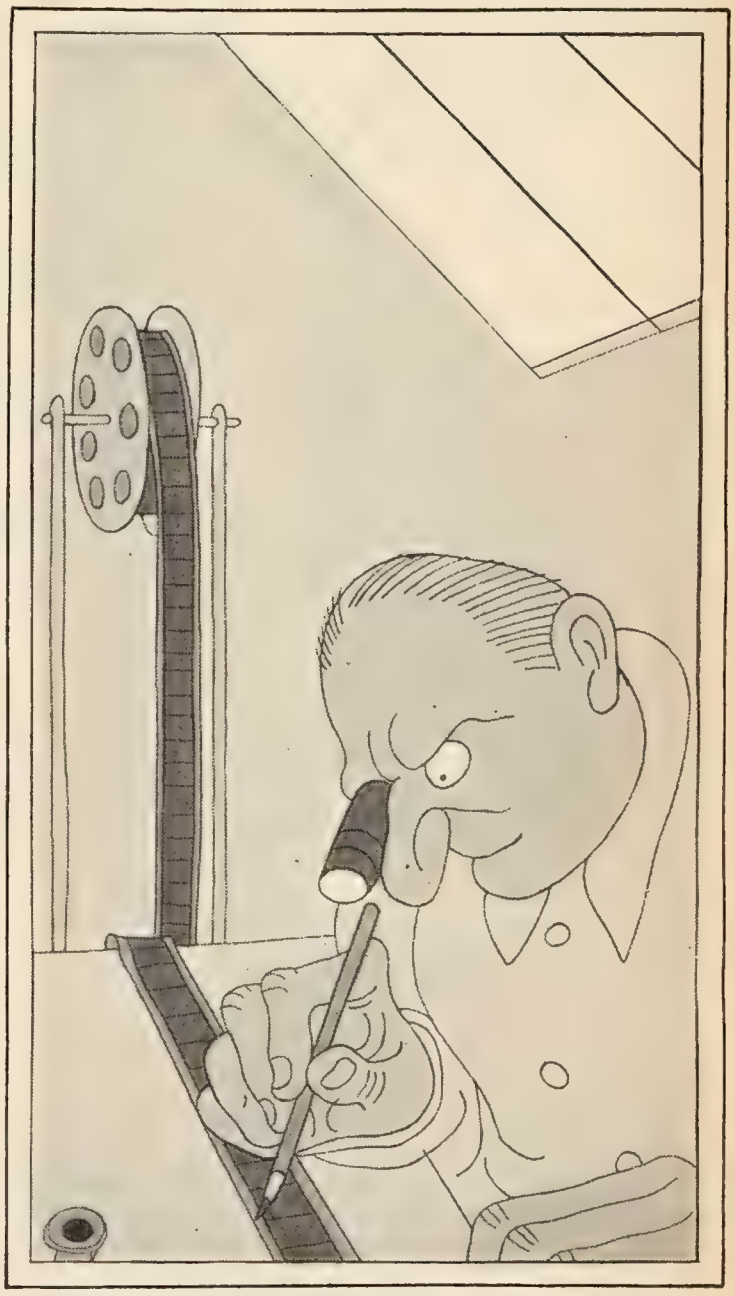
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

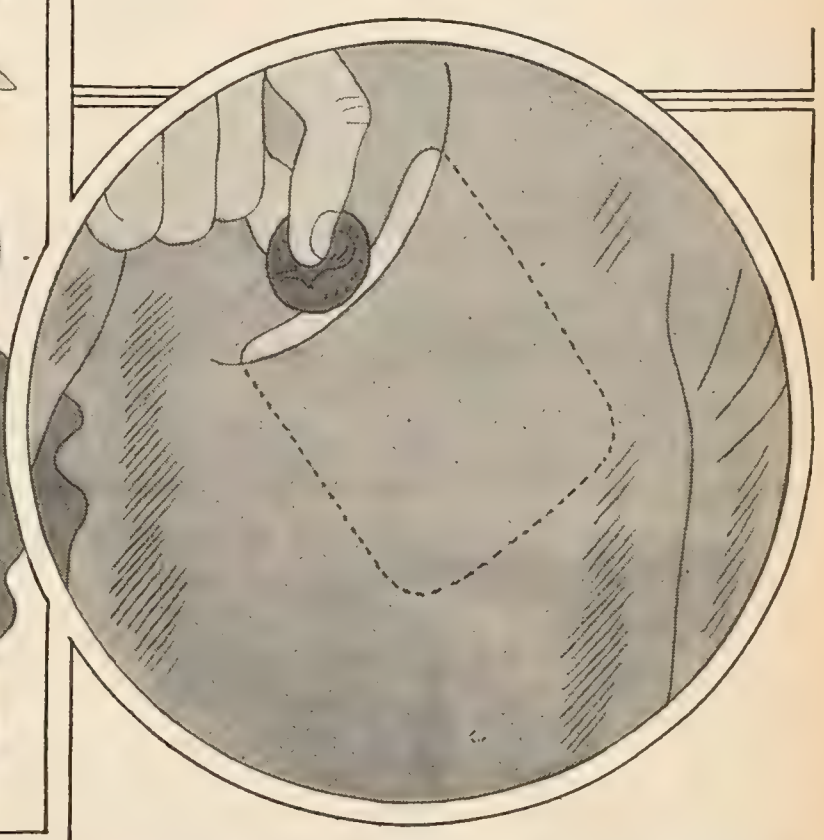


NOTE ON EQUAL RIGHTS. A view of the Supreme Court House in our town three seconds after the awarding of the first alimony to be paid by a wife to a husband.



RETOUCHING EXPERT painting out the wheeze in a talkie film, produced; during the love scenes, by the leading man's bronchitis.

J. THEOBALD RABB, American author, being personally conducted through Russia. After a two weeks' visit, Mr. Rabb will write a book called The Truth About Bolshevism.



RECIPROCITY. Scotch tailors are using secondhand American hip flasks as holeproof, non-emptiable change pockets in their latest creations.

LOVE—With a Dash of Whisky

A Tale of This Terrible Generation

By ROYAL BROWN

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

ERRANT daughters are no longer the topic of breathless interest they once were; people are now inclined to yawn when they are mentioned. Except, that is, the people who happen to have one in their home. Their mouths must continue to open.

Not soporifically, but in amazement, anger, and expostulation. As on this February afternoon Samuel Winslow's mouth opened.

It was not quite 6; he had just run his personal car, referred to as "the Coop," into the Winslow garage. The other car was out, and so, Samuel Winslow surmised, his wife must be.

That, however, his daughter Phyllis—so baptized but for some obscure reason known to her intimates as Jigger—was at home, another car drawn up at the curb suggested.

This was a notable car. Across the back was scrawled the legend: "Positively last week."

"The Egg Beater" was the name Jigger had given it.

It was not her car. Which was why, perhaps, she felt no sense of shame, no worry about lost social prestige in riding about in it at any hour of the day or night.

The owner of the Egg Beater, according to his birth certificate, its license, and the collegiate rolls of Dartmouth from which he had recently been dropped, was Thomas Gaskill Jones.

Everybody, however, referred to him as Gas, and it was Samuel Winslow's grim impression that he was full of it.

"And nothing *but* gas," was the way he had summed it up to Jigger's mother at 1 o'clock in the morning just a week before.

"This," Samuel Winslow had informed his daughter at dinner, "is the fifth time you've been out this week. If you're not home at midnight—"

"The Egg Beater will turn into a pumpkin, I suppose," Jigger had suggested helpfully.

It had been a bad day in the stock market—Samuel Winslow was a broker.

"You heard what I said!" he had thundered.

"And so," she had commented, "did the neighbors, probably."

At 2 o'clock Jigger had yet to appear. At two minutes past 2 he had informed his wife that he was going to put his foot down.

At half past 3 a car had stopped outside.

Thereupon, grim visaged, Jigger's father had risen, scuffed his feet into bed slippers, donned his bathrobe, and departed downstairs.

The Egg Beater was parked at the curb and its occupants were parked therein.

This much Jigger's father had seen through one of the little diamond-paned windows that flanked the door. He had stood there, balked.

No matter how irate a man may be, he does not, unless he has taken all leave of his senses, venture outdoors of a chill February morning in bathrobe and slippers.

"Well?" he had said in the voice of Jehovah. She had remained unperturbed.

It was a quarter to 4 when Jigger tripped lightly up the steps. The door was opened to her, swiftly, explosively.

"Well?" he had said in the voice of Jehovah.

She had remained unperturbed. "Service at all hours," she had commented.

He had slammed the door. "Didn't I tell you to be home at midnight?" he had demanded.

"We went for a ride after the dance," she had explained, in a tone that suggested that he was a querulous child to be humored. "And then a tire blew, twenty miles from nowhere, and the Egg Beater carries no life buoys, you know. We came home on a flat and—"

SHE had yawned, letting her cloak slip from her slim shoulders. Her frock, the propriety of which her father had challenged without avail, was rumpled and one of the shoulder straps needed readjustment.

She attended to that while her eyes met his, cool and unabashed.

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he had demanded, savagely sarcastic. "It's a quarter to four and—"

"Time we were both abed," she had inserted deftly. "I'm on my way—"

"One minute!" he had commanded, as she had retrieved her coat.

Her lips were flagrantly scarlet, but her teeth were pretty. They and her hair were her best points. Especially her hair, a bright chestnut with some red in it.

She was not beautiful, merely lithe, vividly alive, and clear-eyed. She was only nineteen, yet he had felt a little afraid of her.

He had made it clear, nevertheless, that Gas was everything that no father cared to see striving to monopolize the attention of his daughter and that the time had come to—

"To give him the gate?" Jigger had suggested. She had grinned up at him and then added serenely, "Well, I have. And the box hedge and the key to the nearest exit of the city."

He had stared at her. "What?" he had gasped.

"You see," Jigger had explained, "he wants to marry me. Imagine!"

"Marry you!" he had exploded. "Marry you—"

"Oh, good gosh—why have apoplexy?" Jigger had protested. "I told him myself he was all wet. I haven't any intention of marrying, thank you—"

"I should hope not!" her father had remarked. And had added, "He'll be around tomorrow—"

"Probably," she had conceded, "but I won't be. We'll give James orders to tell him I'm 'not at 'ome'!"

Her father had stared at her slightly goggle-eyed. The interview had not gone at all as he had expected.

To his wife he had given only a censored report of it.

"She's at least got sense enough to see that he's all gas," he had grunted.

The vacuum cleaner lay where Gas had let it fall, as Samuel Winslow discovered.

Yet here, precisely a week later, was the Egg Beater again.

Samuel Winslow entered the house. From the rear came sounds that indicated dinner was being prepared; from a room off the hall that had once been known as his den came a light.

Thither Jigger's father turned his steps. He reached the threshold and stopped.

The chair in which he read his evening papers was occupied. Doubly so. Jigger was there, unquestionably, though his impression of her consisted mainly of slim extremities sheathed in silk and shamelessly exposed as she snuggled against him on whose lap she sat. Their lips were joined; had been joined for some time, he suspected.

"Well!" he exploded.

THEY did not jump guiltily. Jigger merely raised a tousled head, turned a rosy face toward her father, and blinked twice.

"Oh—hello!" she said cordially. "It's all right; we're going to be married."

"Married!" His head reeled. "But you said—"

"Oh, I changed my mind," cut in Jigger coolly.

Gas remained seated, which was unpardonable perhaps, but not inexplicable, inasmuch as Jigger was still in his lap. Samuel Winslow glared at her.

"May I ask what you propose to get married on?" he demanded, savagely sarcastic.

"Oh, I'm going to get a job," Gas informed him promptly.

"You! You'd be lucky if you got eighteen dollars a week. You aren't in any position to marry—won't be for years. Unless"—contemptuously—"you expect me—or your father—to support you. And I, at least, won't. That's flat and final."

"It certainly sounds so," agreed Gas equably.

His eyes met Jigger's and then, swiftly, he gave her a kiss and set her on her feet as he came to his.

He was an attractive youngster, clear-eyed and ever so well poised. But these attributes, though they might weigh heavily with Jigger, failed to impress her father.

"No man with a spark of decency in him," he blazed anew, "would ask a girl to marry him until—"

"Oh, I asked *him* this time," Jigger informed him frankly.

"You—you asked him!" stuttered her father.

"I knew he wanted to, of course, and — well, we're not asking anybody's consent, anyway. It's a matter that concerns

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE—WITH A DASH OF WHISKY
Continued from page thirty-one]

only us, you see. Gas will get a job and so will I—"

"You? What on earth can you do?"

"I don't know—but I'll find something. Want to make a bet on it?"

He didn't, somehow. Instead, "I may," he evaded, "be old-fashioned. But my idea of marriage was a home where—"

"The lord of creation is attended by a female slave who ministers to his every whim and keeps the children quiet? Well, *that's* not mine. I expect to be ministered to, and we won't be able to afford children for a while, anyway. You see, we're going in for companionate marriage—at the first, anyway," added Jigger.

About companionate marriage he knew nothing save that the very term was an affront to him. He preferred, however, not to discuss it with his daughter. Her penchant for abysmal frankness frightened him.

Instead, "Nobody except a pair of idiots would consider getting married without any money or any prospects," he began, and was again interrupted.

"Oh, Gas has two thousand his grandmother left him," Jigger informed him.

"I know it's not much," Gas apologized, "but I had an idea that with the stock market as it is now I might take a little flier and run it up a bit. If you happen to know of anything hot—"

To Samuel Winslow nothing could have pointed Gas' utter worthlessness more than this casual assumption that he could make money effortlessly in the stock market.

"THE best thing you can do with your two thousand," he replied, savagely sarcastic, "is to buy yourself a decent car. Then take what is left and buy—whisky."

"Whisky?" echoed Gas, puzzled. "What stock—"

But that, so far as Jigger's father was concerned, was his exit line.

There was one recourse left to him. The inevitable recourse of any married man, that is. To find his wife and do his best to give her a bad quarter of an hour.

She sat at her dressing table in their room—a slim attractive promise of what Jigger might hope to be at forty—while he raged.

"If you had kept your eye on her, done your duty as a mother—"

"Oh, Sam—don't be ridiculous!" she protested there. "Jigger is no worse than most girls of her age. In fact, I think she's better—"

"Better! She has no respect for anybody or anything—"

"Well, that's the spirit of the times. And she's not unreasonable—"

"Do you call getting married at nineteen reasonable?"

"From the standpoint of biology it's perfectly reasonable. From that of economics, of course, it isn't. I'll speak to her, of course—"

"I wish you luck," he flung at her grimly.

With that he stalked to the bathroom. Jigger's mother smiled faintly as she freshened her hair. She ached to spank Jigger at times. But then, she also ached to spank Jigger's father.

After dinner Jigger went straight to her room, where her mother found her pulling her hat down over her ears.

"I suppose father has been at you," suggested Jigger sympathetically. And wrinkling her impudent, inadequate nose added, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, bringing up a daughter like me?"

Ann Winslow smiled. At least they could talk this way.

"Going to meet Gas?" she asked equably.

Jigger nodded. "And get the latest bulletin from his sector," she explained. "I suspect he's been having another scene with his father. What makes the paternal male so absolutely impossible, Ann?"

"Well—if you and Gas get married you *will* have an economic problem to face and—"

Jigger paused in the application of a lipstick to lips already too scarlet.

"As if *we* didn't know that!" she commented scornfully. "Why don't they help—instead of howling their heads off? Oh, I know father couldn't—much. But Gas' father could some."

"But that," ventured Ann temperately, "would make it a bit too easy for Gas, wouldn't it? Life isn't exactly easy—nor is marriage, Jigger. I do think Gas ought to show some signs of being able to take care of you—"

"I'll see to that," Jigger promised her definitely. She grinned at her mother unexpectedly, deliciously. "I'll make a man of him yet, Ann."

"I know I haven't been asked to advise you, Jigger, but I'd hate, naturally, to have you make a mistake—"

"Well, if I do it's my mistake," Jigger reminded her philosophically. "At the worst, it wouldn't prove fatal, anyway."

And there spoke this amazing generation, Ann realized. What could one say?

"What made you change your mind about Gas, anyway?" was what she did say.

"Pure jealousy," confessed Jigger unconcernedly. "Sally Stimson went after him the moment I dropped him and—well, I wasn't so darned sure she wouldn't get him. The idea of that didn't appeal to me at all, so I hauled him back. For better or worse—but I won't tell him *that* for a while."

A horn sounded outside.

"There's Gas now," announced Jigger, snatching up her coat and planting a swift kiss on her mother's mouth before adding, "I leave you to your sins—you really should have brought father up better."

And off she went. To keep her date with Gas—and destiny.

To Gas she was saying a few minutes later, "I suppose fathers just can't help acting that way. What else did yours say?"

Gas grinned. "Plenty," he assured her, edging the Egg Beater by the car ahead. "He was in good voice and his delivery was excellent. I thought when I came home after being chucked from Dartmouth he had established a record. But I was wrong—all wrong. He surpassed himself tonight. Especially when I suggested he come across with some cash. I guess it's the help wanted columns for yours truly."

"It would have been that too, anyway, you know," Jigger reminded him. "We expected—"

HER voice trailed off as, impulsively, she snuggled up to him. They had reached the open road with the Egg Beater's uncertain headlights piercing the chill February night.

"Let's park—and give the neighbors something to talk about," she suggested shamelessly.

His eyes met hers and the Egg Beater seemed permeated with magic and mystery. Then it shook from stem to stern as the brakes were applied.

"Oh, Jigger," he breathed huskily, hungrily, as he swept her quiescence into his arms. "I guess I'm pretty much of a washout. But if you'll stick—"

"Of course I'll stick," Jigger promised staunchly and lifted eager lips to his.

Eleven o'clock, however, found the Egg Beater back at Jigger's home.

"You've got to get to bed early from now on, you see," she had informed him. "You're out for a job, and bright and early does it."

It was Jigger who got a job first.

"I'm to start Monday," she peaned when Gas arrived next evening. "I'm a model—a perfect sixteen. Twenty a week just for dressing up in the slickest clothes ever. Oh, Gas—"

She broke off there. The Egg Beater—where was the Egg Beater? The car parked at the curb was new and gleaming, one of those spiffy affairs, black, with a collapsible coupé top.

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "Where did you get that?"

"I bought it," he confessed. "I suppose I shouldn't have, but a chap I know is selling them. I dropped in to

see if he knew of a job in his line and he didn't. But he gave me a ride in one of these and—get in and I'll demonstrate it to you."

Jigger got in, still a bit stunned.

"Didn't—didn't it cost an awful lot?" she asked.

"They allowed me a hundred on the Egg Beater and I paid a thousand down," he explained. "I—close your eyes, Jigger, and tell me how fast we're going."

Jigger obeyed. "Thirty," she hazarded after a moment.

"Fifty-seven!" he told her triumphantly, and he was like a small boy, but an exultant one. "That got me. I was driving fifty-five before I realized it. It's got eight cylinders, you see, and—do you like it, Jigger?"

Jigger hesitated. But only for a second. So swiftly she had learned the first lesson that every woman must. And that is that all men, at all ages, are apt to surrender to the eternal boy in them at unexpected moments.

"I love it," she assured him.

"Don't you think it will make a wonderful honeymoon car, Jigger? I could just see you in it!"

HER eyes met his; a little thrill ran through them both. Why worry? That had always been Jigger's slogan and—

"Oh, by the way," he broke out, "I took your father's tip and bought whisky too.

"Went down to see a chap in the stock market about a job—I have been trying hard, Jigger, to land something—and asked him about it. Whisky is the board room name for National Distillers. He said it was a good buy and so I bought a thousand dollars' worth on margin."

Grim visaged, Jigger's father had risen, scuffed his feet into bed slippers, donned his bathrobe, and departed downstairs.

Jigger could not credit it. Did he—did he really think her father had meant to give him a tip? *She* certainly didn't. She started to tell him so and then changed her mind. Jigger was learning fast this evening.

"Supposing it—should go down," she suggested.

"It can't very much—not from seventeen," he retorted cheerfully. And added, "This car handles one-hand beautifully too!"

And he proved it.

Nevertheless, Jigger returned to her home that night feeling like a wiser if not older girl. She was ready to admit, at least to herself, that there was more to this life and marriage proposition than she had anticipated.

The advent of March—a mild, guileless March this year—did at least find things a bit better. Whisky had not slumped; it had, in fact, risen a bit. But Gas stubbornly refused to sell. Even though Jigger, forced to it, told him that her father hadn't really meant it as a tip.

Gas grinned. "I suspected as much," he assured her calmly. "But the chap I asked about it said it had possibilities and I thought it would be a darned good one on your father if I did clean up a bit that way."

March also found Gas selling bonds. Every morning he drove Jigger to work. Every evening he drove her home again. They even lunched together whenever they could. It was like marriage in many ways—only it wasn't marriage at all.

"When we are married," had been a phrase familiar to their lips, at first.

As the weeks passed, with March giving way to April and April in turn surrendering to May, they talked less and less about marriage. Not because they, as their elders hoped, were getting over all this confounded nonsense, but because even their youth was not proof against a growing sense of what they confronted.

In June the salon through which Jigger had moved daily became almost deserted and one day the blow fell.

"And of course I was the last to come and so am the first to go," she explained to Gas. "They were very nice about it, said they hoped I'd come back in September—"

"They didn't even tell *me that*," broke in Gas abruptly.

"Oh, Gas!" she wailed. "You don't mean—"

"Oh, they were decent enough. Said they thought I was a bit young and probably didn't inspire confidence in prospects. The truth is"—his voice became savage—"that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose. If I'd sold more than enough to keep me in gas I'd have been a miracle man."

THE Egg Beater's successor was waiting at the moment at the junction of Tremont and Boylston streets for the traffic officer's signal.

As it came, the car slipped out ahead and Gas added grimly, "They're after me for the installment due on the car, too—I suppose they'll be taking that away next."

"Oh, Gas!" she protested. "They wouldn't. Why—why, you practically sold two cars for them!"

This was true. Next to her, Gas loved his car more than anything on earth. He was forever puttering around it; always welcomed a chance to demonstrate it to his friends. Hence the two sales she spoke of.

She couldn't, wouldn't have Gas deprived of his beloved car. "What's Whisky selling at now?" she asked abruptly.

The stock had been the one thing that had not failed them. It had mounted steadily. Gas had 250 shares on margin, so each added point meant—miraculously enough—$250 profit.

"Forty-eight," he replied briefly.

"Forty-eight. Then you've made—"

"About seventy-five hundred net," he computed, but with no enthusiasm.

"Gas dear—why couldn't you sell—well, just enough to pay for the car, anyway?" she pleaded.

But his clean-cut young profile simply set stubbornly.

"Nothing doing! That's the only luck we've had and—I'm not going to touch it. If—well, if I can't earn enough to even pay my own way, what's the use, Jigger?"

Jigger's heart missed a beat. "You mean—about everything?" she asked.

"I mean—about everything," he replied. With an effort, through his teeth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE—WITH A DASH OF WHISKY
Continued from page thirty-three]

Jigger sat very still for a second while Gas threaded his way through the traffic. Then:

"Oh, very well," she said airily. "Too bad. I—I haven't even a ring to give back to you."

It was cruel and she knew it. He hadn't given her a ring simply because she had assured him he couldn't afford it and she didn't care. But now he had hurt her—hurt her horribly. And she had to strike back.

They exchanged not a single word through the rest of the trip. But as the car stopped in front of her house Gas faced her.

"Jigger," he began desperately, "you must know that—"

But Jigger shot out of the car without a word, marched into the house and, encountering her mother in the hall, removed her hat from her bright head and said, coolly enough:

"This has been a large day. I've lost my job, Gas has lost his, and—we've decided that marriage is permanently out."

Ann gave her daughter a swift glance. One might have believed that she was as unconcerned as she seemed. But Ann suspected otherwise.

It was five weeks to a day when Gas reappeared. Ann let him in, her first swift surprise dissolving into sincere cordiality.

Jigger might try to fool the world with her hard-eyed, brilliant-surfaced gayety, but she could not fool her mother. She called for Jigger.

"Oh," said Jigger to Gas coldly, "I—I see you still have your car."

"Why is it," thought Ann, "that a woman can always hide her emotions so much better than a man?"

THE lines of his young mouth were so tense, his eyes so obviously hungry. Nevertheless, his voice at least matched Jigger's.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I took your tip and—"

"My tip?" echoed Jigger uncertainly.

"And told them I'd bring a customer in if they'd credit me with the amount due on the installment. I had a hunch I could land the order—a man I'd tried to sell a bond to had been a darned sight more interested in the car. And I did land him—thanks to you—"

"Oh, don't mention it," suggested Jigger, but not quite so coldly.

They stood so, neither quite meeting the other's eyes. Then:

"And—and I've got another job," he announced impetuously.

"Another job?" repeated Jigger, quite forgetting to keep her voice cold.

"It's—it's not much of a job," he confessed. "It's just—selling vacuum cleaners." He hesitated for an instant before adding, "House to house, you know—"

He grinned a bit uncertainly, looking absurdly like a very small boy.

Jigger slanted a glance up at him. She didn't care what he did, what he sold. And yet:

"I should think you'd sort of hate—" she began and hesitated.

"Breezing into a house?" he hazarded. "Oh, that's what they call the wrong mental attitude. We are trained to call ourselves"—he grimaced slightly—"household efficiency experts. We carry the gospel of efficient cleanliness to still darkened places, you see, and—want a demonstration?"

Jigger nodded.

"Wait a jiff—I'll get the cleaner," he promised, and disappeared through the screen door.

A MOMENT later he reappeared. "Madam," he began, "I—"

But she never got *that* demonstration. The cleaner fell from his hands as he opened his arms and gathered her in.

"Oh, Jigger!" he murmured desperately. "I've been through hell!"

"So have I—you didn't even write," she all but sobbed. "I—"

They were again in her father's chair when her father arrived home. The vacuum cleaner lay where Gas had let it fall, as Samuel Winslow discovered, coming out of the bright sunshine into the comparative murk of the hall.

"Blank, dash, and sixteen asterisks," announced he, in effect, as he rubbed his shin. "What's this blankety-blank thing doing here, anyway?"

Jigger appeared to explain. A soft-mouthed, starry-eyed Jigger who, on the finger so reserved for the purpose, wore an engagement ring.

"I made up my mind I'd never see you again until I got you one—and out of money I'd earned," Gas had told her as he slipped it on and kissed the finger.

"You were darned sure of me, weren't you?" she suggested.

"No, I wasn't," he confessed. "Anything but."

"Well, you should have been!" she announced impulsively. "I—oh, Gas!"

"Oh—hello!" she said cordially. "It's all right; we're going to be married."

The engagement ring failed to impress her father and Gas' new occupation impressed him even less. And that, apparently, went double for Gas' father.

"He's all but chucked me out," confessed Gas as they rode through the heady dusk that same night. "He seems to think I ought to be doing something better than peddling—that's what he calls it. But when I ask him what, the best he can offer is to go back to college and—"

"Don't—don't you think perhaps you ought to?" asked Jigger, but with no enthusiasm.

He drew her to him swiftly. "And wait four years—

perhaps six if I go into law and in with the governor!" he said. "Never!"

He meant, of course, that he wasn't willing to face the prospect of waiting that long before marrying her. And yet he had no intention of marrying her now or even in the immediate future.

This terrible generation, as personified by Gas and Jigger, discussed that too, this July night.

"I want you like the devil," he confessed, his eyes, his face, and every last atom of him corroborating the words. "But—until I've got something to offer, something worth while—"

"You've still got Whisky, haven't you?" she asked. And, realizing from his expression that he had, went on with: "See where it sold today?"

He nodded, but soberly.

"You dead fish!" she protested. "I should think that—"

"That's luck—not me!" he maintained stubbornly. "I can't seem to get a kick out of it. I'd give every last cent of it for—well, for a good job and you."

"You've got *me*, anyway," she reminded him. "And you'll get a good job yet—something is bound to happen. I—I feel it in my bones that something is going to."

This was not quite true. But Jigger was still learning. After a girl got her man she also had to keep him bucked up. And from that will to help, perhaps, is where women get their reputation for intuition.

BECAUSE something did happen. Gas had said he would be around just after dinner the next night, but 8 o'clock came and passed. She couldn't imagine what had happened. Just before 9, as the July twilight was setting in, he came.

"You," he announced exultantly, "have some bones!"

To Jigger, naturally, that meant nothing. Save that something had happened.

"Let's go for a ride—I'll tell you all about it," he added.

The headlights pierced the growing murk, the road unreeled before them. Gas took a deep breath.

"This," he began, "is going to be a long story. I started out this morning as usual, but everything went dead wrong. I had just had the third door in succession slammed in my face and had gone back to the car. I found an old codger there looking it over."

He paused, let his eyes meet hers. But she was breathless with interest.

"He asked me forty-eleven questions and I invited him to take a spin," he went on. "Well—to make a long story short, he was thinking of buying a car for his granddaughter and I sold it to him."

Jigger felt let down. "You mean—you mean you've got another commission," she suggested, trying to make her voice match his for enthusiasm but not quite succeeding. She

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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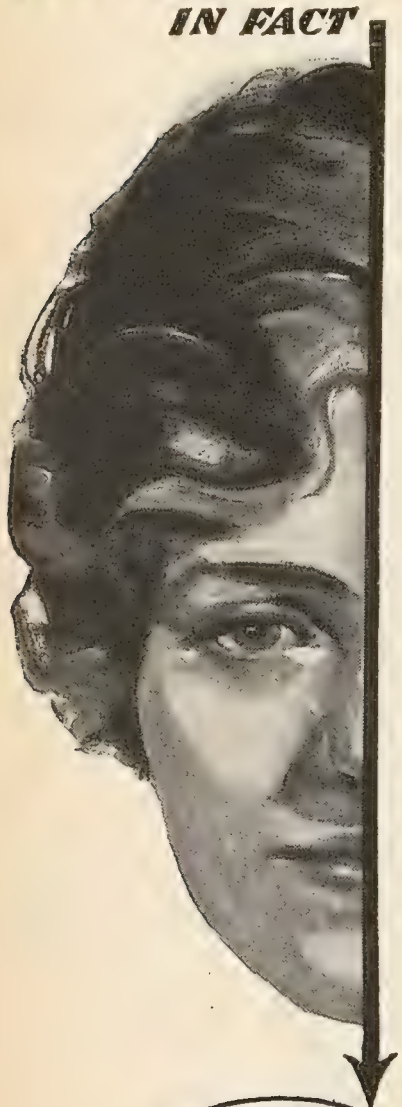

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Northwestern Yeast Company

1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

[LOVE—WITH A DASH OF WHISKY]
Continued from page thirty-five

had, somehow, hoped for something more.

"No—that's only the beginning. The old codger asked me a million questions or so. About vacuum cleaners and how I liked to sell them and things like that—the way old people do, you know. I told him I gave no three cheers for that job and he said right off to chuck it; that it was no use trying to do something I hated. I said that sounded fine but that I had to do something and—"

He took another deep breath. "Then," added Gas, "he asked how I'd like to go partners with him—just like that!"

"Partners?" echoed Jigger, bewildered.

"He's retired—and darned near eighty, I guess," said Gas. "One of those old boys whose family tell them it's time to give up business and enjoy life. He quit two years ago and he doesn't know what to do with himself. He's got all the money he needs but he wants some excitement. A place he can drop into and look over the books and see how things are going. He'll be sort of a sleeping partner, you see—"

"Sleeping partner?" echoed Jigger, uncertainly.

"Oh, that's what they call men who put in capital but don't take an active part in the concern. Although I have a hunch *he* will, at that. You ought to see the old boy move today after we once got started."

"But you haven't told me yet what you're going to do!" protested Jigger.

"Gosh—so I haven't," realized Gas. He grinned exultantly. "I'm going to start selling cars—this car."

JIGGER blinked. Then: "Why—why, that is what you should have been doing all the time!" she gasped. "Why—you have been doing it without half trying. You're such a kid about it, so full of enthusiasm that—"

"That's what *he* said," corroborated Gas.

"He—he won't change his mind?" suggested Jigger, fearfully.

"Change his mind?" echoed Gas. "We have already bought an exclusive territory franchise, signed up a combination garage and show room—wait until you see that, Jigger! He wanted the whole thing sewed up before his family got wind of it, you see. He's about the shrewdest old boy you ever met. He wouldn't have gone on with it unless I had some capital. Said every young man ought to have some capital—"

"Capital? Where did you get the capital?" demanded Jigger.

"Whisky—sold that too today," Gas explained. "Oh, I told him the truth—where the capital came from. I thought for a moment he was going to back out, but he didn't. He just said I seemed to be a fool for luck and he hoped it would continue—"

"You aren't a fool at all," protested Jigger vehemently. "You're—"

He kissed her, swiftly. "I am," he assured her huskily. "The luckiest fool for luck that ever happened. Because if I hadn't gotten you I *would* have been a washout. I—oh, Jigger, I'll make it up to you. I'll work like the devil now."

HE paused, his eyes trying to fathom something in hers.

"What are you thinking of now?" he demanded.

"That—that it's not considered so very swell to get married in August," she informed him, being nothing if not frank. "But perhaps if *you* wanted to, too—a lot, I—"

He all but crushed the life out of her.

Nevertheless she seemed quite recovered—very much her usual self save for the starry, irrepressible triumph in her eyes—when she returned home that night. She saw that her father was still up, hesitated a second, and then paused to speak to him.

"Oh, by the way," she announced. "Much obliged for the advice you gave Gas."

"What advice?" he asked suspiciously.

"About buying a car—and investing the rest in Whisky," she explained airily. "It worked out rather well, you know."

He knew, at least, where Whisky was selling now. But:

"What's the car got to do with it?" he asked.

Jigger was leading up to that. She had come into the house feeling victorious. But now, suddenly she reconsidered, stooped and kissed the tip of his nose.

"I'll bet you love me in your way—even if it is a darned funny way," was all she said.

The next instant she was gone, leaving him to ponder once more on this inexplicable generation.

"What is she up to now?" he wondered.

He was without a clue. This generation was so different—

But Jigger's mother, at least, was glimpsing the truth. Jigger had burst into her room as she sat, in negligée, preparing for bed. She flung her arms around her mother.

"Oh, Ann!" she peaned. "We're going to get married. In August. I—Oh, if you only knew how I felt! How happy—"

She dropped swiftly to her knees, buried her bright head in her mother's lap. And her mother, patting her head softly, smiled—the faintest, tender curving of her flexible lips.

As if she, Ann Winslow, didn't know! As if she didn't realize that no generation could so conduct—or misconduct—itself as to escape the eternal, changeless rhythm of life.

And—love.

THE END

A Daring Joan

And Something New for Mr. Nagel and Miss Bow

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

At the left and above, two views of Mlle. Falconetti, who scores a spectacular success in The Passion of Joan of Arc.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

SINCE no American releasing organization has yet ventured to market The Passion of Joan of Arc, the two-years-in-the-making production of the Société Générale de Films, I may be wandering afield in reviewing it. Joan of Arc is a mighty significant film—and yet you may never view it except in the little cinema theaters of the land.

Joan of Arc has been shown in France, Denmark, and Germany. It has been barred by the British censor. Wherever it has been projected, the film has attracted wide attention.

Despite its French origin, Joan of Arc is the work of a young Dane, Carl Theodor Dreyer.

The Passion of Joan of Arc does not follow tradition in presenting the peasant girl of history from the time she first heard voices calling her to serve her king. It is, on the other hand, an unbroken story of the last hours of Joan's life—of her trial, her recantation, her death at the stake. Dreyer has told this with bold and barren directness and with a distinct departure in technique. The backgrounds are reduced to an extreme limit.

Dreyer concerns himself with facts reflected by faces. For reels his camera centers upon the face of Joan, bewildered and tortured in the ring of ecclesiasts, and upon the faces of her judges. Then the camera follows—almost within the flaming pyre. The burning is stark and ghastly. I doubt if the average audience could stand its torture.

While Dreyer, in his reasoned severity of technique, pushes aside all flash-backs and fade-outs, all make-up, all artificial light, and all studio trickery, he photographs his faces from a thousand and one angles.

There is never a feeling of actors playing parts, but the film is distinguished by one tremendous piece of work. This is the Joan of Mlle. Falconetti of the Comédie Francaise. Mlle. Falconetti literally is the peasant shepherdess of Lorraine, suffering and dazed in her puzzled mysticism. It is an overwhelming rôle, but this French actress gives it authentic magnitude. She weeps real bewildered tears for thousands of feet of film and she sacrifices her hair—before the camera—for the exigencies of the rôle.

This Joan of Arc seems to be an isolated piece of brilliant film daring. Perhaps it is a foolish adventure, for its public is necessarily limited. The trial, for instance, is long and tedious. The film will give at least some religious offense. The burning is shocking, no less. And yet The Passion of Joan of Arc will attract serious film observers.

Clara Bow using IT on Neil Hamilton in one of the scenes from Three Week Ends.

★ ★

Red Wine, William Fox's newest moral lesson, is a lively—and at times, just a shade audacious—panorama of a shy, methodical pansy who suddenly feels that he is missing some of the joys of life. He decides to be a very devil of a fellow, launches upon a limp bacchanal, and—yes, Mr. Hays—goes home sadder and wiser. Conrad Nagel is amusing as the cautious commuter on the loose, but, once the reformation and the hang-over act set in, he overacts dreadfully.

Sharon Lynn has possibilities as the stenographer whose trim ankles start all the trouble.

★ ★

Simple little cabaret cutie that she was, Gladys O'Brien thought the handsome young stranger was a millionaire. He was only an insurance agent, but she came to know that true love is greater than wealth. In Paramount's newest Clara Bow film, Three Week Ends, this plot is not at all unpleasant, affording the *IT* girl a chance to appear in fetching cabaret nothings, in step-ins, and in one-piece bathing suits as the hard working little home girl who adorns the swell Broadway night club.

Personalities—

Clara Bow gets $2,500 a week and close to 35,000 letters a month. She leads 'em all in fan mail. . . . Neil Hamilton, who plays opposite Clara in Three Week Ends, draws down $1,200. . . . Harrison Ford is thirty-six and was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He is reputed to own the best library in Hollywood. . . . The talkies have lifted Conrad Nagel's salary to $3,000.

Vox

What Millionaires Don't Know

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—That man that Edward Doherty wrote about who has 10 or 12 million to give away, it is to much to believe, is it true?

Does your million dollar man know about the poor? Not unless he was poor himself.

I always want to help the poor and needy that I see and how it hurts me when I can't. Now, today, I went in a poorer home than mine is, 6 children, two stoves dead and out and so cold the children were trying to make a fire, so I made it for them, not a stick of wood anywhere, I had none either.

So we broke up a bushel basket and then I got a basket of coke from my place and we had it warm.

Then the children said, oh we are so hungry, we had no breakfast yet at 12, at noon.

So I went home, got 12 cents for a loaf of bread for the children, cut it up and gave them some greese to put on their bread. Their mother was out working.

Talk about parks and them things the millionaire said he thought he'd give his money for, I think they are for the rich only. You must have clothes to go in the parks.

It takes the poor to find the poor every time, so that's that.—*Mrs. H. Kunz.*

Another Letter Like This and You'll Have Something to Worry About, Lady

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Understand me, I'm not trying to be mean, or nasty, or anything like that. But oh, when I looked at some of the faces that gazed out at me from that article, or whatever you call it, entitled: "There's No Accounting for Tastes"!

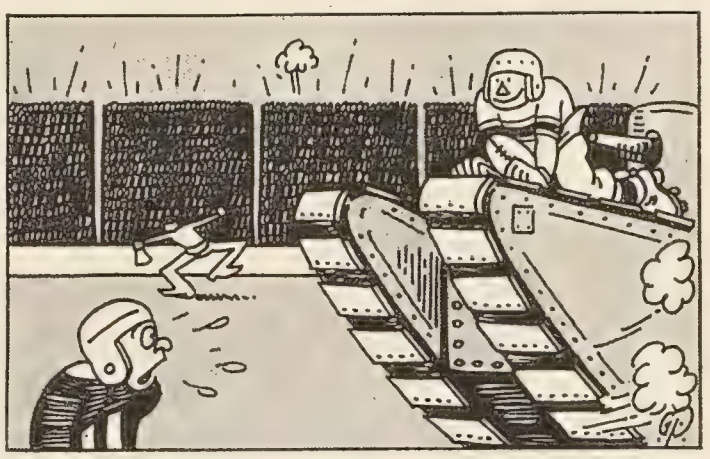
I want to be tactful, and I hate to write down a word like "zoo." And it's a safe enough bet that the mothers of those boys and gals thought the world, and all, of that photographic feature.

But just one little question, and then I'll shut up. Does your staff work behind thick, strong bars? If not, we—the public—are going to be very, very worried.—*Kathleen M.*

A Simply Swell Idea

CHICAGO, ILL.—I got a laugh out of your little article, "From Paddy Driscoll's Memoirs," by Charles Collins.

I didn't know that a thing like that had ever happened in the pigskin sport: I mean, that a sub actually rushed from the sideline bench and tackled a player, in the 1918 game between the Navy and Great Lakes—making twelve



players on the Navy football eleven.

If twelve men can play on an eleven, why not twenty? That would make a really strong team. As a matter of fact, if a college didn't give a hoot for the rules, and wanted to apply really scientific methods to football, the thing would be a pipe.

All the school would have to do would be to borrow an armored tank and park it on the field, waiting till one of its men got the ball. When the moment came, the guy with the pigskin would jump on board the tank and the tank would start for the enemy's goal line, protected against interference by guns.

Oh, baby! If they'd only do this, a touchdown would be a touchdown—if you know what I mean.—*F. Ellson.*

He Might Not Like It

WORCESTER, MASS.—I see a guy from Princeton, N. J., said in Vox Pop: "Your magazine amply satisfies the intellectual needs of our average American. Thank God I am *not* average."

Tell him to throw away his picture papers and learn to read—LIBERTY.—*F. W. B.*

Well, Anything for Variety

NEW YORK, N. Y.—All LIBERTYS are not as bad as the latest one. No, indeed. Some are worse.—*Disgusted.*

Must Be Some Mistake. She Couldn't Have Meant Stenographers

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Relative to articles appearing in your magazine entitled "The Life Story of Barbara La Marr" by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in the first place it is regrettable that, for lack of material, Mrs. St. Johns must turn to the biography of this person. But inasmuch as she has done so it would be well for her to refrain from such sentences as this: ". . . Barbara dancing with Jack Dougherty in a wild café which was a favorite with shopgirls and stenographers."

I've been a stenographer for a good many years and it's a hard blow to hear that respectable profession even mentioned in the same paragraph with such a woman as this Barbara La Marr, much less spoken of as though they were not fit, by dodo, for her to dance in the same café with.—*Mary Spencer.*

From a One-Track Mind

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CAN.—Five husbands—no offspring.

That is the "tragic" story of Barbara La Marr.

You published it in graph form as part of the first installment. And have been wasting space ever since on an elaboration.—*C. R.*

Yes Indeed

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Vallings! What a man! I'm referring to the despicable "hero" of your story, "The Mannequin," by Elinor Mordaunt.

That would-be seducer didn't get half what was due him when the police nabbed him. Jail? That was too good for such a monster. He should have

been given some real punishment, such as—well, such as playing male nursemaid to some fashionable beauty's pet lap dog.—*Shock Absorber.*

Brothers in Arms

HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.—I don't care how long Paul G. Reibert served in the army—he is not a soldier. No soldier would say the things he said, in Vox Pop, concerning Britain's First Hundred Thousand.

I ask you, soldiers all, be you British, American, German, or otherwise, would you speak lightly of any who went out of the fight with naught but a white cross and six feet of earth? I know you

Pop

wouldn't. All real soldiers respect the fallen. Their memory is sacred.

That first hundred thousand was all but wiped out. The world knows they fought a good fight, and died. They were the gallant few who stood between and have gone to join the Legion of the Dead. Their crosses bear the inscription R. I. P. Let it be so.

I went across with a small party of twenty. Ten from the British Isles, five from Canada, and five from the U. S. A. Any one of those five Yanks would cheerfully give Paul Reibert a black eye for his wanton disrespect.

And to the civilian: don't believe all this twaddle you read about armies and soldiers. Real soldiers don't speak lightly of the other fellow. They know what he suffered.

So long, comrades. 'Twas hell, wasn't it?—*M. B. Johnson.*

It Seems There Are Some Perfect Husbands

SEATTLE, WASH.—What's all this Vox Popping about whether or not a husband should help in housework? Any gentleman should take pleasure in obeying his wife's orders, even though he does appear to be tied to her apron strings.

It is my supreme delight to give my wife my pay and do her household

work at her command. And save her strength in any way. She always has me run a number of errands for her, all of which I am more than happy to do. And when I forget something that she has told me to do she often reminds me of it by a sharp little pull of the hair.

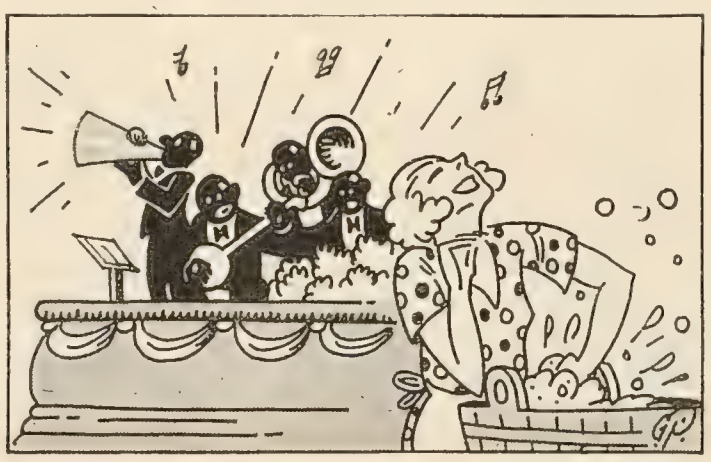
As a gentleman, I must say that I am glad that I am trained to serve my wife.—*A Northerner.*

Aw, Is That So!

AUDUBON, N. J.—I would suggest that the editor of LIBERTY print some "Bright Sayings" made by young children—say, not more than thirty years old. Most of those printed are the sayings of children of a still longer growth. —*E. D. York.*

Symphony at the Sink

ROANOKE, VA.—Not many years ago I was young, athletic, a little musical, and, like most of us, loved efficiency and hated drudgery, and was always seeking something that would make the two



more compatible. I had to wash dishes and I was going to *like* it! But the only real help I ever found was *whistling*.

Well, yesterday, I read Joseph M. Patterson's article, "I Don't Learn to Fly." In it he stressed the value of a sense of rhythm in flying, and I knew what it was all about! You see, I had already discovered how necessary rhythm was to a good game of golf.

Yes, whistling, singing, or playing the phonograph can change any household task into an athletic exercise—a sort of game, with each movement counting. In this way, any task, no matter how hateful, can be made rather a jolly business.

Try it, sisters!—*One Who Has Learned to Like It.*

Name and Address, Please

CHICAGO, ILL.—What a remarkable man Sidney Sutherland must be! In his Hoover article, "What a Man Does When He Wins the Presidency," he says, "Presently Hoover and his wife were alone on the roof," and finished his article, "Then they turned silently again and stood, unspeaking and unmoving, looking into each other's eyes."

Which reminds me of a conversation:

"Does Jones talk to himself when he's alone?"

"I don't know. I was never with him when he was alone."

Sidney is either a wonder or an eavesdropper, and I've formed my own opinion. Naughty, naughty Sidney! Just for that I'll croon a new song dedicated to Sidney, entitled: "When I'm with you I'm lonesome."—*The Traveling Blonde.*

No

TORONTO, CAN.—LIBERTY seems to have a perfect genius for closing its eyes to facts, as exemplified in its editorial comments on Mr. Kellogg's multilateral treaty.

"Let's mind our own business" is excellent counsel.

But LIBERTY refuses to see that the peace of the world is as much the business of the United States as of anybody else, though the World War proved it conclusively.

The arguments put forward by the editors are quite incomprehensible, unless, indeed, they take this attitude: "After all, we didn't have to get into the war until it was nearly over. Our casualties were comparatively trifling —and we made a helluvalot of money—chances are we'd do as well next time. Bring on your World Wars!"

Is that it?—*T. E. Turner.*

You're Good, Everett

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—Just finished Lieutenant Maitland's write-up, "Making the Air Safe for Humanity."

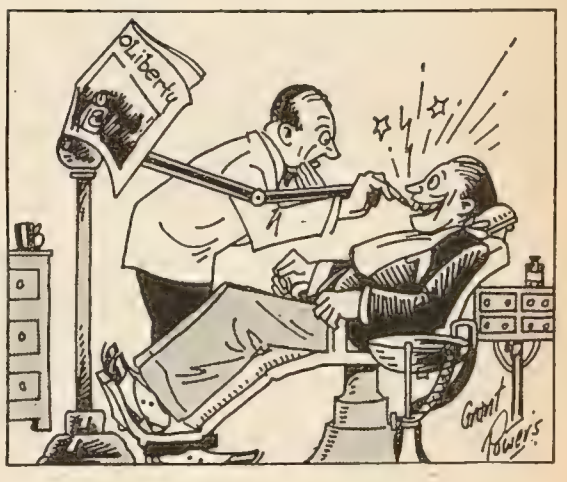
As a whole it is good, both to the public and to fliers, but in particular points his essay falls flat, when read by a pilot.

He states: "Let us say that a pilot is taking off; that he has reached an altitude of 200 feet; that he is still climbing and his motor fails—what happens? This: The ship stalls . . . and plunges toward the ground. The pilot has neither the time nor the altitude to put it into a glide. The result is a crash."

Lieutenant Maitland is a much better pilot than to *mean* this, for, young as I am at flying (five years—1,000 hours), I certainly am able—and have had so to do—to "put my nose down" and land the ship, providing there is a field to land on.—*Everett L. Edmondson.*

Better Than Laughing Gas

BUTTE, MONT.—Huzza for Bert Green! Sign that guy up for life. I can go so far as to get a laugh out of his letters



in a dentist's chair. More power to him!

How about a line from the dame with the crockery eye?—*A Freshman with a Sense of Humor.*

Red Tape Flyin

Why Erik Nelson Has Left

By

RICHARD CARROL

P. & A. photo

Erik Nelson, round-the-world ace.

IT came as a shock when I read that Lieutenant Erik Henning Nelson, one of the six round-the-world fliers, had quit the army. Four of the others had preceded him. Arnold, Harding, Wade, and Ogden were out. Only Lowell Smith remained of the daring aces who made that historic flight. Now Nelson was quitting, and the strangest part of it was that Nelson was passionately fond of the service, rated among the best by his fellow aviators, and personally popular with all.

It was obvious that something was wrong with the system that took from military aviation the best men it could produce. Dozens of others had preceded Nelson. Others would follow.

Nelson's own explanation gave hint that something more than a better job elsewhere forced him out. True enough, the army pay, even for a flight lieutenant, was meager enough, little more than $100 a week. But the real flying aces have never fussed over money. The actual trouble seemed to be that at the age of forty, with a remarkable record of achievement behind him, unlimited experience for future guidance and training for leadership, there was not the remotest possibility that his proven ability would be given a chance to show itself. Other and lesser men were, and always would be, ahead of him for promotion.

I wanted a talk with Nelson. For days I tried to reach him. Now he was in Washington; next back in New York. I trailed him to Buffalo. Then he jumped to Seattle, Washington, where, at the offices of the Boeing Airplane Company, I found him. He was the new sales and promotion director. The company, located just outside Seattle, boasts the largest airplane factory in the country. Erik was already a valued member.

So much did his new bosses prize him, I again wondered at the army that had so easily parted with him.

Nelson, too busy during the day to talk at any length, submitted during the evenings to being pried loose from some valuable information. His was a remarkable story. The personal side, his earlier struggles and ambitions, his hard life leading up to his first flying venture, showed well how iron character had been molded.

Born in the city of Stockholm, Sweden, on the 12th of J 1888, almost his first act was a gesture toward the sea an life of a sailor. At the age of three his mother found astride a chair in the kitchen, a napkin unfurled for a sai a ladle handle for a tiller. He was playing sailor.

At sixteen he had accomplished his infancy's wish. He a sailor before the mast, bound for England, the West In various ports of the New and Old Worlds, on the three-ma Atlantic.

Erik had all the qualifications of a good seaman. He strength, willingness, and skill. Early life in Stockholm seen him rated a good swimmer in a city where every y could swim. He was fond of athletics and excelled in t But swimming was his hobby. Always he was in the w diving, swimming long distances, performing stunts o kinds.

The boy then had no definite ambition that took him be the deck of a sailing ship. Enough for him that the str undefined yearning in his soul that sent him into new lan see faces he had not seen before, to harden under foreign to feel the glamour of alien places, had found outlet.

For the young Erik possessed that indefinable somet that drove Erik the Red across uncharted seas of a you world; that pushed Leif Ericsson into strange perils, th a later day sent Amundsen to the pole, Lindbergh soa across the Atlantic, a hundred adventurers off the be track and into the wilderness of fame.

THE Scandinavians have ever been glamorous in deeds. Nelson was of them. They have been the explo the continent finders of the world. The Danes, the Sw the Norwegians, bred in the stern cold of their homel could laugh at hardship elsewhere.

And this was the type of man who had to leave the of the United States because promotion was denied him ten years to come while commissioned clerks rose above him. One could picture Erik Nelson when, at twenty-one, he landed in America, definitely decided to quit the sea, to strike out for himself in this new land.

Standing more than six feet, with keen eyes that had the blue clearness of the sea in them, square of shoulder, slim of hip, he presented a replica of the fair haired vikings of an earlier age.

But if some prophet had told this Swedish sailor

The round-the-world flight left Seattle, Washington, original four returned Se pilot and engine

and a SWEDE

r my

Int. photo

P. & A. photo

Lieutenant Nelson testing a Liberty motor that was used in the round-the-world flight, and, above, waving his hand as he tries out a cruiser plane.

that on a future day he would supply for the patriotic rians of this foreign and greater nation a new proof of country's heralded opportunities, he would have laughed e absurdity. If the visionary had gone further to predict a future act of this sailor would help change the plans of tion's defense, would as an act of protest call attention to tional military weakness, he would have seemed insane.

t Nelson did all that.

r the common sailor who was then Erik Nilsson was to me First Lieutenant Erik Nelson, U. S. A., and, in nine years after an immigrant landing, take his place among f the country's best aviators to carry his country's flag around the world.

TING in a prosaic room in a Seattle hotel, Nelson's story unded simple enough in the telling. But the nervous gy of the narrator told another story. He could not sit No chair was comfortable enough. Now he was perched he table, now on the edge of a chair. Again he would wl on the bed, only to get up each time and pace the room. man was energy itself.

t he told no story of impossible odds overcome in daring on. No struggles against fate with wit the only weapon. s viking fathers sailed blindly down to sea before him, to essly chart new worlds and new oceans, so Erik did, to what life held for him, all of it.

nger came to him many times in many forms. Once, on the old Dowan Hill, a three-master sailing out of Lonfor Port Adelaide, Australia, he had a narrow squeak. hip was plowing her troubled way through the Southeast ts, making about seven knots in a stiff breeze. Her crew a rough and tumble bunch gathered from all corners of lobe, the dirty corners. Over them was the mate, a domng, brutal Liverpool bucko. The men despised, feared, , and obeyed him.

k, then a youngster bordering twenty, was aft when the Man overboard!" reached him. Without hesitation, he plunged over the stern. The man had gone over forward. Erik reached him as the ship swept on her course. Excited sailors threw a line and missed. The ship sailed on. One sailor dropped a life preserver. Erik grasped it and the drowning man at the same time. The man struggled frantically. He could not swim. The ship was bearing away.

Army Air Service planes ng west, and two of the Lieutenant Nelson was ne of these two.

Erik looked at the man. It was the mate. For forty minutes Erik kept himself afloat, the mate bobbing up and down beside him. The mate gurgled and died. Erik swam beside the body. The ship returned and the men hauled the exhausted Erik aboard. That night, to the accompaniment of ribald songs, the mate was buried.

ERIK later was awarded the Royal Humane Society medal for bravery—which medal he neglected to take because, when the officials at Newcastle, New South Wales, had gathered for the presentation, he discovered he had a date with a girl and ducked away to keep it.

Erik Nelson stayed before the mast until he was twenty-one years old. On the 15th of April, 1909, he landed at Hoboken, New Jersey. He had few friends, a small amount of money, and no particular place to go. Eventually he landed a job in a shipyard at Greenwich, Connecticut. For eighteen dollars a week he rigged yachts, scraped and painted them.

Vernon C. Brown, a broker, liked the thorough way the new man handled his job, and hired him for his own yacht, the Iris. Erik passed his spare time swimming in Long Island Sound, where he would remain hours in the water, day or night.

In the fall of that year he found himself again without work. Fleischman Baths needed a man as rubber. Erik applied for and landed the job. Among the patrons was Oscar Hammer-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[RED TAPE AND A FLYING SWEDE
Continued from page forty-one]

stein, then producing the opera Herodias. Erik's magnificent build appealed to him and the ex-sailor became a soldier, a Roman soldier of the stage, wearing a black wig to hide his blondness.

When the opera closed Erik went back to his boats and for five years thereafter drifted from job to job, but not without picking up information that was to be of supreme value to him later. Always of a mechanical turn of mind, engines began to fascinate him. His father had been an engineer and the gift of engines had passed on to the son.

The year 1913 found him in Florida operating a garage which, with a partner, he had started on a capital of thirty-five dollars. The garage business was beginning to prosper when an aviator, Victor Vernon, flew into town. As frequently happened in those days, something went wrong with the engine of the plane, a Curtiss flying boat equipped with an OX motor. Vernon called on Erik to help him.

This emergency call proved to be the turning point in Nelson's life. From the day he first worked over the engine of the plane and got a ride in the air for reward, Erik's thoughts turned skyward.

The garage business went hang. Erik camped beside his newfound toy, slept on the beach near it at night when repairs were done, and flew with its pilot during the day. From that time onward he had no thought other than to learn to fly.

When Vernon flew back to New York Erik found himself with nothing to do. He wanted to fly, but there were no meals in the sky. He had to eat. For several months he worked at odd jobs, finally signing as captain to take an eighty-five-foot yacht up the Hudson to Lake Champlain.

IT was Erik's last trip as far as surface boats were concerned. He could not now be content unless fooling around airplanes. He drifted in and out of various flying fields at Buffalo, Langley, Newport, doing odd jobs and all the while picking up scraps of information. Pressed for money in 1916, he volunteered to take the singer, Riccardo Martin, across country in the latter's Lancia. This trip put him in funds for a while, gave him enough over to land a job at Newport News flying school, where his work consisted mostly in pushing planes in and out of hangars.

Two youngsters, Andrew Jackson and Donald Douglas, drifted in with a flying boat they were going to use as an instruction ship. This would have been all right if the youngsters had known how to fly. They didn't. Erik went to Florida with them, glad of the chance to be near a plane offering a chance for flight.

The first time in the air with Douglas and Jackson at the controls, the ship went into a spin and crashed in the waters of Indian River. The plane landed upside down. Erik, on shore at the moment, went to the rescue in a speed boat. Arrived at the scene, he found Douglas atop the wreckage.

Jackson was underneath, strapped to his seat. Erik dived for him, fought the straps that held him, and brought him to the surface. It was the feat of a great swimmer. The youngster was badly injured and almost drowned. Erik revived him. He recovered. Erik went back to Buffalo and never saw the boys again.

The following year, 1917, witnessed America's preparation for entry into the war. Nelson immediately applied for a flying course with the Aviation Corps of the Signal Service. He was rejected. The man who was later to be ranked among the world's greatest fliers wasn't wanted because he was not a college graduate.

Erik went to Canada and was rejected there. Now he was too old, twenty-nine. The age limit was twenty-five. In despair he returned to America and registered for the draft, willing to go in any capacity. Waiting to be called, he joined a flying school as general handy man.

Here he met several influential men who were later to help him on his chosen way. Malcolm Stevenson, the international polo player, was learning to fly. F. Trubee Davison, now Assistant Secretary of War for Aëronautics, was another pupil. They met and liked the young Swede whose whole ambition seemed wrapped around an airplane.

WHETHER they had anything to do with it or not, that fall found Erik in the army, a cadet in the flying service. He was sent to ground school at Cornell University and from there was transferred to Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.

And now the knowledge of airplanes so painstakingly gained in the preceding years proved a hindrance to further ambitions. With J. J. Kelly, the veteran pilot, he was the only man at the field who could line up a plane, rig it, and put it in condition to take the air. Naturally the officers in command would not let him go. His entire class was graduated and still they held him. Seldom complaining, he was driven to complaint, and the only result was that he was put on as a regular instructor in advanced work.

All efforts to get overseas with his own gang from Cornell proved unavailing. He was too valuable an instructor. The wind-up of the war found him still drilling recruits.

But the finish of the war was the beginning of his rise. There were now no recruits to train, or, if there were, there was no hurry about it. Such a flier as Nelson had become could be used to advantage by the army. Long distance flights were then a rarity. The army flying officials saw the value of favorable publicity.

In January of 1919 the first real cross-country flight was planned. Nelson, with three other planes, set out from Ellington Field for San Diego. The planes flew direct to their objective, turned at San Diego and headed up the coast for San Francisco, over the unmapped route to Reno, to Glenwood Springs, hopped the Rocky Mountains to Denver, then to Omaha and back home. The entire trip, made in De Havilands, was without accident of any kind from start to finish. It was the most successful flight of its kind made up to that time.

International photo

Two round-the-world aces, Erik Nelson (in the center) and Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, are decorated with medals in honor of their feat, by Colonel Harry Graham.

Much of the credit can be safely bestowed on Nelson who in that flight displayed the genius for mechanical detail that was later to distinguish him on the flight around the world. The man actually loved engines. Every night found him tuning and repairing, working over them with diligent care.

Later flights became a matter of public record. In 1920 the flight to Nome, Alaska, and return became a mark for aviators to shoot at. Again the difficult trip was made without so much as a forced landing. Nelson's position was assured in the select world of aviators. His last flight alone was enough to rank him with the aces.

At Detroit in 1922 Nelson brought a twin motor plane across the finish line to take first in his class. In the following year he engineered the six-plane flight from

San Antonio to Porto Rico and back to Washington, D. C., making it in thirty days.

Then came the world flight. That story has been well written into the annals of American achievement. It stands out now, over a distance of five years, as one of the most glorious adventures in the history of man. Twenty-six thousand miles flown in 175 days. The names of Smith, Arnold, Nelson, Harding, Wade, and Ogden take their place in the history of great adventurers.

Sailor, soldier, mechanic, swimmer, all-round athlete, there was no emergency to which Nelson could not rise. Broken pontoons on the planes needed good swimmers who could reach them for repairs. Engines had to be nursed, courses had to be charted. Nelson filled the bill.

There can be no question that his early training lifted him above all others for such a flight.

He was a good soldier, too, who knew how to obey orders. That alone, with his knowledge, marked him as fit. In the one misunderstanding that occurred on an otherwise perfectly planned flight, Nelson's part was that of the rigidly disciplined subordinate. He followed orders literally and at once. That some hesitant criticism should be leveled at him at first was to be expected.

P. & A. photo

Erik Nelson on the beach at Miami, Florida.

WHEN, in an early stage of the flight, one of the planes separated from the others, the order was given that in future jumps all should stick together. This, of course, was necessary if the flight was to succeed.

In the long, dangerous hop from Kirkwall, Scotland, to Hornafjord, Iceland, the three planes started out together. Smith and Arnold, flying the flagship Chicago, took the lead in the air. Nelson and Harding followed in the New Orleans. Wade and Ogden came last in the Boston. When nearly 115 miles off the Orkney Islands, Wade was forced down. The ships became separated in the fog. Nelson circled over the crippled Boston, saw that he could do nothing, and headed onward for his goal. The Chicago was not in sight.

Then it was that Nelson had to make his own decision. Should he turn back to make sure Commander Smith was on his way? Should he continue through the blinding fog to Iceland? His orders had been to fly to Iceland. Being the soldier he was, he did not hesitate long. The nose of the lone ship swung out to sea.

Help was coming to the Boston. Smith, fearing he could not get through that almost impassable barrier of fog, had turned back. Nelson did not know that. He flew on. Alone he made it. When the New Orleans dropped to rest in the harbor of Hornafjord, Nelson had achieved the impossible. He was cheered above his comrades.

The criticism leveled at him for leaving his comrades came from those ignorant of the circumstances. Instead of blame Nelson deserved all praise—for his seamanship, his superb piloting, and his willingness to obey his commander's orders at any cost. Smith had ordered the planes to Iceland. Nelson, through fog, wind, and rain, flew there. It was the only decision he knew how to make.

NOW this ace of fliers is lost to the Army Air Service. Why? Because any officer, be he ever so ignorant of aëronautics, can step into a rank over Nelson's head and tell him, who helped fly the army into fame, how flying should be done. Ten years from now he might rise to a captaincy, if enough men ahead of him died or retired. But the system lifts men from the infantry, the artillery, the cavalry, from all branches of the service other than aviation, and makes of them officers superior to those who have spent their lives to the furtherance of aëronautics.

Nelson's resignation was not a step toward personal betterment. It was a protest against the system, a plea for a change in army procedure that would give the men of his own profession some of the recognition their work demanded.

Nelson knows, as every flier knows, that the service to which they are devoted will not come into its own until it is divorced from the ponderous, choking weight of army red tape. Aviation must be taken entirely from the army. Mitchell preached it. Every flier believes it. Navy and army alike have nothing in common with aëronautics. The ponderous bulks that crawl along the surface should not, cannot, pinion the eagle that soars into the sun. Aviation is for youth. Generals and admirals are old.

When promotion becomes possible within the ranks of the Air Service the best men will remain. The Nelsons and the Wades, the Ogdens and Arnolds and Hardings will find scope for their talents, advancement for their ability, and will not, as now, meet hindrance from their superiors.

THE END

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JOURNEY'S END

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"I GUESS old man Simpson's still living," the drug store clerk said, grabbing a handful of empty capsules. "His niece just ordered the last prescription refilled, an eye cup, and a case of vichy. It'll seem queer not to see the old boy coming in to buy licorice wood."

And lots of other things would seem queer when Sandy's Great-Uncle Ulysses had gone. Who would donate pink and white marshmallow rabbits in Sunday school at Easter? Who would give the real-estate office cashier, with red hair sleeked over her wire rat, a fruit cake at Christmas? Who would hand out peanuts to the school kids? Would 100 free fifty-cent seats at the circus allow 100 orphans to become pop-eyed in May when the billowy canvas tent was a juvenile mecca?

This week's cover picture.

These questions only fate could answer. And fate was very busy playing with Lil and Sandy's heartstrings in Uncle U's brownstone mansion. The sick man slept most of the time.

"Help me sip a wine glass of vichy," he told them during one fitful waking spell.

"Drink it slowly," Lil smiled. "And when you get well, my dear, let's all celebrate with glasses of something stronger."

"I'm getting weaker all the time," Uncle U sighed, sinking back upon his pillow. "So, you two will be celebrating with my 1868 port—alone!" He sighed again, Lil tucked the crazy quilt around the pink collar of his nightshirt, Sandy flicked an adventuring feather from the Bible on the marble-topped bedside table, and the nurse pointed to the door. They took the hint.

The combined odors of camphor, peppermint, disinfectant, lemon, and eucalyptus fumes followed Lil and Sandy as they walked away. Would they ever see their uncle alive again? They'd wondered the same thing after each tiptoe trip to the sick room.

"It seems just yesterday that he was visiting us," Lil whispered on the stair landing. "And that I was pushing him around the public square in a wheelbarrow."

She admired the purple and yellow views of canyons, cotton fields, and grazing cows in the transparencies. How many hundred tassels were collecting dust on the red velvet lambrequin? Who, oh, who had been the pompadoured, bejeweled, high lace collared, corseted dame in the gold-framed painting on the easel?

"It's snowing," Sandy said downstairs after drawing aside three folds of lace curtains. "It would be fun to be out in it. But he might wake up and want us."

Lil drew aside three lacy layers from another window. There the snow was falling silently, covering the brick walks of the garden. Some flakes were lifted—high, high, higher. Would they fall back upon the ground? She never knew. But she did know that Uncle U, like the snowflakes, was fitfully fighting for *his* life. His generous life which she and Sandy had learned to admire and love.

That evening, during the doctor's 10 o'clock visit, Uncle U, still sleeping, reached his earthly journey's end. While outside the snowflakes were still being picked up by the wind—high, high, higher.

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by Mrs. Eugenie Ayers, 1713 Newhall Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. An award of $50 has been sent to Mrs. Ayers.

(Next week's cover adventure: Easy Street)

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HUNT CONTINUES FOR KIDNAPED CHILD MOTHER DESPAIRS OF RECOVERY

A Story Behind the Headlines

By VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

MRS. O'MARA had advertised that she had a room to rent for six dollars a week and Lief had taken the room. He had had all he could bear of the house to which, fresh from his first look at the Statue of Liberty, he had wandered. Mrs. O'Mara's ad had said that she was close to the park, and Lief, sick for the sight of trees, had gone hopefully to see the house.

It was not much of a house. The windows were dirty, torn curtains sagged behind the grimy panes. Women in unclean aprons ceased their loud conversations only to box the ears of their dirty-faced offspring. Yet around the corner, facing the park, were monstrous, high-priced apartments where doormen in livery greeted and dispatched elaborate cars and never remembered that the apartments were stage scenery shutting out the commonplace drabness of the streets beyond.

Mrs. O'Mara was a stout woman. In answer to Lief's ring she called from the third landing. He climbed the narrow stairs, rubbing his shoulders at every step against the faded wall paper.

"Well," she said when they were facing each other in the gloomy, gas-lit hall, "I guess you want to see the room."

Lief nodded and followed her through the door of her flat. "I know you won't object to the stairs," she called over her shoulder. "A big, husky fellow like you won't mind a little climb."

Lief smiled. Every day he climbed stairs, sometimes forty times and always with a bureau, a wardrobe, or a large chair upon his broad back. Somehow it never happened that he was the fellow who carried in the pictures or the wall mirrors.

The room Mrs. O'Mara showed him was three feet longer than the bed and but twice as wide. There was a small table and a chair. Above the table a mirror hung, and above the mirror was a place where the wall paper had been inexpertly patched. There was a small rug.

"Six dollars," said Mrs. O'Mara. She laughed a little at the sight of Lief in the room. There must have been something pathetic in the sight too, for Mrs. O'Mara added, "I don't think it's this you crossed the ocean to get, my boy."

"You can tell?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Sure. They don't grow in America with a color like yours. And you're a giant. A good-looking one too. They'll have you in Hollywood."

Lief flushed and Mrs. O'Mara continued, "I'm not flirting with you, blondie. I've a boy of my own past twenty. Don't be scared. What do you do for a living?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I guess I'm pretty terrible," she said after a time. "I'm afraid I'm drunk."

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page forty-five]

"I'm a moving man."

"How long you been in America?"

"Two months."

"You speak English good."

Lief thanked her gravely. He glanced at Mrs. O'Mara and wondered if he could stand her and the little room. She was right; he had not left his home where the air was sweet and the beds were crisp and clean for this. Still it was better than the other room.

"I will take it," he said.

She looked surprised as she took his six dollars. "You'll be back tonight?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'll try to find a picture," she said, "to hang on your wall."

AND so he went to live there. Young Jack O'Mara gave him the nickname "Yohnnie." Lief didn't mind. He knew that Jack meant it pleasantly. He regarded Jack's slimness and narrow shoulders and knew that Jack would not have dared to mean it otherwise.

Many people called at the house in the evening. Lief would hear the bell ring. The callers never stayed longer than ten minutes. He would lie upon his bed and think of home and of his little sister Iase and her husband, and so there was never time for curiosity about Mrs. O'Mara's guests. There was more time to think of his loneliness. His desolation. A huge country, a country with tens of millions of people and not one who cared whether he lived or died. Oh, there was Aunt Hjordis out in Minnesota, but Minnesota was far away. Very far away.

A man at home who felt his loneliness like an illness got married. But in America you couldn't do that. From things he had heard he knew that American girls did not care about having kind, even-tempered husbands who would give them homes and security. They wanted thrills out of life and they got bored with their men. Lief was afraid of them.

WHEN he had been at O'Maras' for a month, Mrs. O'Mara knocked at his door one night.

"Blondie," she said, "do me a favor, will you? Jack's out and I just got a call to come over to my brother's. He's sick. There's some bottles wrapped up in brown paper out in the kitchen. Each one is separate, see? You don't know what's in them, blondie. If anybody calls and asks for a fishing pole you give them one of the bottles, see? If they ask for more give them as many as they ask for. Don't give anything to anybody who don't say fishing pole, see? And get two dollars for every one you give. Will you do that?"

Lief nodded. Mrs. O'Mara was decent to him. Why not?

He had piled eight dollars for Mrs. O'Mara under the alarm clock in the kitchen when the bell rang again.

Two small, self-confident chaps on the type of Jack O'Mara walked into the flat.

"How is the fishing pole business tonight?" one of them asked.

"Satisfactory," Lief responded.

"Can you let us have three?"

"Yes." Lief walked to the kitchen. He could hear the men talking about him.

"Fan Warren should see him," one of them said. "Wasn't it her that said that good-looking men were always posing? That guy's as conscious of his looks as one of them lions in front of the library."

"Everybody wouldn't think he was good-looking," the other chap put in. "He's too rough. You know what I mean. He's a thousand years too late. It ain't practical to be like him."

Lief came back to the room with three paper-wrapped bottles. He accepted six dollars from one of the men and they departed. He looked wistfully after them. They weren't lonely. They had homes, friends, and probably families. They knew how to talk to girls and they did not look ridiculous in small rooms.

The bell rang again. Lief opened the door and like a breeze a girl blew past him through the hall and into the dining room. She was small and slender. She was dressed in a gleaming, black satin dress that left her arms and chest bare. Large yellow beads hung from her

neck to her knees. Her dress stopped there, too, and Lief saw that she wore sheer, black hose and high-heeled, tiny slippers. Her hair was black and sleek. It was brushed close to her small, pretty head. The lips she pursed in thoughtful regard of Lief were red and full. Her eyes were blue like Iase's, but a deeper blue and not so easily read.

"Come here," she commanded. "I want a look at you. The boys said you were a wow on looks and the girls dared me to come over and see for myself."

Lief felt himself flushing. He stood close to the wall, in the shadows. It was a strange country.

"Come here," she said again. "I'm not Jack the Giant Killer. What are you scared of?"

"I'm not frightened," Lief responded with dignity. "I was keeping what I thought a proper distance from an unaccompanied lady."

"Oh, banana oil." She went to him then and stood on tiptoe peering earnestly into his face. He caught the fragrance of a heady perfume and when she spoke there was another odor. Liquor.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Fan Warren and I just love big men."

LIEF looked at her and then away. She was so dainty and sweet. Her face was wistful and pretty like a pansy face.

"Got a cigarette, big boy?"

"No, I am sorry."

"Oh, here are some." Fan's small hand plunged into the fruit bowl on Mrs. O'Mara's sideboard. There was never any fruit there. A pack of cards, two receipts from the laundry man, a comb, a pair of gloves, and Jack's cigarette case were tonight billeting in the fruit bowl.

She lit a cigarette and seated herself on the table. Her legs swung carelessly and a scarlet garter appeared beneath the hem of her skirt.

Lief looked away from her. He was embarrassed.

"I guess I'm pretty terrible," she said after a time. "I'm afraid I'm drunk. Don't be a harsh critic, big fellow; remember there's more to everything than meets the eye."

"Yes, I know," Lief said.

Her lips were drooping mournfully. She was the first person he had seen in America who did not seem perfectly happy.

"I got enough troubles to fill the Yankee Stadium," she said. "I got drunk to forget." Then quite suddenly she was crying.

Lief came then from his retreat. She sat on the edge of the table, her shining head bent, the cigarette trailing dangerously from her fingers.

He did not know what to do. He took her cigarette and tossed it into an ash tray and stood before her, waiting. Presently she was leaning her head against his chest and he was patting her with a large, hard hand.

Was this usual in this curious, mad New York? Two people who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Constance Talmadge, Charming Motion Picture Star

Constance Talmadge, Charming Motion Picture Star

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

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[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page forty-seven]

have never met before meet and ten minutes after that meeting are telling each other what is in their hearts. Lief heard himself speaking of his town at the foot of the mountains, the leaves spiraling down upon the roofs, Iase and her babies, his mother, and the gnawing loneliness in his heart.

He heard Fan's story of her husband. He felt his arm around her relax when she mentioned that she was married.

"But you are such a child," he said.

"Don't you believe it. Married five years. I'll be twenty-three this month. Five years of hell."

"You are bored with marriage?" Lief asked, thinking of things he had read and heard in America.

"Bored? God, no; bruised."

"Bruised? You mean—" Lief broke off and laughed. He was always taking English literally. She must mean something else.

"It's not to laugh, old boy. How would you like to weigh a hundred pounds and have somebody built like an ox lambaste you?"

He did not know the word "lambaste" but he knew now that he had not missed her meaning. He saw her tiny hands and the pretty face through a mist of red.

"Where is your husband?" he asked a little breathlessly.

"Tonight? Oh, somewhere up around Syracuse. He's strike-breaking. I'm glad he's gone."

"Why does he beat you?"

"Bad temper. I don't answer him just right or I'm to the store when he comes home and he thinks I'm somewhere else. Oh, big boy, if you was my brother or you was fond of me I'd leave him."

HER eyes were very like Iase's as she raised them then. Childish and trusting.

"Why haven't you left?" Lief asked.

"He'd find me and kill me sure. He's a devil. If I had a fellow who could pound him to a goulash, I'd feel different."

Somebody in America who needed him. Somebody white and sweet who was alone in her anguish. Her hands were on his face now, patting his cheeks gently.

"Of course," she sighed, "there's a woman somewhere who's just crazy about you. You can't be bothering about my troubles."

It was then that he swept her off the table and held her in his arms.

"Fan, I have never seen anything so small and sweet as you. If you could like me a little and let me talk to you sometimes I'll see that you're safe always from that man."

"Like you a little? God, that won't be hard." She put up her lips and the childishness went out of her face. Lief did not notice, for her kiss was a sweet, mad drug.

"I live at number ninety-seven, right next door," she said. "I'll get rid of the crowd. You come over in an hour, will you? I want to talk to you, get to know you. The name's on the bell."

She went then. Lief sat staring ahead of him, waiting for the hour to pass. He was not thinking now of Iase or his old home. He was thinking of Fan and how she had come to lead him out of his wilderness and solitude. Small, sweet Fan who had found a use for him in the land where there had seemed no use for him and no one to love him or to want his love.

And so after an hour Lief went to No. 97 and found her name on the bell. When he came back to O'Maras' early in a gray, cloud-stripped morning there was wonderment on his young, bland face. Here on this dirty, gloomy street he had found someone to love him. She did love him. She had proved it.

Somehow it never happened that he was the fellow who carried in the pictures.

He stopped that night on his way home from work to buy Fan something. The shop with its confident, slightly amused salesgirls frightened him. He did not know what he wanted for Fan. He told the girl that he wanted something beautiful and dainty.

"What size?" she asked and spilled before his amazed eyes a box of filmy silks in many colors.

"Girls can always use underwear," she said. "What size?"

He finally bought a scarf for Fan. It was a symphony in crimsons. Diaphanous and lovely. Somehow he got out of the store. They were laughing at him and he knew now that it had been irregular to enter the tiny shop with its sparkling glass cases while still clad in his soiled and ugly working clothes.

He had dinner in a Coffee Pot restaurant and went home. He dressed and slipped the scarf into his pocket and went to the building next door.

Fan was lying upon a couch reading. She ran to the door when he knocked and flung her arms around him. He searched her face eagerly for a sign that she was glad to see him. The signs were there in her radiant eyes and her smiling lips.

"I killed the afternoon in the movies," she said. "I'm so glad you came." She kissed him then and Lief's heart stood still.

"I have so much I want to speak of," he said. "You and I must make plans."

Her brow wrinkled perplexedly. "Plans? Who's the architect?"

"I mean about you. You must be mine, Fan. We must tell him. I want you to come with me. I will treat you very nicely." He brought the scarf from his pocket and spread it out upon the table. "See, I will bring you pretty things and never forget that you are little and sweet."

She seized the scarf and wrapped it about her throat. Lief's eyes grew large at the sight of her vivid face above the rich, glowing colors.

"You are so lovely, little one. We will stay in the city if you like or we can go home to my mother. Then my Aunt Hjordis has a big farm in this Minnesota where, if you like, we can go."

Fan laughed lightly. "I'd be a wow on a farm in Minnesota," she said. "Can you picture me?"

"Easily. You would grow plump and"—he ran a finger lightly across her cheek—"your color would be natural."

HE took her on his lap then and he dreamed aloud of their life together. Fan listened and occasionally she asked him a question. Once the bell rang and he felt himself being swiftly urged toward the curtained bedroom.

"It may be somebody who'll tell Hughey," she whispered.

"But, darling, we will tell him ourselves when he comes."

"Please, Lief, do as I ask."

And for twenty minutes he sat in the small, dusty bedroom while Fan entertained a stout, blonde woman who had come for the address of a certain beauty parlor.

At last Fan drew the curtain and called to him. "She's gone. I can't be too careful, Lief. That was Maimie Satz. She's all right, I guess, but I ain't taking no chances."

He was not convinced. He did not like the easy way Fan dodged announcing to her circle of friends that she no longer belonged to Hugh Warren. She had not met the situation with honesty and a simple directness. But perhaps that was natural. She was so little and sweet and perhaps frightened of her new position.

"We must tell them, tell them all, sweetheart," he said.

"Yes, but not yet. You see, I'm afraid someone will tell Hughey before we do. Write to him, I mean. Then

maybe he'd come home unexpectedly and brain me or something."

He patted her hand reassuringly. "Do not be afraid of him, Fan. Always I will be near. Don't you trust me? Suppose he should come in now? Would you be frightened?"

Fan laughed nervously. Her slim pointed tongue ran over her lips, suddenly dry. "He won't come unexpectedly," she said. "He always writes when he's coming so I'll have a big feed ready. He likes a crowd in on his first night home too. He'll let me know when he's coming. Gee, Lief, he can wallop like hell."

"He'll never hit you again, sweetheart."

He drew her to him gently and kissed her. Fan, who had brought him love in this strange, unfriendly land where shopgirls laughed at one.

For five days Lief lived in a state of happiness. Five days of love and Fan, and then on the sixth evening when he went to see her he found her packing a trunk excitedly, gayly, with a song on her lips.

"I'M going away," she said. "Hughey sent for me. He's going on a job in Massachusetts and he may be gone for five or six weeks, so he says I have to come."

"But you don't have to, Fan. Why don't you write and tell him—you know you can't go, Fan. What will I do without you? I love you, Fan."

She hummed softly to herself as she picked up two new dresses and hung them in the trunk. They were of the "two for fifteen" variety but you'd never have guessed it.

"I'm not coming back to this apartment," she said. "I've never liked it. Maimie Satz is going to find me a new one and I'll be all moved into it when I get back. Tough having friends who want to do all your work for you, huh?"

She was talking against time. Lief stood near the wall watching her place her shoes in a compartment. Presently he walked to her and took her hands, shaking from them the ridiculously small silver slippers that were tarnished at the toe.

"Little one," he said, "why are you going to your husband?"

She tossed her head and did not meet Lief's blue eyes. "I want to go," she said. "You know how it is; a husband is, after all, a husband, and I guess I'm pretty fond of Hughey. He's rough but I'm used to it."

"You love him?"

"I suppose so. He's good-looking too, Lief, and he's, you know, he's American. I don't mean that I hold it against you that you ain't. But Hughey knows where to go for a good time and he's like me, you know, he's crazy for crowds and he says funny things and I like that."

"But you can't go back to him after what has passed?"

Her small sleek head rose defiantly. "Why not? Do you think Hughey sits around doing nothing when he's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Send 10c for trial size bottle of Herpicide.

THE HERPICIDE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page forty-nine]

away from me? Not that I mind what he does. Those dames are just passing fancies. They don't count."

Lief nodded understandingly. "I see now," he said. "I was slow. You know I'm not American. I did not see so well at first."

There was a calm in his voice that frightened her. Her eyes narrowed speculatively. She edged close to a large pink and blue china vase.

"Are you going to make a scene?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "that I have none of the talents which make your husband so attractive."

"I'll—I'll let you know where I get settled," she offered in a small, uncertain voice.

"Don't bother yourself so," he said.

And that was the end. It did not seem possible that the love which had held so much beauty and promise could have ended in that ugly way with Fan packing, packing. The light had gone. Darkness had fallen. The darkness of the little room and of a country that holds nothing but strangers and sets great store by conforming to standards. Darkness.

"You don't go out no more, blondie," Mrs. O'Mara remarked.

"No."

"What's the trouble?"

"I like to stay in."

"Blondie, do you know what melancholy means?"

"Yes, Mrs. O'Mara."

"Well, be careful. A young fellow like you should have a girl friend."

Lief smiled and went then to lie for the evening upon his narrow bed. He was more tired in the evenings now than he had ever been before. The days lagged so with nothing at the end of them. Once he could have gone back home and pleaded loneliness and they would have sympathized and welcomed him. Now it was more than loneliness. They would welcome him, but he could not bear their questions. They would recognize in his reticence something he could not tell and Iase would be the only one to understand and keep a friendly silence. The others would resent his holding back. He would stay in America.

Christmas came. Gifts from home. Cakes that delighted the O'Maras, and knitted comforts for Lief. He had sent many things home and the time which it had taken to choose them had lightened the heaviness of many evenings. He had dinner with Jack and Mrs. O'Mara. They were kind, thinking perhaps of the cold, wide ocean that separated Lief from his loved ones. He did not grieve for them. His heart had become ice, he thought. Frozen with loneliness and bitterness.

THE spring came and he thought of the ice melting and glimmering in the sunlight as it slipped down the mountainside. He remembered the valley, sweet and bright with wild flowers and the distant tinkle of bells. He dreamed of the evenings heavy with scents. Deep, lush grass that one lay upon and felt one's senses reeling beneath the stars. He passed No. 97 and recalled the gleaming blackness of her hair, the white, slim throat, and he thought he caught again the fragrance of the powder on her small, heart-shaped face.

Summer and mad, consuming heat beating upon the city. Wet, naked backs of men sleeping upon fire escapes. Tortured howls of infants wrapped in flannel by overzealous mothers.

A letter from home came to Lief. Terrible news. Iase had lost her husband. Death in the twenty-sixth year of his life and three small children left to grieving Iase. Lief thought of his brother-in-law. Strong, merry Peter who had loved his home and family and surely had hated to leave them. Poor Iase. Lief sat down to write her a comforting letter, but what can be said that is comforting when a woman has lost the man she loved and he was young and happy and kind?

He did not write at all to Iase and he knew that this was better. She would see by his silence that he knew the bitter depths of her woe and did not think to divert her with meaningless platitudes. She would know that he grieved with her as they had grieved together at the loss of their baby sister. Only then he had been able to touch Iase and talk to her.

Mrs. O'Mara added, "I don't think it's this you crossed the ocean to get, my boy."

Autumn. A year ago a woman with blue eyes and red lips had blown into this house and kissed him. Where was she now? Did she ever remember?

Another letter from home:

MY DEAR SON:

Your sister has decided to go to America. The familiar sights and associations of this place are too much for her in her grief. She is going with the children, of course, and going directly to your Aunt Hjordis in the western part of America. Iase was not a brilliant English scholar and I fear has forgotten all that she learned. It is inadvisable, taking the care of the children and Iase's ignorance of English into consideration, to let her make the trip across the continent alone. Solveig Carlsen is going to New York and will help Iase on the boat.

I know, dear son, that for the love of your sister you will drop anything that you may be doing and guide her carefully to your Aunt Hjordis. This is, I realize, a far from modest request, but Aunt Hjordis offers through me the position of manager of her farm to you. Her last son has married and left her. She has a beautiful place, I understand, and she is my own sister. You would be happier there than at your strange work in the city. I hope you will decide to stay on with your aunt. I am taking it for granted that you will take Iase and her children to Minnesota.

Much love,

MOTHER.

LIEF read the letter aloud. It was written in his native tongue and it gave him an exultant feeling to speak the words again. It had been so long since he had spoken or heard his language. And Iase was coming.

He wrote at once to promise his complete help for as long as Iase should need him. He did not promise to remain in Minnesota, but he felt that he would. His own family and a life so similar to the one he had left behind him.

But there was something behind him unfinished; a door unhinged. There would ever be in his life an incompleteness, a sense of something that had been beautiful but even in its beauty futile and meaningless. He had a moment of fear. Would he be forever lonely, desolate, aching for something that was his own in this large, terrifying country? Aunt Hjordis, an American for years, would have her farm, her friends, a sense of assurance. Iase would have her little ones, the little ones had Iase, but he—

He pleased Mrs. O'Mara by going out for a walk. There were things one thought out better by walking. He turned toward the park and began to stroll uptown. As he walked he turned over in his mind the questions he often asked himself.

Ahead of him walked a couple. The man was large, broad-shouldered. The woman small and sporty looking in a tightly belted coat and tam o' shanter. She wore her skirt short and her heels high and she pushed a baby carriage before her.

Lief thought she looked like a child from the back.

Perhaps she was an elder sister. This could be no mother with such a slight figure and quick step. He hurried and as he passed looked into the face of the girl. It was Fan. She was laughing up into the man's face and did not see Lief. He crossed the street and dropped a little behind them. He followed.

At 110th Street the baby carriage was parked and Fan and the man went into a delicatessen store. Lief strolled over and looked at the baby. It was asleep. Long, golden lashes lay on pink, slumber-flushed cheeks. The little red mouth had a familiar expression about it. Like Fan's mouth? No, not like Fan's. His eyes wandered to the curl which peeped whimsically from out of the bonnet and lay on the baby's forehead like a golden question mark.

LIEF turned his eyes again to the little mouth. Where had he seen a small mouth with a firm jaw under it, the determination of the jaw belying the soft lines of the well shaped lips? On Iase, of course. Why, of course, on Iase. Well, on his mother, too. Iase was just like his mother. Well, if that was so—

A woman stopped to admire the baby. She was an elderly woman who one would know at a glance had raised many children.

"How—how old do you guess that baby is?" asked Lief unsteadily.

"Oh, about three months, I should say. Cute, isn't he?"

"How do you—what makes you think it's a boy?"

"Why, the mother hasn't any lace on him and he looks boyish, I think."

She smiled pleasantly at Lief and hurried along. Fan came from the store. She saw Lief. Their eyes met for one instant. There was blankness in her expression. She did not know him, her eyes said. But she did not want him to speak. She hurried back into the store where her husband was paying the cashier.

Lief heard her say, "Hughey, he's still sleeping."

Lief followed them home. He kept a safe distance. Fan never once looked around. She was talking, talking, talking.

They had moved to Amsterdam Avenue. Lief noticed the number of the house. He stood for a moment across the street and saw a light flash into life on the ground floor. He saw Fan laying the baby in the crib.

He went then. Something in America was his. His. And a man who flew into tempers and used violence was enjoying this something that was Lief's. A great big country lying between two oceans held a tiny human that was his. A little helpless thing with golden hair that was to be reared by a woman who loved lightly and a man who had large, heavy-hitting hands.

He did not sleep that night. He sat on the edge of his bed, thinking and running his hands through his yellow hair. There was a cable for him in the morning. Iase and the children had sailed.

He went to Mrs. O'Mara to ask for some room or some advice about where to locate Iase and her family.

"You can have the whole flat, blondie, if you'll just lock all the windows and make sure the door's locked when you leave. Me and Jack are going to my sister in Philadelphia over Thanksgiving. You're all right, blondie. It won't cost you a nickel. Just see that everything's locked."

"That's very nice of you, Mrs. O'Mara."

"Well, just see that the kids don't destroy anything. You're a good fellow and you were never any trouble. I wish you good luck and plenty of it. But say, blondie, are you sure she's your sister?"

"But you can't go back to him after what has passed?" Her small sleek head rose defiantly.

Lief opened his mouth to speak, but Mrs. O'Mara pushed him playfully and laughed. "Say, blondie, you're a born bachelor. It ain't your fooling with women I worried about; it was your not fooling with them."

So that was settled. It was off his mind anyway about Iase and the children. He had only to think now of his son. An exquisite thrill passed over him as he thought the words.

He quit his job and walked on his first free day to the house where Fan lived. The carriage was before the house. The baby was in it getting the sunshine. He saw Fan at the window reading. He watched for an hour. Twice she left the window and walked out of sight.

Iase arrived in America. Pretty, sad-eyed Iase with her clean children. She wept on Lief's shoulder, for the sight of him reminded her of strong, young Peter. She was more easily comforted by Lief than she had been by other people. There had ever been a bond between them of love and understanding. Solveig Carlsen, brisk and efficient, came with them to the apartment. Lief could

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A COLD?

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD WHICH

MAKES YOU WANT TO SLINK

UNDER THE BACK PORCH . . .

THERE'S STILL ONE CIGARETTE

THAT ALWAYS TASTES GOOD

•

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

•

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

No Fat at Forty

for wise women of today

Mothers look like daughters

Excess fat comes at middle age to many. Science has learned the reason. A certain gland, which largely controls nutrition, loses its activity. Too much food goes to fat. No starvation, no hard work can rectify that condition.

Modern medical research has found the way. It feeds the lacking substance. Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity.

A famous medical laboratory embodied this method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years —millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle that you enter. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

These results do not depend on abnormal exercise or diet. They come from correcting a gland deficiency, which is really a disease.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. You will know exactly why the fat departs, the new health and vigor comes.

Try this method. It has brought to countless people, for more than 20 years, new youth and vigor, new beauty and new joy. Let it do as much for you. Take four tablets daily and watch the results. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Start at once.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[DAILY TABLOID Continued from page fifty-one]

scarcely wait for Iase to have a nap and some coffee and sandwiches. He wished to take her somewhere at once.

At last she walked with him to the house on Amsterdam Avenue where the baby slept beneath the window in its warm carriage. Fan was not in sight. As they passed the carriage Lief motioned for Iase to look at the child.

"Oh," she said, covering her heart with a fluttering hand, "what a start that baby gave me. I thought it was my little Olav. Is that why you showed me? Because of the resemblance?"

LIEF nodded. He and his sister kept walking. Suddenly Iase chuckled.

"My bachelor brother will look like a family man to the people on the trains," she said. "A man taking his plump wife and their family to settle in the west."

Lief nodded again.

"Nobody will doubt that we are a nice young couple, Lief, with three noisy children." She sighed then and Lief reached for her hand and squeezed it comfortingly.

"You think that baby looked like Olav?" he asked.

"Oh, I do. Certainly."

"That was all I waited for, Iase, your saying so."

"Lief, is there something—"

"Yes, Iase, listen. Can I depend on you, little sister?"

"Need you ask, Lief?"

"I married in America, Iase, and I never wrote home to tell it. My wife had a child and died."

"I shall tell Aunt Hjordis so," said Iase gravely. Her eyes met his and their glances locked. They knew each other. They scarcely needed words. "But to people between here and Minnesota, Lief, that child is one of mine. Is that right, brother?"

"Yes, little sister."

"When do we leave for the west?"

"Tomorrow at noon."

And at noon Iase and Lief had the children ready for their journey. There had been fifteen minutes when Lief had been away from the apartment. And there had been a few minutes when Fan Warren had been in her kitchen getting a glass of water. Something of his own, his very own—

HUNT CONTINUES FOR KIDNAPED CHILD: MOTHER DESPAIRS OF RECOVERY.

Another "Daily Tabloid" story will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

1—Which is called the Deseret state?

2—What war included the siege of Sebastapol?

3—What is the name for a hog or an ox roasted whole for a feast?

4—Who was called the Boston Strong Boy?

5—What state is named for a king of France?

6—On which one of the Hawaiian Islands is there a leper settlement?

7—What is a dormer window?

8—What is a tonsure?

9—In what novel by Charles Dickens does Mrs. Jellyby appear?

10—What white fur is obtained from several species of weasel?

11—Where are the Apennine Mountains?

12—What is meant by reciprocity as applied to a tariff policy?

13—What is the capital of the Dominion of Canada?

14—What does the French phrase *entre nous* mean?

15—What is the present form of government in Austria?

16—The eruption of what volcano destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A. D.?

17—What is a sachem?

18—Back Bay is a section of what American city?

19—How many pounds make a stone in the English system of weights?

20—Name the last three books of the Old Testament.

The Girl Who Went Wrong

A True Story

By GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by
G. PATRICK NELSON

"Then the sucker takes the pencil and shows you how he writes."

"JULIETA" is a fictitious name for a real girl, reared in luxury, thrown on her own resources with a baby, and turned by hardship to crime. LIBERTY has verified her account of herself in detail. Last week Miss Robinson chronicled her career through racetrack swindling and crooked gambling to the point where a poker customer who thought she loved him caught her cheating him and threatened to shoot her.

PART TWO—(CONCLUSION)

"WHEN that sucker pulled his gun on me," went on Julieta, "I did the most courageous thing in the world. Yep—even if I do say it myself—the most courageous thing in the world.

"There he was, white with rage, anger and venom darting from his eyes—suddenly aware that he was just the poor boob who had been tricked by a pretty girl—and that I despised him for trusting me. Well, I calmly turned my back and walked to the window—while he stood there like an utter fool, pointing his great big automatic at poor little Julieta. He recovered his temper in a minute and didn't fire. Few people will fire at your back. But it takes a lot of nerve to turn around at a moment like that—even when you're full of highballs."

Julieta's tone, as she told this, was cold and contemptuous.

It wasn't the gun incident that queered the poker-broker racket for her. The chief reason why she sought other fields of crookedness was a girl—a girl with beauty but no brains.

"She was my chum. She was eternally in my apartment. A bum—if there ever was one. I realized finally that I couldn't go on associating with her. She was spoiling my name. If pressed, she stopped at nothing to get money.

"But she didn't always go to extremes. I've seen her get half a grand [$500] out of a man for nothing more than a few caresses. She was a wonder, in her fashion."

To save her "name," Julieta left her Riverside Drive apartment—where she enjoyed comparative security—and to earn a living for herself and baby, invented a com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL WHO WENT WRONG
Continued from page fifty-three]

plex variation of the forgery game that would do credit to the mind of a master dramatist.

It took her several days to think this out—the apartment house owner and stenographer racket. The result is worthy of the brain of a Wall Street wizard.

She managed by this plan to set events in motion in three different cities at once, all working smoothly toward a golden climax, as surely and as naturally as an Omniscient Being moves the puny destinies of men on the chessboard of Creation.

"I got my idea," explained Julieta, "from my knowledge of banking customs in several states, where a total stranger to the bank may walk in and obtain a depositor's canceled checks and monthly statement on the strength of a slight verbal explanation.

"Here is my stunt, as I played it for unbelievably rich returns, with my two men partners, Art and Jack. We worked it on the owners of apartment buildings.

"Jack gets a job in a real estate office and finds out what buildings our intended victim owns. I move into one of his buildings with my baby and a nurse. I open a checking account in a local bank under the name I have given in the apartment lease.

"I pay my rent by check, and when my first check comes back it has the name of the landlord's bank on the back. In the meantime Jack and Art have gone to separate towns, each with seven or eight hundred dollars, as honest young men who plan to purchase a business. They put their money into checking accounts. We three never connect, for fear of a rumble. Any communication between us is made through coded telegrams, that read like ordinary messages, and are called for at Western Union.

"ON the first of the month I pin blond hair under my hat, don a cheap sport coat and flat-heeled shoes, walk into the bank and announce that I am calling for Mr. Z's (the landlord's) statement. They take me for his stenographer.

"I have to sign a card for it. I sign with my left hand, but the clerk doesn't notice that. I now have the invaluable weapon—his signature! By examining his checks, I also get an idea of what amounts he is in the habit of writing. Immediately I set up my glass shelf on two piles of books, put a strong light underneath, place a check on the bottom of the glass, with blank paper on top, and trace his signature hundreds of times. If it is a swinging hand, not a cramped signature, it may take a whole day to learn.

"Having mastered that, I write out two checks, one for Jack, perhaps $2,000, and one for Art, for perhaps $3,000. They call at Western Union, receive these checks in sealed envelopes, and deposit them in their respective banks. They deposit at the same hour, and I know just when these checks will come to the clearing house.

"Suppose they're due at one-thirty P. M. I wait until two. Then I check up, to be certain.

"At two I telephone Jack's bank. I'm the Studebaker people, calling from Detroit. Is Mr. Hanley's account good for $2,500? If they say 'yes,' I know the check has passed the clearing house and is safely deposited to 'Mr. Hanley's' account. But if they say, 'Is he there now?' I know there's been a rumble, and we all beat it for Canada.

"In the same way I verify the deposit for Art. Then I wire Art and Jack that everything is O. K. On the same day they go to their bank presidents and make an excuse—the purchase of a car—saying that they wish to withdraw a large amount. Each then draws out all but one or two hundred dollars, which includes, of course, the fat sum each has got from my forged landlord check.

"Our business is finished. Even then there is not necessarily a great rush to leave town. The landlord won't know about our deception until he gets his statements a month or two later. He only audits his books once in three months.

"If I think he's the sort that calls for his statement every month, we leave at once, I by train, the men by motor. Automobiles are safer. Detectives watch railroad stations.

"THE whole racket is carefully timed. I call for the statement Monday morning. Most of that day I work on imitating the signature. By Tuesday A. M. I've got the checks made out and deposited in Jack's and Art's banks. At three P. M. they leave for the clearing house. By one-thirty Wednesday they're back from the clearing house, and by three Jack and Art can write checks against their accounts.

"This racket never hurt my conscience. Mr. Z, the landlord, doesn't lose. Even the bank is in the clear, because Lloyd's insurance covers cases of this kind.

"We made $91,000 in eight months by this method, pure profit. We pooled expenses and profits. It went so well that I had a car and a chauffeur, a maid for myself and a nursemaid for the baby, and occupied a $600-a-week suite at the swankiest hotel in Chicago.

"I had a living room, bedroom, and bath, a cunning nursery specially furnished for the baby, and each maid had her room and bath. My bedroom was specially redecorated for me—with orchid walls and draperies.

"Why, my dear, didn't Peggy Hopkins Joyce have the suite right across from me, not nearly as ornate as mine? Peggy Joyce—what a riot she was in that hotel! She had a cigarette holder a foot long and wore her pajama suit in the lobby. It was made with red satin trousers and black satin coat embroidered in red parrots. A sensation, I tell you. And did she know how to wear it!"

Julieta's eyes lighted at recollection of the glorious Joyce and her own days of grandeur.

This small crook, with the aristocratic hands and the sensitive nose, adores luxury—revels in fine cars, beautiful clothes, a gorgeous domicile, with the same sensual appreciation that a small boy bestows on a rich hunk of his favorite cake.

"Of course," she continued, "forgery may be expertly done without such an elaborate system. There are many ways of getting a man's signature. Suppose you're dining out with some rich guy. The menu lies on the table. You toy with a pencil. You write your own name over and over with varying flourishes. Then, in your best baby voice, 'Oh, dear, what a terrible hand I write. How do *you* write? Do you write the Palmer method?'

"Then he takes the pencil and shows you how he writes—on the muscle or off it.

"Or, 'I can read character by handwriting. You write something. Then I'll read your character—won't that be fun?'"

The trick about Julieta that astonished me most during my interviews with her was the ease with which she slipped into the baby vamp rôle. When illustrating her course of treatment for suckers, her voice, her inflection, her eyes, her mannerisms changed instantly and completely. From a serious-looking young woman, with highly intelligent eyes, she turned into the brainless, giggling Broadway Tommie, with sex lure in every move. She was the perfect Swindle Queen now.

Once Julieta, running liquor, was pinched—for speeding!

"Nine times out of ten," continued Julieta, "your man, when he writes, will write his name. And he'll write his name as he is accustomed to writing it, and as he writes it on his checks. All you have to do is to save the menu.

"Or suppose he signs the dinner check instead of paying cash. You can get the signature afterward from the waiter, for a small tip.

"Fifty per cent of the forgeries would be eliminated if everyone used a key signature—a special signature for checks, distinguishable to the bank by some small flourish, or the use of some initial not employed in ordinary writing of the name.

"There is a way of relieving a man of cash through his bank account without ever lamping his signature. This is through the savings book racket. One sucker I picked up had no checking account—he kept his jack in a savings bank—that's how I got next to this stunt.

"I take down the number of his bank book, his name, the amount of his balance, and the amount he last withdrew with date of withdrawal. Then one of my men pals goes to the Western Union in another town, and talks to the manager, explaining that he wants to send a very important message.

"He wires the bank, like this: 'Please wire me $300, charge to Savings Account S-142, John Jones, my balance now $860. I last withdrew $200 on March fifth. John Jones.'

"The bank wires the money to the Western Union. The Western Union asks for identification, but they never demand the bank book as identification. That's because their minds are routine. Of course the manager remembers the man who sent the telegram, and the money is shelled out without a murmur.

"We never had a rumble on the savings account racket. Once a New York savings bank wired the money to a Toledo bank instead of to Western Union, and we had an awful time. We got the money, however."

She appeared the sort of woman anyone would like for a friend.

I LOOKED at this girl prisoner in astonishment. She appeared the sort of young woman you or I or any other person of some discrimination would like for a friend. And almost any man, young or old, would consider himself lucky to corral her for a dinner date, if only to feast his eyes and show her off to his friends.

Yet here she was, telling off her crimes as calmly as a nun might tell her beads. Laughing and sparkling in the narration, as a sheltered wife might recall boarding school pranks, or a newspaper man, over good Scotch, might recall entertaining yarns from his career, one story leading to another.

"That savings book act reminds me of a funny old egg down in Florida, who thought he was going to tote all his dough right along with him into Paradise. He didn't, though. He was too eager to give good advice to extravagant young girls like me.

"I spotted him on a boat, going across the bay, one of those two or three hour trips you can take in Florida—I forget what bay. He was elderly and conservatively dressed. He looked to me as if he might have a savings account.

"I stumbled over his feet, so that I could apologize and thus get into conversation with him. I put on a wistful face, and when he questioned me about it, told him I had been in my cabin until then, crying my eyes out. I simply *had* to talk to someone, I told him. My husband had been killed, just before my baby was born. (Little Rita was with me, as she always was.) Life was hard—the problem of making both ends meet, etc.

"Just as I had expected, he became confidential. Budgets, it seemed, were his hobby. He delivered me a long lecture on the virtues of economy, and how one should live within one's income, no matter how small. He showed me a little book, in which he recorded all expenditures, and my dear, believe it or not, on several pages he had actually put down 'Stamp, 2¢'!

"He had come to Florida to purchase property. If he found anything suitable, he was to wire his brother—in code—to send the money. Before I left that old duffer I had his brother's name, address, and the *code word.*

"LATER I met Jack, who went straight to Western Union, and sent brother a wire, signed with our victim's name, and using the old bird's code word. Back came $500—the price of being careful about money and bragging about it!

"In little rackets of this sort, the great trick lies in never *asking* a man about his affairs. That arouses suspicion at once. Tell him *your* troubles. That puts him in the mood to talk about his own. *Any* man will talk, if he can be the theme."

"Act as if you thought him intelligent and sensible—listen raptly to his advice even if he urges you to wear red flannel underwear. After that your trouble will consist of trying to stop his flow of eloquence, not trying to draw it out."

Julieta's career has not been confined to confidence games and forgery crimes. But although she always carried a gun—a dainty pearl-handled affair that slipped into her bag—she has never gone in for the gun-girl type of job. She considers it stupid to risk your life by holding up the proprietor of a little chain store for the change that may be in the cash register.

Only very dumb criminals, she protests, go in for yeggman stuff. She and her pals worked more cleverly than that.

They went in for out-and-out thievery, but such a novel and humorous kind of thievery that generally the victim, like the racetrack sucker, himself became too deeply involved in technical wrong-doing to care a whoop about babbling to the authorities. She and her pals often went in for a traffic in "borrowed" cars.

It was carried on by Julieta and her mob intermittently over a period of three years—whenever they were not up to their ears in some other nefarious undertaking.

"In this racket it isn't necessary to own a car," confided Julieta. "We generally 'borrowed' one for our purpose. A garage owner—a friend of ours—would telephone us when he had a good car in his place, and we'd take it. If his customer came for it, he'd stall him, saying the car had been sent away for some tricky repair that he couldn't do, and would be ready in a couple of days.

"In the meantime we put on phony license plates and had a duplicate set of keys made. Then Jack offered it to a prospect as one that could be had in a quick sale. Jack, for this purpose, was a detective—the car had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL WHO WENT WRONG]
Continued from page fifty-five

seized in a liquor haul—it was worth $1,500, but he would let it go for $400. The prospect generally jumped at the chance. A fake bill of sale was quickly drawn up, and the car was his.

"Often we've laughed as we watched our man with his precious new car drive up to his home or place of business and lock everything carefully, fairly caressing it with his eyes as he walked away.

"When he disappeared it was simple to open the car with our duplicate keys, and drive it off. It was then returned to the garage immediately, none the worse for its little adventure, and we were $400 to the good. Since the 'buyer' had been given to understand there was something shady about the transaction, he was seldom in a mood to report his loss.

"Once the 'buyer's' office was at the front of a building in Maiden Lane, New York. He could see the car from his window.

"So Jack went up to see him, telling him his buddy—a detective—was dissatisfied with the sale of the car at such a low figure, and felt he ought to pay more. Below in the street, Art watched. When Jack put his hands on his hips we knew everything was safe for a moment, so Art jumped into the car and drove it off. I waited near by in a taxi, and picked Jack up when he came down.

"So far as I know this is an original racket.

"WE struck one fellow who made an awful squawk. There had been a beautiful robe in the car, and he took it inside. Furious at losing his new car, he traced the robe to the owner. Every mechanic in the garage was investigated by the police, but our garage owner acted his part so well that the inquiry never got within a thousand miles of us.

"There were cars that we did not succeed in selling. But, on an average, we disposed of two a week when we worked steadily. It is easily done in New York, or in any state where the whole history of a car is not required for an owner's license.

"Another time Jack and I got a good sedan plus a neat wad of dough in a couple of hours' work. We went to the salesroom posing as bride and bridegroom. I was smartly dressed in a new suit and with blond hair pinned inside my hat. The sweet young bride all over.

"This was the lay: Jack's grandfather had given us a check for our wedding present with which to buy a new car. We had known just what we wanted—a sedan. I flashed the check (a forged one, of course), all made out for the exact price.

"I admired various cars, however, and finally Jack suggested that we ought to save money and get a demonstrator's car.

"I demurred.

"'No, grandpa always told me it was foolish to buy a used car,' etc., etc.

"We couldn't decide. We went away, hugging our check. Next day we returned. Admired more cars. Argued. Debated. The salesman tried patiently to help us.

"Finally I agreed to Jack's suggestion. By this time the salesman felt that he knew us. Since our check was for $1,650, and the car was only $950, he gave us $700 change. We left, *in* the car.

"We started in a leisurely manner for Utica—the transaction was on Long Island; it takes three days for a check to go through the clearing house between Long Island and New York—and in Utica we sold the car for $750! Pretty neat, don't you think?

"We got an awful rumble on that, though—were nearly picked up.

"I was always careful about disguise. Always went as a blonde or a redhead. Indeed, the first time I ever got a rumble on a check, my description saved me. I was described as a blonde with *blue* eyes. I had worn a blue dress. Jack was harder to disguise. He used to gray his hair around the temples, and change his accent. He spoke both high and low German which helped to alter his English."

Sounds easy and smart, doesn't it? Swindling cautious old men, gypping the butter-and-eggers who visit a great city, living in style at a swanky hotel, letting the police of half a dozen states sweat in exasperation while the slick young forgers elude them?

Smart. Easy. But there is another side.

"The nervous tension was terrific," says Julieta. "I

never drew a peaceful breath. Prison is restful by comparison.

"Can you imagine what it is to walk on the street conscious that you are being shadowed by a dick, unable to shake him, obliged perhaps to swallow food in his presence, searching your mind desperately for a ruse to elude him?

"AND the third degree, which I have endured three times! No torture can exceed it. I have sat for hours in a district attorney's office, in the strong glare of a light two feet over my head, while police officers shot questions from all sides—or worse yet, merely sat and looked at me. But worst of all were the times when they stood quietly about, drumming their finger nails on wood—just drumming, drumming away—until the drummings became physical red-hot stabs at the base of my brain. Why those sounds seemed to pierce that part of my anatomy instead of some other, I can't explain. I only know that it was so.

"I've sat in that terrible chair, sweating in the hot glare of that light, until death seemed preferable to saving myself by continuation of the torture.

"If I went to rise, strong hands pulled me back.

"I might be dying of thirst, and all the time could hear the ice tinkle in the glasses of the detectives. In

the strong glare I couldn't see the glasses, but I could hear that tinkle—and I dying of thirst!

"Once I almost confessed the crime I was suspected of, just for a drink of water.

"Illness, due to nerves, assailed me continually during the three years of my crooked career. On one occasion I risked my life in the bank statement forgery racket. I was just recovering from ptomaine poisoning and a nervous breakdown, when I became ill with appendicitis. It was necessary for me to go to the bank to get a statement. A girl friend—the wife of one of my pals—came to see me. We told the nurse to take two hours off, assuring her the doctor would never know.

Julieta has endured the third degree three times. "No torture can exceed it," she says.

"I took two codeine tablets, bathed, dressed—in clothes not my own—put on some blond hair, and felt fine. I went downstairs, using the self-service elevator, and was fairly certain no one had seen me go out. Betty, my friend, went with me. With her help, and taking a devious route, I got to the bank, got the statement, and returned home.

"Betty went downstairs to the delicatessen, and brought me bologna, dill pickles, coleslaw, and rye bread. I ate ravenously.

"WHEN my nurse returned I was delirious. Later I nearly died.

"There was a terrific rumble on that racket, months after. But so far as the world knew I couldn't have left the house. My doctor—bless his heart—came to police headquarters where I was being questioned, and swore it was physically impossible for me to have left my bed at that time. And so I was freed!

"There were other times when I eluded arrest by a hair's breadth.

"Once in Detroit I wanted some cash quick, so I forged a check for $700. My sucker had a keynoted signature, but I didn't know that. I signed the check just as he had written his name on a menu for me, and started to cash it right over the counter.

"The teller looked oddly at me. That was enough. I knew there was a rumble. I knew his foot had already pushed that awful bell they have on the floor in a teller's cage—the bell that summons a detective from the center of the bank.

"The next moment another man came into the cage.

"'Who gave you that check, miss?' he asked.

"'Why, Mr. Gordon,' I replied, hardly able to get the words out.

"'Are you sure Mr. Gordon gave you that check?"

"'Yes.'

"'Are you from Detroit?'

"'No, I'm from New York. This check was a business transaction. You see I worked at the Silver Slipper (a cabaret that I knew had just closed up) and Mr. Gordon is helping me get back to New York. He loaned me money on a ring.'

"'Step in here, young lady.'

"I felt nauseated. I was sure I was done for. By words and manner I had tried to put over the idea that I was Mr. Gordon's sweetheart. It hadn't worked. Then—

"'How long have you known Mr. Gordon?'

"'Not very long.'

"'Do you know his family?'

"'Why—he's not *married?*'—registering horror.

"'Was Mr. Gordon drunk when he gave you this?'

"'Well—he *had* been drinking—'

"'Go back and tell Mr. Gordon to come here and cash this check himself.'

"They let me walk out to freedom stone cold. And, believe me, I never showed up *there* again."

JULIETA can puncture the old bubble about honor among thieves. Art, one of her pals, double-crossed her and Jack—and got a double-crosser's reward.

"I cashed a check over the counter for $110, in a New York restaurant. Art went back and tried to cash one himself, intending not to split with Jack and me. It was *my client*, too! Art was picked up—is now doing his five years in Sing Sing. We went through the motions of helping him, after his arrest, but I can't say we put ourselves out. However, I did send him cigarettes."

The profit accruing from her poker game with its accompaniment of liquor selling gave Julieta ideas about bootlegging. To sell the hooch without being obliged to watch its insidious effects—that seemed a pleasanter livelihood. So she went in for bootlegging. She carried on a prosperous business in New York, supplying night clubs chiefly.

In this racket she delivered the commodity herself, when the orders were small—half-case ones. More than that she could not carry. The men who worked for her attended to the heavy deliveries, while Julieta, radiant and daintily dressed, went her rounds at night soliciting further business.

She says the "greasing" of cops is the ever-necessary precaution.

"I would simply go to the cop on the beat who is on horseback, hand him five dollars and say, 'Here, buddy, how's traffic at the other end of the street? Go and get yourself some cigars.' While he watched 'the other end' we carried our liquor in. Five dollars will cover the delivery of twenty or more cases of liquor at a time."

Buying off the police was not a new experience for Julieta.

"Once during the forgery racket some dicks got me dead to rights. I tried money. They were willing enough, but scared that it might be marked. They took me in a car way out to the edge of town, where I gave them the dough. Then they dropped me at the trolley, and they drove like mad into town and changed the bills. I was more than an hour getting in. It cost me $150 for each of two cops. Worth it, though—on a $3,000 check."

Julieta knows the precarious business of trailing liquor trucks through the dark night, ready to give the alarm in case of accident or suspected pursuit. She has repeatedly carried liquor long distances in her own car, through desolate country roads, alone and unprotected save for the dainty revolver in her little handbag.

Once she was pinched—for speeding! It happened

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Breath

With the odor of Spring

BAD breath is a common and grave social offense. No beauty, no charm can offset it. It comes from many causes.

May-Breath tablets offer you protection. They form an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors are combated at once.

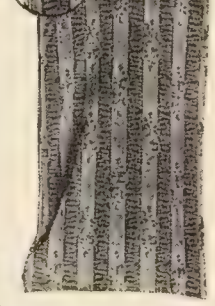
Carry the pocket box of May-Breath. You will never go without it when you know.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form.

MAKE $15 to $20 a day -with NEW CED-O-BAGS

New patented slide fastener locks Ced-O-Bags securely and permanently against moths.



Do you want a steady income of $75 to $100 a week? Then help me introduce the new Comer Ced-O-Bags and Comer Butterfly Moth Bags. They're selling like hot cakes everywhere. Thousands of dollars profit right in your neighborhood.

Make money FAST!

Everybody knows Ced-O-Bags—the *sure* protection against moths. Ced-O-Bags are now made in beautiful green, blue, rose, and black, at *no extra cost*. Also with new patented slide fastener.

And Butterfly Moth Bags! The very finest of Egyptian Cretonne. Choice of seven exquisite color combinations that no woman can resist. You can simply *coin* money with this new line, sold *only* through my Representatives—never in stores.

$12.90 in half an hour

I've started hundreds on the way to Big Money. "$16 in three hours," writes Mrs. Troutman, Georgia. "$9 in 15 minutes," says J. H. Hennage. R. F. Hughes made $12.90 in 30 minutes. John Spencer made $24 in 7 hours. . . . Just figure out for yourself what those figures *amount* to in a week—or a month. And these people didn't have *as good a proposition as I'm offering you right now.*

Start NOW. Get in on the Big Money

With my proposition you collect your profit on the spot. No deliveries to make—no collections. At the end of a day you have $10—$15—$20 or more all yours. And there's always plenty more where that came from. Don't hesitate. Territories are going fast. You're on the right track now. The road's clear to Big Money. I'm ready to do my part when you write me for details. Send a postcard TODAY!

COMER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. 1317-F Dayton, Ohio

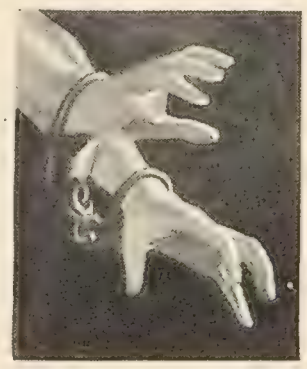
SWIFTER · STURDIER · SAFER

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

[THE GIRL WHO WENT WRONG
Continued from page fifty-seven]

near Halfway, Michigan. She was running booze from the landing place on Lake Michigan to Detroit.

"I had five cases of Scotch in the back of the car. I was tripping along at sixty-four when I saw a car following me. I thought the driver was racing. I went to seventy-five, and suddenly heard the siren that means 'Stop or we shoot.' My stop light went right on. A big machine pulled up, and out climbed four officers.



"I was wearing a new black satin coat trimmed with monkey fur.

"'A smart New York girl, ain't you?' jeered the cops. One of them climbed in beside me, and made me drive to the station house. I thought, of course, I was pinched for liquor. Imagine my relief when the officer in night court started telling the judge that I had been breaking the speed laws!

"And all that liquor still in the back of the car!

"My accuser had curly hair, so I said, 'Listen, you big Irishman, pull in your curls and give a poor girl a chance to talk.'

"Everybody laughed. The judge fined me forty dollars, but I jewed him down to twenty-five dollars and went on with my liquor."

Even Julieta has her scruples.

"I have never murdered anybody and I have never sold my body. The idea of prostitution is repulsive to me. Of my various rackets I found forgery paid the best."

And the aftermath? The ultimate result of crime?

"My nerves are still shot to pieces. I distrust the whole world. I especially hate and loathe men—I have seen too much of their disgusting hearts and minds.

"And there are lines around my mouth. There shouldn't be, at twenty-three, you know. Yes, I'm old before my time.

"My baby is three now. She will be seven when I get out. I torture myself here behind these ugly walls wondering what will become of her. It may sound funny, but she has never suffered because her mother was a crook. Here is her picture."

I looked and saw as lovely a baby face as I had ever gazed upon—the face of childish innocence.

"You would be crazy about her. The most adorable little thing. Long brown curls and pink and white skin. She is in a convent. She prays for me every night.

"Always I am haunted by the fear that when I walk out of this place a bull with a warrant will be waiting at the gates. How do I know what the police will have unearthed while I've been inside?

"If I could get five thousand dollars ahead—just five thousand dollars—I'd go into some legitimate business. Pass up the old racket forever.

"To get back my baby . . . Do you suppose she'll forget me? . . . How long do they remember when they're only three? . . . Oh, my baby! . . ."

THE black head went down into the exquisitely molded white arms. The hair was straight now. There are no curling irons in prison. Violent sobs shook the delicate body which many men had hoped to possess.

Julieta had been brave. She'd taken the rap alone. That knowledge didn't console her now. She had none of the bravado or swagger you read about.

"My baby! . . ." That was all. Gone was the gold-digger smirk. Julieta had become that universally piteous spectacle, a young mother weeping for her child.

"My baby!" It was days before I could get that heartbreaking whine out of my ears.

So *that* was the aftermath.

God help Julieta when she does get out, which will not be for four years. And help her baby . . .

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Silver Lining

Bobby was watching his father shave. Suddenly the razor slipped and a sharp exclamation was heard from daddy.

"Ooo!" said Bobby.

"What's the matter, son?" asked daddy.

"I's glad moms don't wash my face like that," said Bobby.—Mrs. Rosamond Nelson, 61 Catharine St., Worcester, Mass.

* * *

A Canine from Mars?

Recently, while working in a gravel pit, the thighbone of a mastodon was unearthed. Two small boys were there when the bone was taken out. Willie said:

"Gee, I'd like to see the animal that bone was a part of."

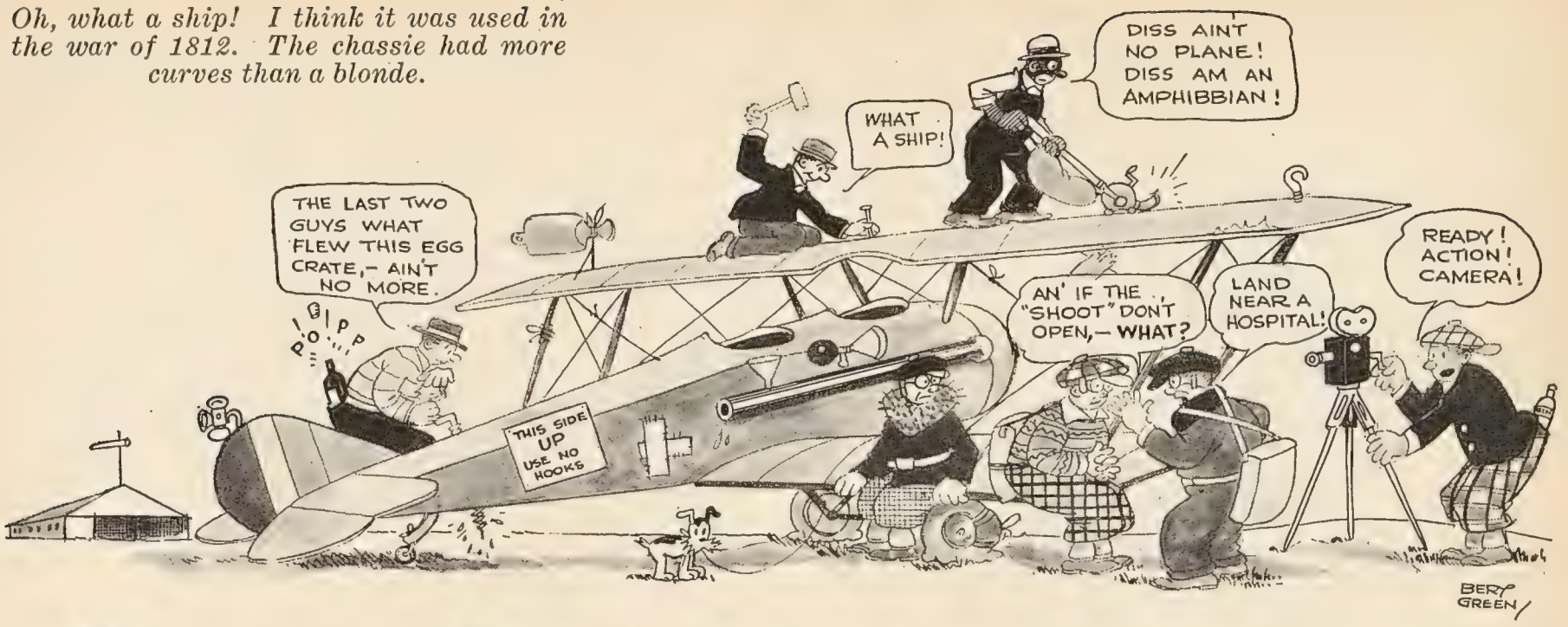
"Well, I'd like to see the dog that buried that bone," said Johnny.—Robert E. Huber, Payson, Utah.

* * *

The Eternal Feline

"Mother," asked Robert, "why is it, when a dog chases a cat, the cat turns around and sneers?"—Mrs. C. J. Thompson, Jr., 421 Auglaize Ave., Defiance, Ohio.

Oh, what a ship! I think it was used in the war of 1812. The chassie had more curves than a blonde.



Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Few Plane and Fancy Stunts

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York.

DEAR MARG,

Listen Kid, go easy with the whip! Why such a wild letter? You think just because youve hooked up with a swell barber shop pushin cuticles back, you can get independent an up-stage. Quiet yourself goil, your eyebrows need jerkin! For the love of St Vitus cool down! Be your cocktail. Get off the air, your wave length is loopy. To hear you squark youd think I held out on your pay. A swell frail you turned out to be, goin dizzy over nothin.

Now listen, lets be pals like we use to. Lets throw down the bricks! Gosh I love every hair on your bureau. I love you more than your mother did that hired girl she had for so many years, and I dont mean MAYBE! If you dont think I love you why should I have wrote you so many letters from France when I was goin with that Polish girl. Do you think I like to write letters? Be your temperature!

While youre doin all the battlin, let me tell you that you came close to loosin your blond boy friend! Yea, wait till I tell you.

I dropped over to the Lambs Club the other day to scramble a copy of ham and eggs and listen to the boys stoppin the show. While I was right in the middle of the groceries who comes in but my old pal Charlie Coe what writes them underwoild stories. Me Gangster, thats him! He had another goof with him by the name of Bert Green what used to make those aminated cartoons for Pathé News. You know, them pen lines what do the Sorority Drag all over the screen. Well, it seems that Green was tryin to put a lather on Coe to get his pitcher made for the movies. He was makin a series of screen interviews with famous authors and cartoonists. Showin the authors in their homes wearin out the I on the typewriter and the cartoonists makin faces. Them are the guys Marg what cause editors to go for strong liquor.

Well anyway, Coe consented. He suggested doing something different in the movies. He didnt no whether to drive a truck or have movies made of himself presenting a bottle of Cream soda to General Dawes. Finally I suggested that they do a bit of flyin. That seemed K. O. so right away Charlie grabs ten cents worth of conversation offer the telephone. He gets a big idea and calls up his pal Casey Jones the chief test pilot for the Curtiss Co. He asked him if he would get hold of a ship and do a bit of straight flyin. Casey said sure, but all I could hear Charlie hollerin was Nix, nix on the sky writin, NO LOOPS!! Between me an you Marg I think Casey was throwin the fear of God in him.

Well, Love Lips, we all go over to a hole in the wall where the boys could sit around and swop ideas for the big flight. Somebody threw out the cat and somebody else took the brazier off a bottle of sixteen-year old Giggle Soup. What a laugh! ! Ideas came fast and furious after that with every shot.

ACCORDING to Coe, Casey suggested that we fly over New York, and that Charlie should hop outer the plane and land on the Brooklyn Bridge. Coe wasn't so strong for that idea. He said that he was troubled with fallin arches ever since prohibition took away the brass rail, and besides he wasnt so good at long distance divin. Then Casey suggested that maybe it would be a better idea if we all changed planes in the air goin at 125 miles an hour.

But somehow or other that didnt listen so good to Charlie. Billards to him was always difficult—he never could keep his eye on the ball. He said that the only time he ever won a billard championship was when the scratch man had a hangover, a cock eye, and was slightly troubled with the excema.

Oh, boy, that bottle of mule sweat was fuller ideas. Three drinks made the bartender bite the head off the parrot. No foolin!

Anyway, after a nice quiet afternoon of indoor putting, the works decided that they was to play a game of AIRPLANE GOLF!! It was a bit of a new game because the liquor had just been made anyway. The idea bein that we were to play a foresome, whatever that is!

We were supposed to get in the plane with our shimmie sticks and fly down to the Lopsided Golf Club down on Long Island.

As soon as the boys would drive the balls offer the green, they were to get back in the plane, fly to the place

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

where the balls landed, and sock em again. Then repeat the operation to the finish of the game.

Well, heres how it worked out Marg. The next mornin we went down to the flyin field and met Casey Jones. Casey has a big grin on his pan, and I could see that somethin was goin to be doin. Coe said to him he says, What ship are you goin to use? And Casey says, *any old ship* will do for this stunt.

Well, that didnt sound so good to me. I knew he could fly anythin if it held together. He could do the Immerman roll in an egg crate, that baby. So he goes over to the airplane garage an drags out a crate what looked like the moths had been workin on it. Oh, what a ship! A war-time jenny with a O-XX coffee roaster in it. I think it was used in the war of 1812 when Santos Du Mont helped George Washington write the Decliration of Independence. What an outfit!!

Its tail feathers were all pulled out, and the paddle on the front looked as though it had been pinch hittin for a steam shovel. The blades looked as though somebody had been peggin rocks at em. The chassie was bent and had more curves than a blonde. An the wheels!! They must a stole em off a kiddie car when the kid wasnt lookin. One had a flat tire and the other had a mustard poultice wrapped around it for a blow out patch.

Write then and there I knew that Casey was goin to give us a thrill. With a bunch of ritzy-lookin Curtis planes layin around, he should pick a tomatoe can like that. Every time I looked at the crate I had to wring out my pants legs, I was sweatin so bad.

SO in we got. The camera man started grindin. A guy in the front began twistin up the paddle. Some goof yells CONTACT!! And there was a sound like a trench blowin up. Oh, and the draught!! The Galveston hurricane was a piker along side of it. The cream seperator on the front was poppin like a dago selebration. Alongside of me was the exhaust pipe. You should a seen the stuff what was comin outer it. Smoke, pieces of glass, nuts, bolts, fruit skins, old busted flower pots, crankshafts, soup strainers, gin bottles, and a large pair of corsets that musta bean in the thing for sixty years.

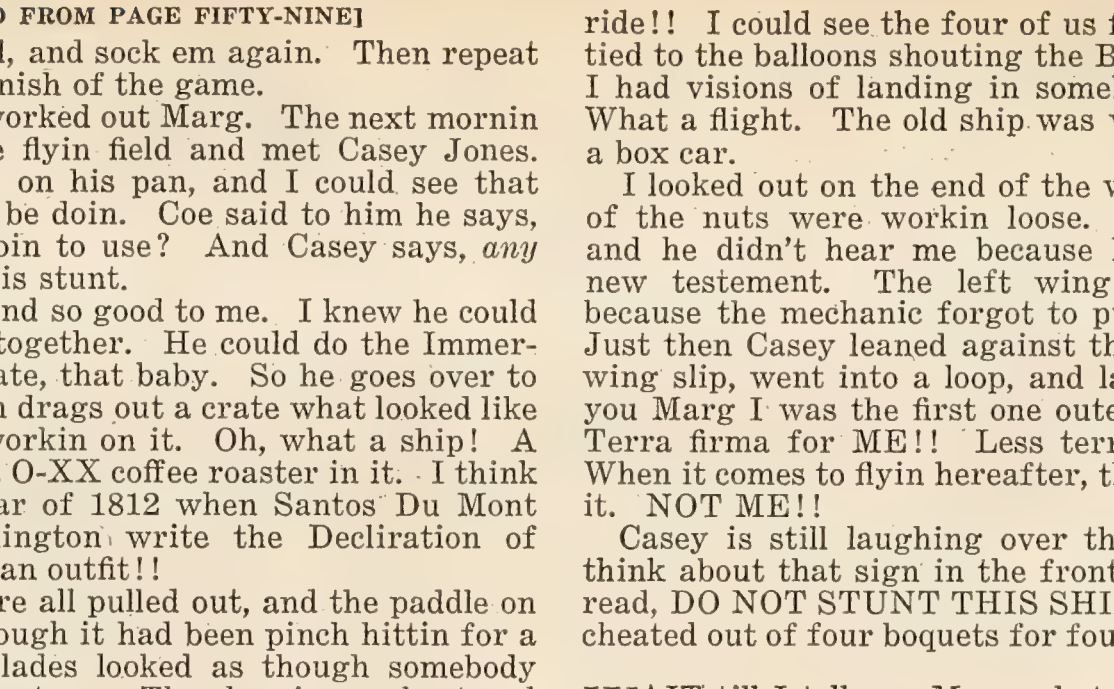
Just then Casey gave her the gas. We started waddlin over the field like a lame goose. He twisted somethin else and, Im not kiddin you, Marg, the old cheese box was hittin eighty miles per hour. Then he grabbed the billard cue what was stickin up from the floor and jerks the thing back. Oh, we was layin on our backs pointin at the moon. I felt just about as safe as I would be layin under an elephants foot.

In front of me was sittin Charlie Coe. The uptown side of his neck was changin color every five seconds. If he was thinkin the same thing as I was, we were both damn fools.

I took a look at the gag on the front and the hand was pointin at 3,000 feet high. Automobiles and houses on the ground looked like full grown nats. I saw another instruement on the dashboard—a gadget for timin eggs. It seemed to me as though we were upside down by the looks of it. We had more stuff tied on us than a fire horse. The bag I was sittin on had a balloon in it what you use if the engine drops off. I had my arm through the ring all set to count three. What a ride!! What a ride!! I could see the four of us floatin through the air tied to the balloons shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom. I had visions of landing in somebodys parlor. Wow!! What a flight. The old ship was weavin an moanin like a box car.

I looked out on the end of the wing and saw that two of the nuts were workin loose. I hollered to Charlie, and he didn't hear me because he was goin over the new testement. The left wing was a little wobbly because the mechanic forgot to put a saferty pin in it. Just then Casey leaned against the brake and we did a wing slip, went into a loop, and landed. Im not kiddin you Marg I was the first one outer that old inner tube. Terra firma for ME!! Less terra, MORE FIRMA!!! When it comes to flyin hereafter, the canary birds can do it. NOT ME!!

Casey is still laughing over that flight, but when I think about that sign in the front of the machine what read, DO NOT STUNT THIS SHIP, I think a florist was cheated out of four boquets for four door bells.



The wife throws him in a taxi. Later the driver hollers, If she wont give you a kiss, throw her out the winder. Ill take you to a good joint!!

WAIT till I tell you Marg what happened to Mr. Goof what lives up in Albany. You know him. The chump what owns the chinee laundry with the speakeasy in the back. Well, every chance he gets he beats it down to New York and goes against all the night clubs. He loves em.

Well, last Tuesday his wife comes down to New York on their weddin aniversery. She wants to crash one of the swell night clubs. Hes all against it!!! He wants to pick out some nice quiet place, but she wont listen to it. She puts on a panic and insists that they go to the Gilded Slipper. Well, to keep peace, they get into a mouse trap and drive to the Gilded Slipper.

He no more than gets outer the thing than the door man says, Good evening, Mr. Goof. Right away the wife says, whos that? And Goof says, Thats a guy what used to work in the office, but hes got a better job now.

As soon as they enter the club the check girl says, Good evening, Mr. Goof. Then the wife says, whos that? And Mr. Goof says, Thats the door mans daughter, he got her a job in the place.

When he gets inside, the manager, the hostess, and all the waitors give him the same thing. The wife is BURNIN UP!! Fifteen minutes later out comes the GIRLIE REVIEW. They ankle down to his table and begin givin him, Hello Mr. Goof!!!! Hello Mr. Goof!!!

The wife grabs her husband, gives him the bums rush outer the place and throws him in a taxi. Oh my, what a riot inside. She gave him hell believe me!! Later the driver opens the door and hollers, If she wont give you a kiss, Mr. Goof, throw her out the winder. ILL TAKE YOU TO A GOOD JOINT!!

Laugh that off!!

Well, I got to go now and get ready for the opera. I went the other night and saw PALIARCHIE. And did I laugh!

Remember me to your old lady. I hope her liver is better. Wishing you the same,

Your boy friend,
MIKE SHEA.

If Mike doesn't quit skylarking with cartoonists, Marg may lose her boy friend. But now he's back on the ground, she ought to hear from him soon.

"More Stories of Money Players"

Being Some Further Close-Ups of the Men Who "Deliver" in Varied Fields of Sport

By George Trevor

IN a previous article the author told how some famous "money players" of the gridiron, turf, and diamond have come through in the pinches. He continues here his analysis of the gift of making good.

BOB WRENN made a place for himself in tennis history because of his dogged refusal to be beaten by players infinitely more talented than he was.

Wrenn just would not lose. His stroke production was meager when compared to his American and British contemporaries. He had little but a tantalizing lob, tireless legs, court-covering ability, and a stout heart. That was all he needed. Genius did not touch him with her magic wand, but Wrenn trimmed those whom the gods had richly blessed.

Don't assume that a money player cannot also be a genius, a star of the first magnitude. Superlative talent does not assure its possessor of the money instinct, but many a dazzling athlete has had the knack of coming through in the crisis.

The names of Big Bill Tilden and Walter Hagen spring to mind. Both are born showmen. Tilden's forte is pulling out matches which seem irrevocably lost. In his heyday, he used to spot a dangerous rival two sets and then run three in a row. What tennis fan can forget Tilden's last-ditch rallies against Zenzo Shimizu of Japan, Bill Johnston of America, and René Lacoste of France?

In the 1921 Davis Cup finals Tilden dropped the first two sets to "Shimmy"—a brown-skinned, slant-eyed, wiry little chap who ran for everything and generally made the return. Experts called Shimizu a stone wall. The simile is too static. Shimmy was the liveliest stone wall you ever clapped eyes on. Japs must be made of whalebone and whipcord. For two sets Shimizu scrambled all over the scenery and didn't miss anything. It was like playing against a barn door.

Impersonal, cold tennis—trying on Tilden's taut nerves. Only a money player could have regained his grip as Tilden finally did, set his teeth grimly in the match, and pulled it out of the fire with a torrent of unreturnable aces.

René Lacoste, that exceedingly un-Gallic Frenchman, is himself a money player. They call Lacoste "the Crocodile" because he wears the blank, imperturbable mask of a cigar-store Indian. None of the traditional Latin temperament about Lacoste. He isn't volatile, or ebullient, or readily elated, or easily depressed. He has the cold impersonal quality of a machine. He figures out his campaign as a mathematician plots a graph. His chess brain revels in tactical problems.

The money player has no cut and dried characteristics. There is no formula by which one may determine whether a man has or has not got the gift of pinch hitting. For every cold, composed Lacoste you have a volatile, effervescent type such as Adolfo Luque, the Cincinnati pitcher. This excitable Cuban is unexcelled at bearing down in the pinches.

For every phlegmatic, oxlike chap such as "Irish" Meusel you'll find a highly keyed, imaginative artist like Tilden. For every self-effacing,

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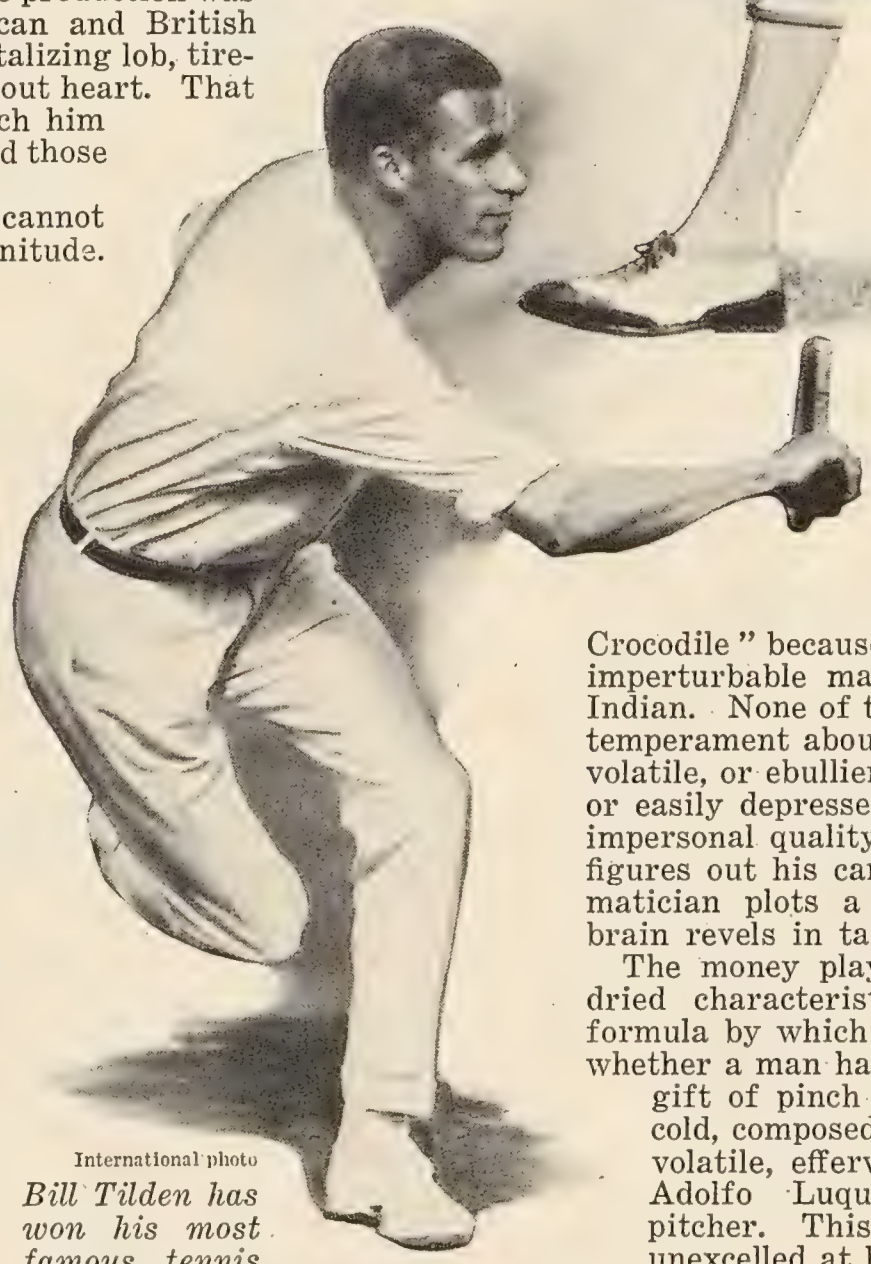
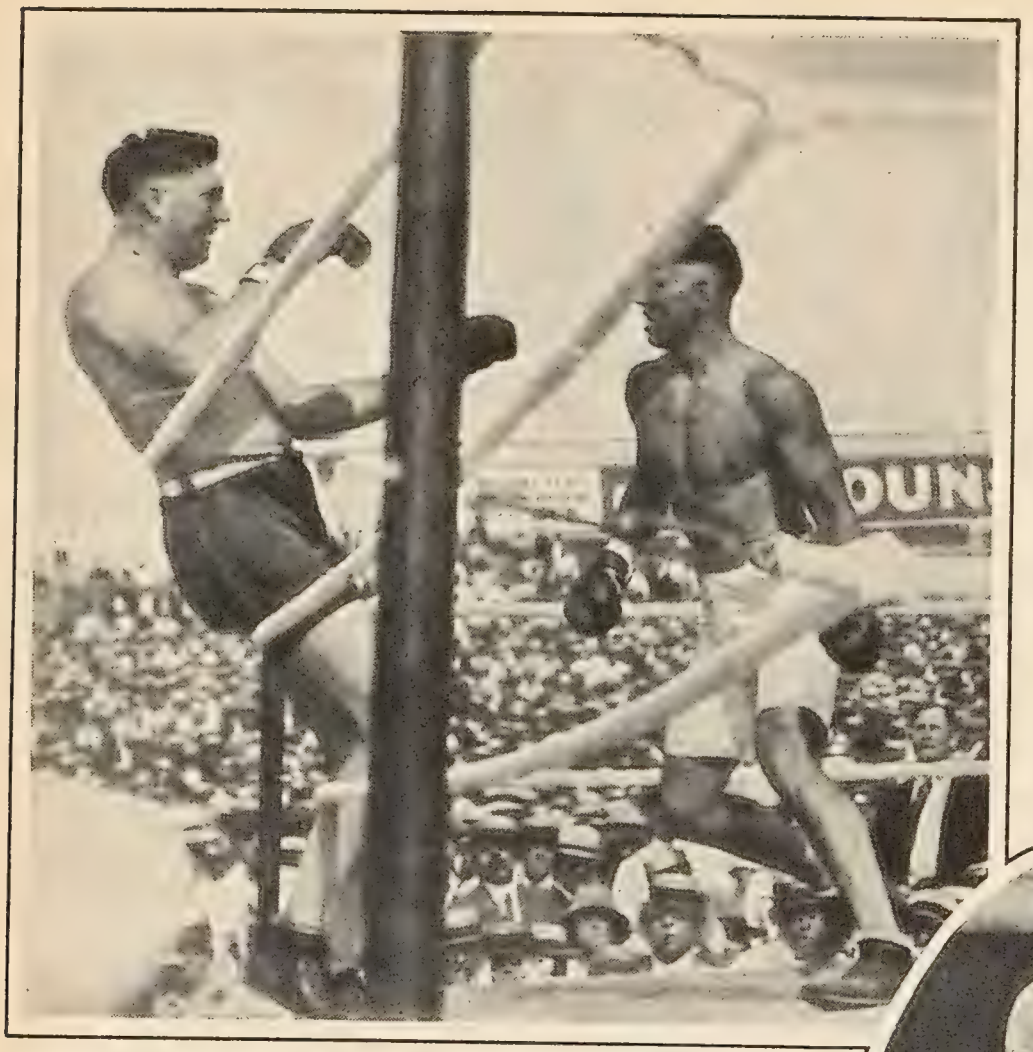
P. & A. photo

Walter Hagen, the king of money golfers.



International photo

Bill Tilden has won his most famous tennis matches in last-ditch rallies.



International photo

Jack Dempsey was a money fighter with the killer instinct—as Willard, on the ropes, learned at Toledo.

[MORE STORIES OF "MONEY PLAYERS"
Continued from page sixty-one]

reserved personality of the Johnny Rawlings or George McBride type, you'll discover a cocky, truculent swashbuckler of the Hagen or Cutshaw brand. For every quiet, soft spoken lad like George Owen, you'll find a crabbing chatterbox like Johnny Evers.

In golf Hagen typifies the money player. Because of his amazing ability to deliver at crucial moments, Hagen has transformed sport's glorified lottery into something approaching a certainty. We have reference to his astounding record in the P. G. A. match play championships. Hagen has the happy faculty of forgetting a bad shot as soon as it is played and concentrating upon the next stroke.

REMEMBER that trait—concentration. You'll find that it is one quality shared by every money player.

Hagen is guilty of more sour shots than any contemporary topnotcher, but—and it is a big *but*—he retrieves his mistakes gloriously. Walter's phenomenal recoveries from impossible lies in heavy rough would fill a volume.

It is typical of Hagen's money instinct that he likes to be told what he must score on a given stretch in order to win. Such knowledge acts like a spur on Walter. It tempers his resolution.

At Hoylake in the British Open Championship of 1924, he was told, as he reached the turn on the final round, that he must come home in 36 to nose out Whitcombe. Reveling in the huge, ill disciplined mob that surged around him, exulting in the rigorous nature of the test imposed, Hagen rose to the occasion and reeled off even fours on one of the hardest last nine holes in the world.

The non-money golfer, on the contrary, hates to be told what score he must get to win. In his psychology ignorance is bliss. If he isn't conscious of what each stroke means he is more likely to maintain nerve control.

Hagen came through at Hoylake under the pitiless mental and physical pressure of a championship. He knew what he had to do on each hole. The crowd—an alien though not unsympathetic crowd—knew. Hagen's flair for the dramatic, as keen as Tilden's, carried him through the crisis. He saw himself cast for a hero's rôle and refused to disappoint his admirers. Toward the end of the nerve-racking ordeal by bunker, that British carnival crowd was actually pulling for Hagen to beat a native son! The personality of the money player grips a crowd as does nothing else in sport.

At Olympia Fields, two years ago, Leo Diegel, a brilliant shot maker, stood 3 up on Hagen with four holes to go in a P. G. A. final. Hagen won the match on the thirty-eighth green. Facing a six-foot putt that he must hole or meet defeat, Hagen turned to the gallery with that flashing smile and exclaimed, "Miss this one with all this dough at stake? Well, I guess not!"

It's grim concentration in the pinches that wins for Molla Mallory. Her strokes are just average.

WHAT makes the money player? Ah, that's a question to tantalize biologists, disciples of Nietzsche, Freudians, Jungians, and every amateur psychologist to whom human behavior is the most fascinating of problems. Nobody knows what ingredients of mind and body are essential to the making of the pinch hitter in sport and in business. There is, however, no law against guessing. Several fancy sounding theories add an erudite touch, even though one suspects that they are chiefly frothy bubbles.

Your biologist, eager to blame everything on the ductless glands, champions the adrenalin theory. Nervous excitement stimulates the adrenal bodies, causing those active glands to spray more adrenalin into the blood system. This injection of adrenalin adds muscular tone to the body and renders the subject capable of extraordinary effort over a limited period.

According to this theory, those individuals whose adrenal glands are abnormally sensitive react strongly under emotional stress. The money player may thus owe his pinch-hitting proclivity to ductless glands which he probably has never heard of. His knack of coming through under pressure has a physiological basis.

This is a comforting theory for those alibi seekers who like to hide behind the skirts of biology. You've heard drunkards blame their failing for liquor on an inherited taste. The chap who doesn't deliver when something vital is at stake might find solace in the thought, "Well, it's not my fault if my adrenal glands don't hit on all six."

Psychologists sneer at the adrenalin theory. Disciples of Freud, who prate glibly of complexes, inhibitions, suppressed desires, the unconscious, emotional outlets, introverted personalities, and so forth, are certain that the pinch-hitting instinct has its roots in the uncharted seas of the human mind. Sure thing, these bespectacled bozos can tell you what makes the money player!

"The knack of coming through at the critical mo-

International photo
Foster Sanford

ment," said a prominent New York neurologist who asked that his name be withheld, "has its genesis in a fear complex." (How psychiatrists love to roll out that crisp, explosive term!) "Dread of failure is the motivating force that spurs what you call the money player to outdo himself in a crisis.

"Obsessed by the bare thought of failing, these men give their last ounce of effort to avert the defeat of a project to which they are committed. Failure is intolerable to them. They won't admit to themselves the possibility of being beaten. Of course the money player doesn't realize that a fear complex impels him to high achievement. He would laugh down such a theory as scientific bunk.

Marshal Foch

"Reverence for one's father—which is nothing more than the fear of disgracing his name or of failing to justify his expectations—is accountable for many a money player. Probably George Owen belongs in this category. You'll find that a majority of the pinch hitters in all phases of sport are highly sensitized, imaginative, introspective types. They react to great occasions because they instinctively dramatize themselves.

"The despised inferiority complex is more likely to breed the knack of delivering under pressure than is the egocentric personality with its Napoleonic delusions. As I see it, dread of failure is the all-compelling urge. The great money player fears the idea of throwing down his admirers, of being branded a quitter, of public humiliation.

"WHY doesn't this fear tie up the muscles, paralyze the nerves, and demoralize the subject? It does have exactly that effect in most instances. In nine cases out of ten the fear of failure induces failure—but in the tenth case it has the opposite reaction. In the case of the money player, the fear complex is stimulating instead of enervating—but it is none the less fear which evokes his winning effort."

Such specious quibbling brings us back to the question, why are a few men stimulated by fear while the vast majority are benumbed? In this connection the writer recalls a favorite remark of G. Foster Sanford's: "The Sanfords always leap toward danger, even though they're frightened." Sanford is known to all football followers as a famous Yale center who subsequently earned national recognition as a coach.

The ability to lose oneself in concentration is a hall-mark of the pinch hitter. Such money players as Bob Wrenn, Beals Wright, Walter Hagen, Bill Johnston, Johnny Evers, Chief Bender, and the rest had the gift of concentration inordinately developed.

Molla Mallory, herself a flaming example of the money player, when asked to comment on her remarkable triumph over Suzanne Lenglen at Forest Hills, told the writer, "I can't remember anything about the match. I saw nothing but the ball!"

Mrs. Mallory's grim concentration is her greatest tennis asset. As far as stroke production is concerned, the Norwegian-born girl doesn't class with Mlle. Lenglen. The latter is a tennis genius, the former just an ordinary shot maker endowed with an inflexible will to win and the knack of raising her game in the pinches.

THE late Walter Travis, whose deadly accuracy on the green broke the hearts of his rivals, once observed, "When I'm putting I see nothing but the ball and the hole. People could riot at the green side and I wouldn't notice the rumpus."

The ability to wall oneself in, to shut out all extraneous influences and give the subconscious mind free rein, is one of the few characteristics common to most money players.

The writer has a hunch that the pinch-hitting instinct is acquired in childhood. Self-reliance, personal initiative, independent action—these are the very essence of pinch hitting.

Such traits are fostered during infancy. The child who has everything handed to him on a silver platter, whose slightest whim is indulged, who is shielded from the jolts and jars of life—that child rarely acquires self-reliance. Things have been predigested for him. When problems arise he looks for outside help.

Confronted by sudden emergencies later in life, he lacks the personal initiative to meet them. His whole background makes for indecision, tentative, half-hearted effort. His psychology is rooted in dependence on others.

Ring photo
Rube Waddell

Money players are not recruited from the clinging vines or leaning willows. Confidence comes from having done a thing before. Parents who pamper their children—a common fault today—will not rear pinch hitters capable of rising to the occasion. The child accustomed to going it on his own is the potential money player of tomorrow.

There are those who argue that the money player must have a certain hardness of disposition, an innate viciousness, that intangible something called the killer instinct. The writer doubts this theory. What of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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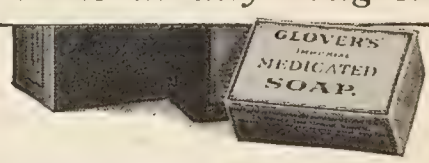

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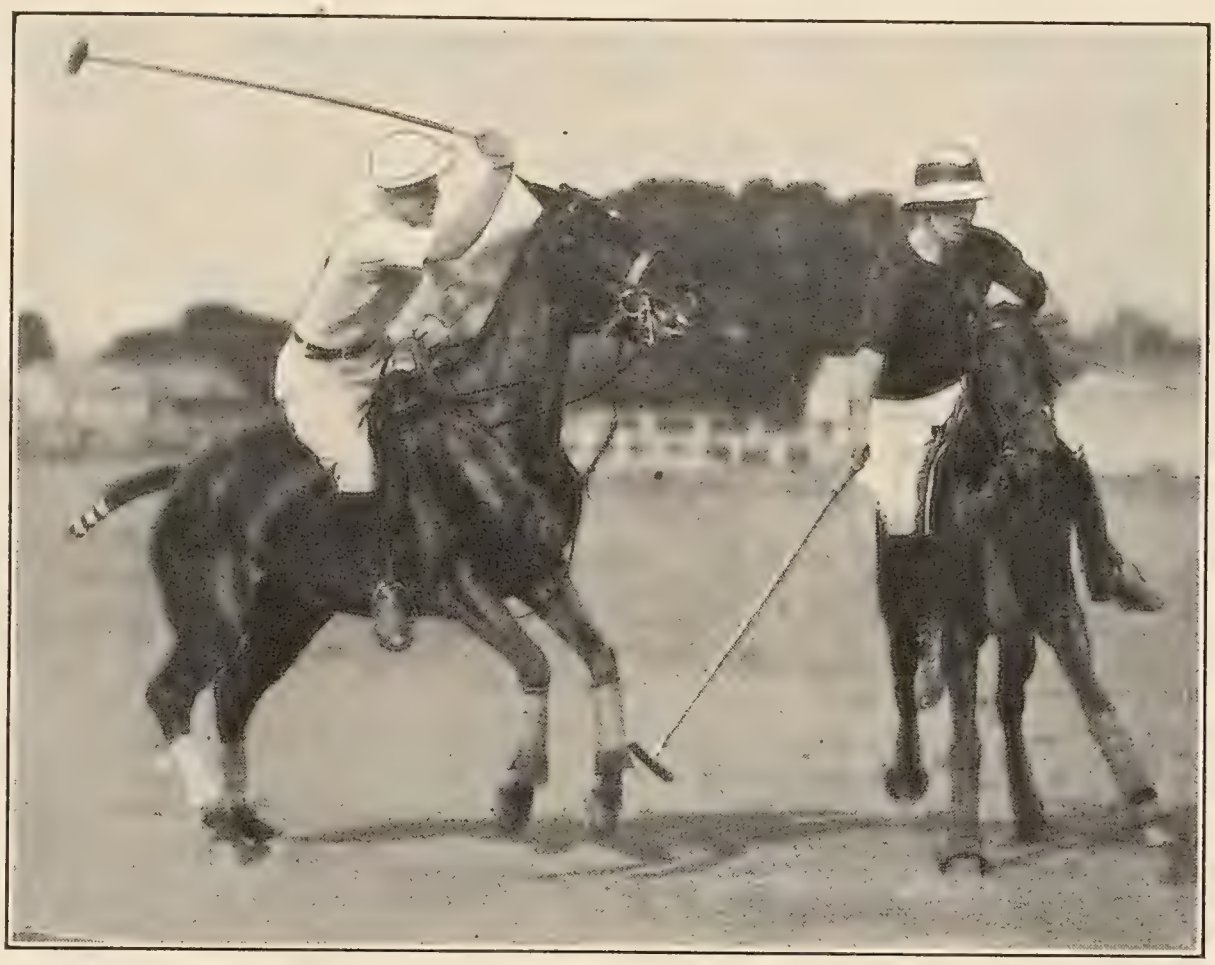
[MORE STORIES OF "MONEY PLAYERS"]
Continued from page sixty-three

such gentle, meek, unassertive types as George Owen, George McBride, "Ma" Newell, and others too numerous to record? Surely there was nothing flintlike or vindictive about them. They didn't nourish a secret grudge and seek emotional release in explosive action.

Jack Dempsey, personification of the killer instinct, was a money fighter in both senses of that elastic term, yet Benny Leonard, devoid of the killer psychology, was also a money fighter of the first order. Billy Gibson tells of taking Leonard west to fight Ritchie Mitchell. On the trip to Milwaukee Leonard became ill. "I'm weak as a kitten, Billy," Leonard remarked. "I'll have to knock him out quick tonight."



P. & A. photo

Tommy Hitchcock (in white) proves on the polo field that the boy reared in luxury may become a great money player nevertheless.

BENNY ordinarily preferred to carry his rivals along and beat them on points. But he was always the money fighter. Fearing that he couldn't last the route because of weakness, he didn't say, "I'm feeling sick—I may get beaten." No, it was: "Billy, I'll have to knock him out quick tonight!"

Is the knack of delivering under pressure an acquired characteristic or an inborn gift from heaven? I doubt that it is inherited. Fathers rarely pass it on to their sons. Nobody can say positively whether the money player is born rather than made.

If made, he is made early in life, in the formative period, when habits of mind are cultivated; for, in the last analysis, pinch hitting is largely a mental trait. Men lacking in physique, deficient in mechanical skill, have had it in full measure. "Give me a child until he is seven years old and you can have him thereafter" may be a bromidic doctrine, but it is none the less sound.

Marshal Foch, a money player if there ever was one, once wrote: "Battles are lost in the minds of those who fight them." It was his favorite epigram. He preached it at the École de Guerre. He practiced it in the great war. "Never admit to yourself that you are beaten," he told his pupils.

It was Foch's flaming counter-stroke along the marshes of St. Gond that saved Joffre's army at the Marne: "My left is retreating, my center is broken, my right is shattered, I shall attack!" Every modern schoolboy has thrilled to that message of Foch's with its O. Henry climax, written when the battle of the Marne hung in the balance.

If Foch had not been a money fighter, the Kaiser would have dined in Paris. Four years later Marshal Foch conceived and executed those flank attacks upon Ludendorff's exposed salients which sealed Germany's fate.

Beyond a doubt, environment contributes to the making of the money player. The tough life of the hobo camp or the ghetto streets helps breed self-confidence. Yet money players have sprung from those patrician homes where luxury is not synonymous with indolence or sybaritic ease.

Tommy Hitchcock, blue-blooded scion of aristocracy, is the money player par excellence. A German prison train could not hold the golden-thatched kid whose flailing mallet has made him a terror on the polo field. Captured by the Germans when his plane was shot down behind the lines in France, Tommy Hitchcock escaped by diving headlong through the window of a speeding train.

Searching for Hitchcock's intellectual and social antithesis, the writer remembered "Rube" Waddell, that happy-go-lucky, irresponsible child of nature whose pitching feats in a pinch have yet to be surpassed.

To put it generously, Waddell was an eccentric hick, addicted to drinking and fishing. Psychologists would have rated him a moron. Baseball contemporaries have called him a nut and let it go at that. Utterly unreliable in all the affairs of life, Rube Waddell could be depended on in a baseball crisis.

One afternoon in the twilight of Rube's big-league career, the rival team filled the bases. The manager of the St. Louis Browns yanked out his over-liberal pitcher and sent Waddell to the rescue.

There was nobody out. Rube warmed up ostentatiously, and then, turning to his outfield, motioned the three astounded fielders to come in. "I don't need youse guys—go and rest on the bench," Rube shouted.

Waddell's grandiose gesture has been immortalized by after-dinner speakers who garble truth by implying that the outfielders obeyed the Rube's command. Actually they stuck to their posts and spoiled a good story.

AT that, they could have satisfied Waddell's sense of the dramatic without hurting St. Louis' cause. Rube struck out the side in one, two, three order.

Discarding flossy, scientific frills, the writer thinks that hard-bitten Jesse Burkett, a .400 batsman of the mauve '90s, gave the best explanation of what makes the money player.

One sun-blistered afternoon in the old St. Louis ball yard, Burkett hammered a slow breaking curve to the fence, chasing three runners across the plate. That roistering pinch triple broke up the game.

Eager to interview the Babe Ruth of his time, a cub reporter sought out Burkett after the battle. The great man was discovered in characteristic pose, his foot on the brass rail, contemplating the chemical reaction of a foaming schooner of beer. It was not near-beer.

Quivering a bit, as one who intrudes upon royalty, the cub reporter squeezed past various hangers on and tremulously put the question, "Mr. Burkett, to what do you attribute your ability as a clean-up hitter?"

Burkett blew the suds off his schooner reflectively. He felt at peace with the world, willing to share his secrets.

"Young fellow," he observed pompously, "I'll be telling ye. It's the old confeedience that does it, the old confeedience!"

And, stripped of buncombe, that's about what it is.

THE END

Lie flat on your back. Raise the right leg, cross it over the left, and stretch it. Roll over—on your hips—and repeat with the left leg. Do this ten minutes, morning and night.

Below. Clenching the fists, bend your elbows at your sides. Raise the knees high, alternately, vigorously. Then steam up. Increase your motions to running speed, remaining, however, in a nearly stationary position.

It's the HIPS that Count

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by Nickolas Muray

IT isn't the height—it's the hips that count. By their width you are to know whether the hour has struck for adopting a reducing or a developing course.

The height-weight tables, which up to the present have served as guides to healthier and finer proportions, soon may be cast into the limbo of out-of-date methods. New tables, which promise to be still better and more accurate, will be arranged on the theory that the width and depth of the body must be known, as well as the height, before it can be said that a person's weight is either deficient or oversubscribed. Scientific heads are busy on this new theory of weight calculating.

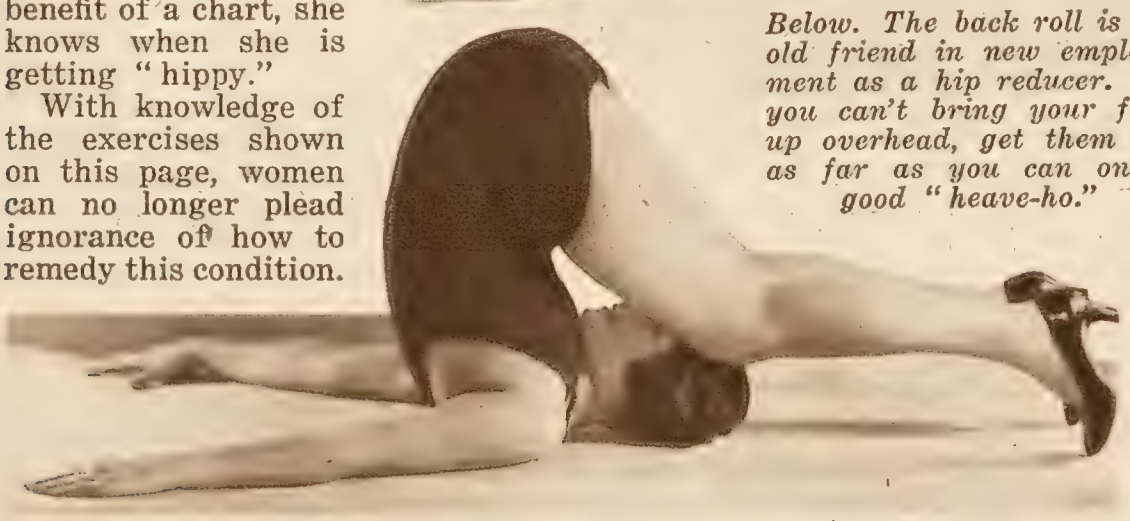
In the meantime, is it not enough for a woman to gaze upon the season's modes to become hip-conscious? She needn't await a scientific day of reckoning with the tape measure. Without benefit of a chart, she knows when she is getting "hippy."

With knowledge of the exercises shown on this page, women can no longer plead ignorance of how to remedy this condition.

Above. Stand erect, with your hands at your sides. Jump, coming down with your feet fairly wide apart. At the same time fling your arms sidewise and up overhead with a clap. With a jump return to the first position. Do this jumping-jack exercise ten times.

At left. Too stiff? At first, then, don't try to support your back at the waist with your hands and bent elbows. Lie on your back, raise the legs, bend and extend first one, then the other, as in bicycling.

Below. The back roll is an old friend in new employment as a hip reducer. If you can't bring your feet up overhead, get them up as far as you can on a good "heave-ho."



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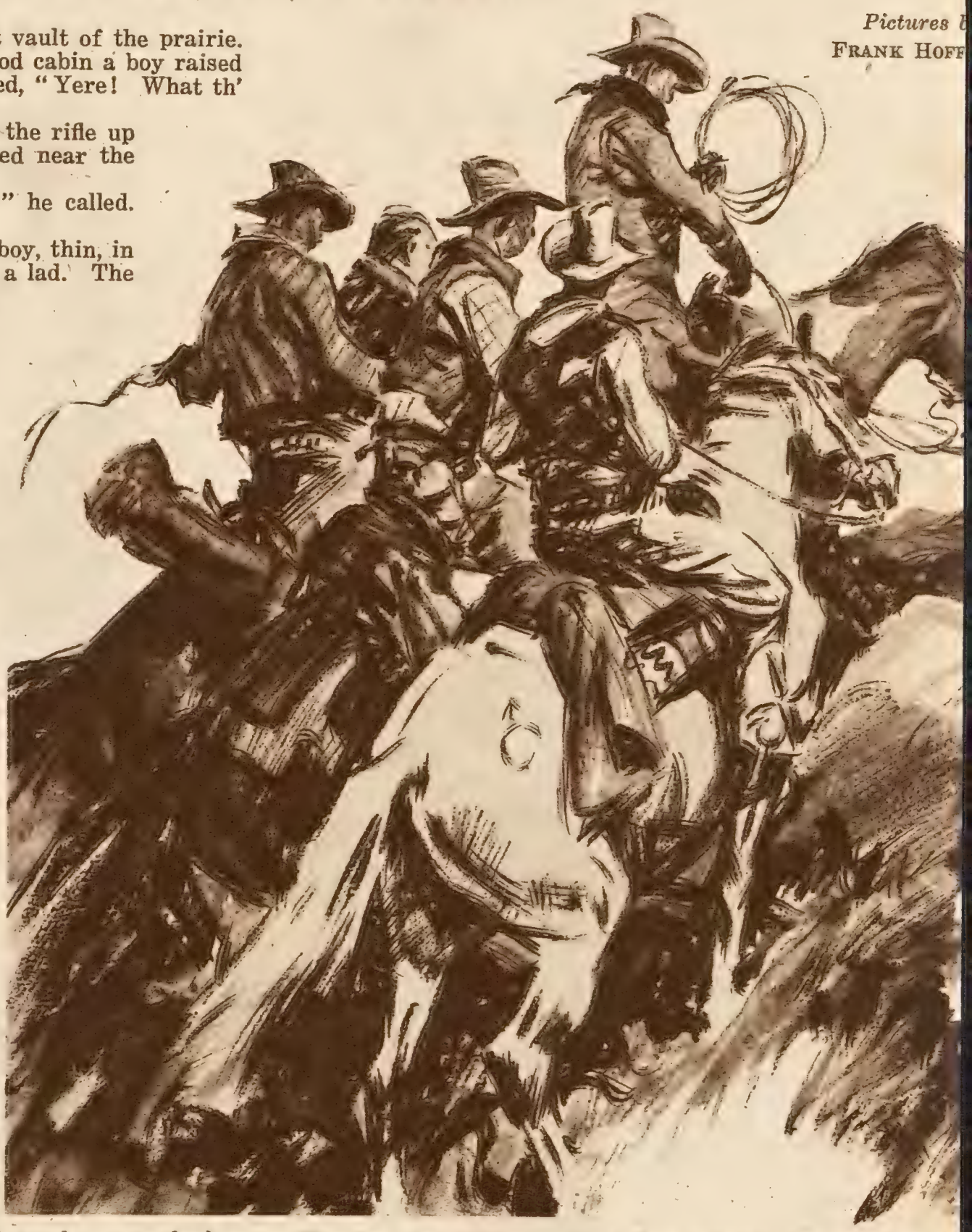
Bad Lands

The Story of a Brush with Death

By

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Pictures b
FRANK HOFF



A RIFLE cracked in the great vault of the prairie. A hundred yards from the sod cabin a boy raised his hand in protest and yelled, "Yere! What th' bell are yer doin'?"

The man in the doorway threw the rifle up and fired again. The bullet zipped near the boy's head.

"What's the matter with yer?" he called. "What yer shootin' at me fur?"

It was a peculiar tableau. The boy, thin, in threadbare clothing—nothing but a lad. The man, tall, poised, formal, smiling—evidently once a Something of a Somebody, very calmly shooting a .45 Winchester at the boy.

Again the rifle went up. Frantically the boy looked for some escape. None! It was on the open prairie—nothing but the sod house and a little patch of corn.

As the rifle leveled, calmly as a surveyor's instrument, the boy screamed, "I ain't goin' to stand this! Damned if I am!" He snatched out his old muzzle-loading Colt, held it in both hands, riflewise.

The two reports mingled like a slam on a drum. The man stood motionless for a moment, the same slightly supercilious smile on his face, the same china glare in the corners of his eyes. He waved his rifle in a gesture of salute and threw his face at the ground.

Too much all-aloney on the prairie—mad. The boy gave a tremulous bleat of horror: "Oh, my Gawd! My Gawd!" He sobbed. "I've killed Mr. Angie, and I never went fur to do it!"

Many a time he'd passed a pleasant word with Mr. Angie, coming and going from his own little shack. Mr. Angie had loaned him books, given him two lead pencils, talked fine to him—Mr. Angie was a learned man, from God knows where. In some ways the prairie was a Sargasso Sea, where wrecks lay drowned forever. And then this morning, just for nothing at all, he ups and shoots at him!

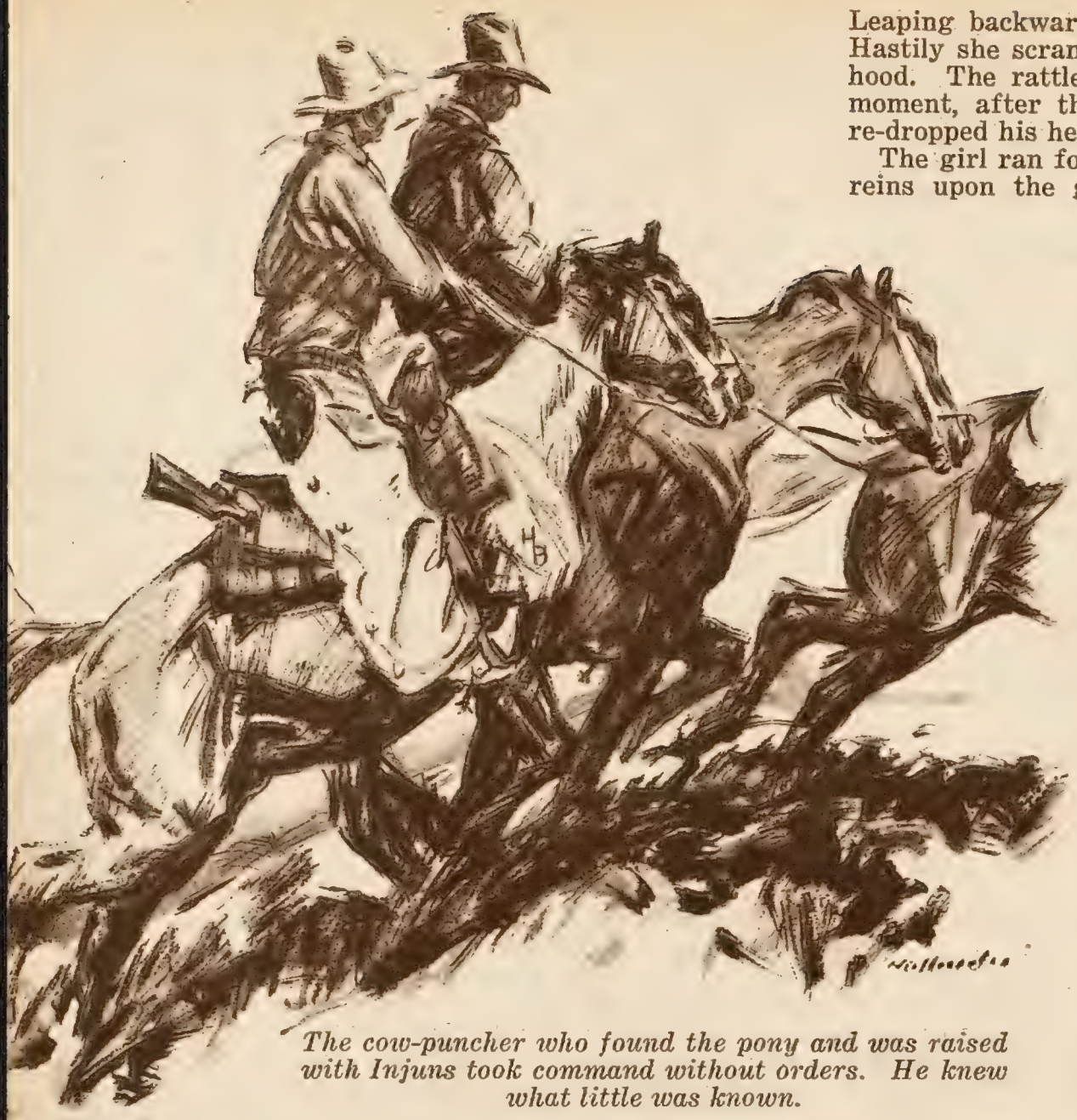
"What is it?" cried poor Jimmy. "Who ever had such a hell of a luck!" His eyes darted about a thousand ways—all over the prairie at once. He wanted to hide under a mountain. In his head a dry voice kept repeating, "You killed him—you killed him."

Suddenly, "The Bad Lands!" he thought, and was gone, leaping like a rabbit. No food, no water, nothing but the heavy useless gun, into the Bad Lands, in August.

It was on the portals of the Bad Lands they first inscribed, "All hope put by, all ye who enter here."

The Bad Lands were once a high plateau, cut by the waters into a picture puzzle absolutely indescribable. The waters flowed every way. A map of the Bad Lands would resemble a bunch of tangled string thrown upon the floor. Its material cut rapidly. The Bad Lands are of a something like pumice, or a chemist's effervescent salt. Cañon bottoms meet everywhere; the walls are 300 feet high. Because of their loose material and angle of pitch, almost unclimbable. As a final touch each turn is twin to the other. A labyrinth with thirst for Minotaur.

Yet they had a ghastly majesty, bearing back in their pride. They looked an avenue of sphinxes, faintly smiling upon the universe. Careless of all—looking afar off.



The cow-puncher who found the pony and was raised with Injuns took command without orders. He knew what little was known.

Through another entrance to the Bad Lands' trap rode a slim girl upon her cunning little pony.

"I know I oughtn't to go in," she thought, "but just a *little* way."

"Just a *little* bite," said Eve. Isn't it surprising that the woman, by doing so little, should achieve so much that were better left undone?

So she went on. The cañons turned so softly there was no sense of confusion. You went this way and that and there you were—you certainly *were*.

"My! It's hot!" she said. Sun heat poured into those gray-white chasms like a cataract. "And there isn't any water." She looked around. "Why, there's a pond!" she cried, although the pony had not sniffed or shown other interest. The "pond" was a low spot before her, in which the oven air lay quivering, making pretty little synthetic wavelets. Mirage.

It was difficult to reach. Large chunks of gumbo had fallen from above, and the talus barred the way.

"I MUST get off and walk," she said, jumped from her pony, but did *not* throw the lines over his head, else he would have stayed. She clambered to the pond, which simply wasn't, when she arrived. This was all new to her, that God had provided the mirage to cheer the thirsty. She stood petrified with astonishment for a second then, still unconvinced, began striding and trying to splash about.

"Why, what has become of it?" she cried, now so very thirsty.

This awoke one of the original inhabitants, who distinguished himself from his background by moving. He raised his head in that affectedly graceful way of an old-time poet reciting his verse about a maiden fair and some sheep and things to a garden party of lacy ladies with parasols. He waved his tail languidly as one would say, "My dear child, please go away! May not one come out in the Bad Lands for a little nap without disturbance?"

She gave a cry at the sound of his dry thin rattle. Leaping backward, she tripped over a clump and fell. Hastily she scrambled out of that dangerous neighborhood. The rattlesnake held his position rigidly for a moment, after the careful fashion of ophidians, then re-dropped his head upon his coils.

The girl ran for her pony. He, seeing there were no reins upon the ground, started off. He would have stayed until the hair on his back singed were the order properly given, but now he felt himself his own man. So away he went, the girl running after, crying aloud, for now belated memories of warnings laid a cold hand on her heart; and needles of ice—icy fear—thrust through her burning skin.

At last, worn out and roasting alive, she sank into a pitiful little heap, shaking and quivering with sobs. She was lost! Lost in the Bad Lands where the hand of man might find nothing but a collection of small bones, burned very dry and white.

AND Mr. Pony was lost too, although he did not know. It was for him to do aimless circlings and twistings, and returning on his tracks while the sun came down in waves of fire, and the sphinx cliffs gazed afar off. There was nothing for a horse's efficient senses to work upon, and the tiny compass within his head, usually so sure, had ceased to work. Mr. Pony, by some lucky accident, you may gain the clew to this labyrinth, but the odds are against you. And little Madeleine, afoot, and without water, in this garden of Hell, the odds are against you, also.

And Jimmy, tough, wiry boy, inured to hardships and deprivation, no sensible gambler would give you better than one to fifty. All human and animal nature gives out, but the Bad Lands stay and look afar off, with just that suspicion of a smile.

Here came Jimmy staggering around the corner, his clothing so bepowdered with alkali dust he might have been the Genius of the place stepping out of his niche. He looked upon the girl, and looked again. He drew his hand, now dried and scarlet, into a reptile's claw across his eyes.

"Why!" he said, "the last time you was a devil with a monkey face, and now you're nuthin' but a little girl!" Jimmy had been seeing things. If you had that sun on you for days, and no water, so would you.

The girl stirred and raised herself. "By gosh!" said Jimmy, much surprised. "I reckon she's real! What in the name o' Gawd's she doin' in yere?"

The devil with the monkey face was a far more likely apparition. As he stumbled toward her, she heard and turned. The horror of this sneering desolation had clumped down upon her. It was now ten hours since she lost the pony, and her thirst was outrageous.

She advanced to him, swaying and balancing from vertigo.

"Hey, little sister! Take it easy!" said Jimmy. "I'll come to you." His voice sounded like a bad phonograph record heard through a paper bag.

When he drew near, she held out her little arms, beseeching. "Have you," she started and her throat worked—"have you any water?"

"Nary drop, sis," he answered her. Never did death sentence stab human more tearingly.

"We're lost," she said, and looked at him.

He nodded. "Shore enuff," he answered.

"Can't we *ever* get out?" Her eyes were circles of dread and agony.

"That's for that Gent up there to say," replied Jimmy, jerking a thumb upward.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

"Take me!" she cried. "Hold me—all gone! Everything gone! No water— Daddy! If you could see your little girl!"

Jimmy held her close to him, comforting her.

"Don't take on so, sis," he tried to calm her. "Here's Jimmy with you, all the time! That's a help, ain't it?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Sometimes," he went on, "that Gent upstairs is real nice to some people—prob'ly we'll get out all right.

"And that's a damned lie," he finished to himself. He looked up scornfully. "Ain't you just a mite ashamed of yourself for this?" he queried of the Unknown. "I'd be, if I was God."

THE pony came out into the world by sheer accident. A cow-puncher, hunting a lost cow, spied him. The pony did not care to run any more; the Bad Lands had made him easy to catch. His coat stained, his mouth and eyes were rimmed with alkali, his head drooped to his feet.

"Sidesaddle!" gasped the cow-punch. "That'll be Jud Thompson's little girl, sure as Christ!"

He whirled to enter. Action at once was the desire of those old days. But desire was held in check by common sense.

"No damned good in that," he said, "only one man goin'. It'll take the bunch, and the quicker the better." It was not fear for himself that held the cow-punch back—such a thought never entered his mind.

"Come on there, Pinto!" he yelled. "Shake the best leg you can!"

Then his cayuse flattened out, making for Thompson's ranch.

Thompson was Daddy. All the way to the ranch the cow-punch figured to be an artist—to "get it to 'em" in the fewest words. Time was precious.

"Yek-ko!" he yelled at the group around the bull pen, waiting for supper. At the tone of that voice every man stopped dead, even to Fred the cook. They didn't hang around to ask you questions in those days. Something was the matter. They waited to find what was to be done, and jump to it.

"Pinto pony—sidesaddle — riderless — come out of Bad Lands!" called the rider as he scattered gravel in the yard. "All aboard!"

No one needed an order. Fred the cook and another man put a barrel in the wagon and filled it, while two more caught and hitched the team. Bread, coffee, bacon, and utensils were heaved in; those that had unsaddled put the saddles back as if by magic.

Big Jud Thompson stood in the doorway where he got the news. He whirled around. His little Madeleine to die—of thirst—heat—alone—out there! Meeting the end alone! His throat suddenly swelled to choking.

"Here ye are, boss!" called a puncher. "Here's Billy Buck!" a bronc that could carry the boss' weight.

"Thanks, Jim," said the boss, and mounted. "All set?" he cried.

"Right with yer!" said the boys, and they went.

The first rider swung off at the pinto pony. The lines were over the pommel. A hasty examination showed no sign of snake bite.

"She muster got off and walked," said the puncher. For a second his forearm went across his eyes, to shut out something hideous. Then he was his own man again.

"None of yore fault," he said, so he swept saddle and bridle off Pony to give him a measure of ease.

"She got off him, boys," he said to the others. They stopped. Had the pony thrown her, they might have followed his trail— Now!

Jud Thompson looked like a man who had been dug up and killed a second time.

"Can't do much at night, can we?" he said to the cow-punch who found the pony.

"There's a three-quarter moon and I was raised with Injuns," said the man.

"Well, that's something, isn't it?"

"Yessir—that's sumpun," said the puncher pleasantly.

Aside from the pallor under their tan, there was not a sign to show that anything out of the way had happened.

The cow-puncher who found the pony and was raised with Injuns took command without orders. He knew what little was known.

"Come on, boys! Get a wiggle on!" he said. "We want to get there before it's plumb dark."

"D'ye s'pose he kin find the place again?" asked a youngster, gazing at the sculptured ramparts afar.

"Boy," answered the other man, "he was raised with the Injuns."

The leader rode along the castellated front a ways. He headed for a spot. Dismounted and looked at the ground.

"HERE ye be!" he called. "Yere's his tracks!" It was a great deal like walking up to a row of houses exactly alike, fifty miles long, and sticking your key in the right keyhole.

"I'll get us a snack," said Fred the cook. "I just dumped supper into a washpan. You fellers can fish it out as she comes—save making a big fire, as I didn't put in much wood. Jes' heat a little cawfee on a little blaze."

"When does the moon come up?" asked Thompson of the leader. The leader looked at his watch. "Coupla hours—a few minutes over, mebbe." "Coupla hours" sounded better than two and a half.

Two hours! Thompson walked where none could hear him, and gave one groan. The torture of that idle waiting! But there he was back with the others, talking easily of everything, but not garrulously.

His little Madeleine, now freezing! For August nights in Dakota are not simply chilly. I've known it to freeze a half inch or more in a night. Not a thing to cover her—thirsting after being roasted alive in the Bad Lands' oven—not a torture the child should not know! Rattlesnakes creeping up to her for the sake of the warmth. Just back from the happy finish of her schooling, so tender, so sweet. Why, not a lad on the range but would—Jud Thompson threw himself flat on his face and clawed up chunks of alkali with his great hands.

"Pst! Don't notice nuthin'!" said Fred the cook—

"Come into this crack or we'll have the life pounded out of us," he said.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

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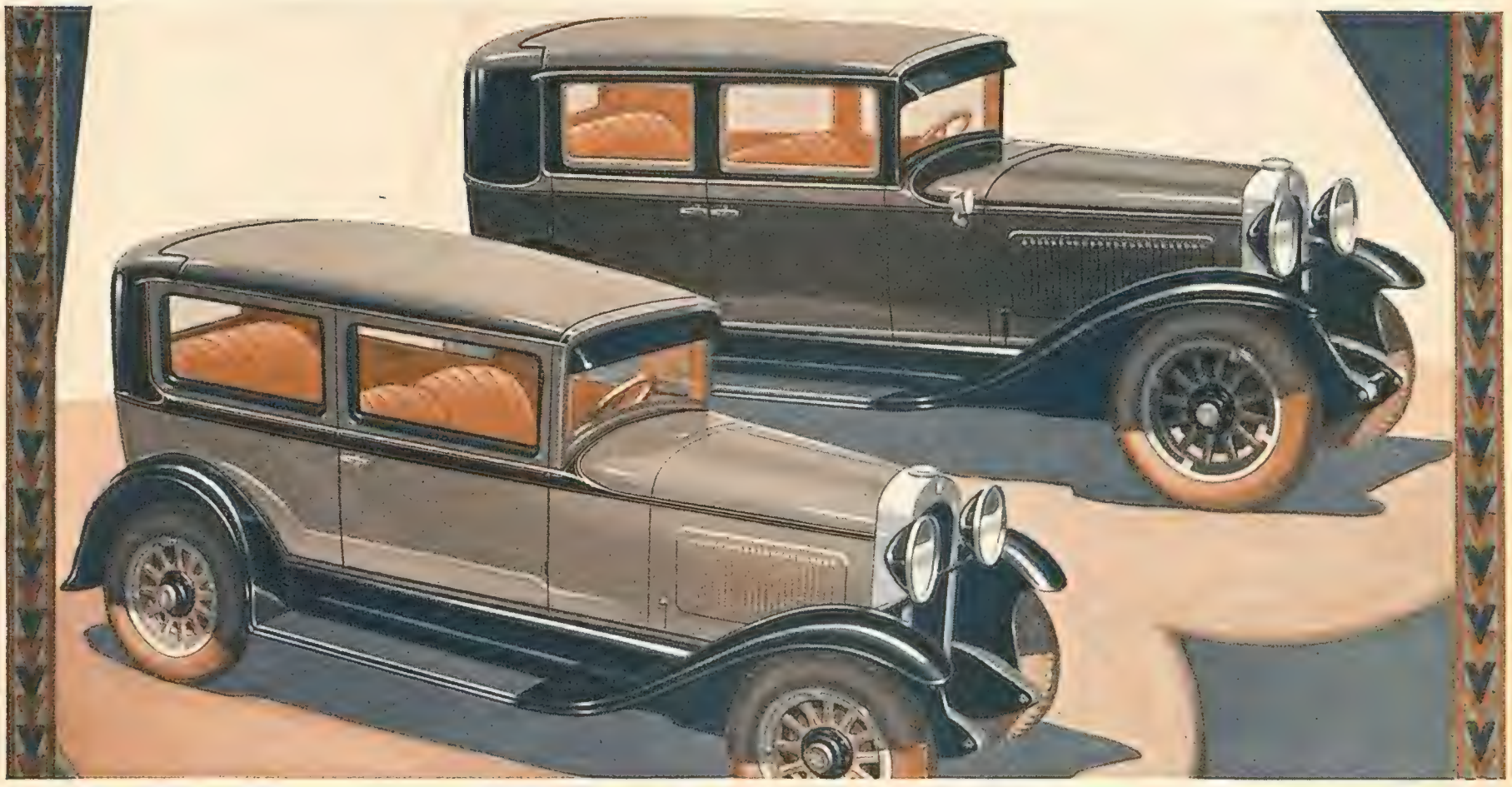

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

unnecessary advice. The boys had all turned their backs, talking easily. And later—

"Yere yer are, boss!" said Fred the cook, and Jud Thompson ate his supper, crowded it down his closed throat. The little girl, at the mercy of that sneering, supercilious hell, the Bad Lands! It would be two hours before the moon came up, the child, in her horror, probably struggling on, farther and farther from all chance of help.

Inside, Jimmy and Madeleine sat waiting for the pitiless moon to smile gently on their agony.

"There never was no water in all this world!" said Jimmy. At the mere thought of water, his head thrust up from the tightening of the throat muscles. "Come up clost, and let Jimmy put his coat around yer, Maddie," he said. They were quite well acquainted by this time. He wrapped her carefully in the worn coat, then drew her to the warmth of his body, shivering in his thin shirt.

Then came the one friend of man, on silent wing, and folded them to the one breast on this earth that offers peace—sleep!

The moon was up the searching party at work most skillfully, marking trail behind them. When the parties split, they took each its share of grub and water. The guns cracked, the men shouted. The moon shone. The Bad Lands' towers drew back haughtily from all this insect uproar. Jimmy and Maddie slept.

The next day a red hot sun thrust its bars between the turrets. There was not a breath of air. The very ground seemed softened, almost to the melting point.

"Jimmy!" cried the girl when the heat of 3 o'clock struck down. "I *must* drink!" She took him by the shoulders and shook him in a frenzy. "Jimmy! I'm dying! I *must* drink!"

THE boy waked out of torpor.

"Yes," he said, and straightened up. He drew his knife and whetted it on his boot leg. He bared his left arm and held it to her.

"Quick now—don't lose none of it," he said—raised the knife and drove it in the arm. She started back, but he caught her head. As the tiny red fountain spurted, "Drink, now!" he commanded. "Suck it!" And she put her mouth close and drank madly, making little piggy noises through her nose.

Jimmy looked at her and smiled. "That's sumpun they didn't teach yer in that fancy school," he thought.

She drew back, panting, eying Jimmy like a kitten.

"There's some more," he said. "Lick it up! Feel better?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!"

Then he sank back, giddy from loss of blood. After a spell of floating away, it seemed to him there was a haze over everything. The other side of the cañon twisted as though seen through moving water.

"Going, going, *gone!*" said Jimmy. "Poor little girl left to face it all alone! I wisht I could stay and help her over the divide."

A sullen earth-shaking roar came to his ears.

He faced about toward the declining sun. Yes, there it was! The coming storm-streamers creeping like blown hair across the face of the sun. There were wisps of steam, a spectral white against the murk. Next came a line of blank, light haze, then as the storm boiled up, a mass of small, round dark clouds outlined in lighter gray.

"Hail!" said Jimmy. "Hail!" he shrieked in joy.

To drink of the solution of alkali that would fountain down that cañon from rain meant death and one did not wish to die after this long haul, with life again in sight.

HAIL could be chewed. At the thought the muscles of his throat twisted like angry snakes. It could be swallowed whole. It was clean, sweet. Cold! Wet! "Hey, Maddie!" he cried. "Here she comes!"

Through another entrance to the Bad Lands' trap rode a slim girl.

It kept them in no long agony of waiting. Roaring till the earth jumped for an echo, fanged with mile-long streaks of flame, the storm alone was merciful.

"Come into this crack or we'll have the life pounded out of us," he said, and drew her into a cleft.

A blast blew over them. Then a solitary missile struck the cañon floor and ricocheted like a bullet. "Some breeze behind that," thought Jimmy. They came faster. One bounded against the wall and fell. He scrambled out at his best speed and got it. Again the straining of his will, his hands almost succeeded in jamming it in his mouth, but he scrambled back, his dry mouth yawning with desire.

He got it to her. "Chaw on that!" he said. And then watched her mumble and crunch it, making inarticulate sounds in her agony of pleasure.

The theory of relativity reaches far—water can become a passion.

Then down came the hail in a drumming roar that drowned the thunder. The earth was a white dancing madness. The hailstones bounded and leapt like live things, while the wind whirled them in a witches' dance. They torrented down the cliff wall until they lay a foot deep. The two misfortunates grabbed them by the handful, swallowed them whole, moaning and sobbing.

There came a momentary lull, then the steady roar of the coming rain. A gray solid wall swept over the cañon tops. They had had ice, but they wanted water. The ice made their throats ache savagely. "Yere!" said Jimmy. "Take off yer skirt, Maddie— Hell!" he finished. "Take 'em all off. What's it matter, out here?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BAD LANDS
Continued from page seventy-one]

Modesty is purely a matter of geography.

They stuffed their other clothes in a niche and stepped out into the cataract. They sank to the knee in gumbo soup.

"Take the corners!" he shouted at her—the rain nearly drowned all other sounds—and offered her the end of the skirt.

"We'll wring the alkali out'n first," he said. "And then, we'll *drink!*"

They stuck their faces into the pool in the middle of the skirt, and drank and drank, only stopping to straighten up and gasp. Their skins seemed to absorb the water. The weight of the downpour was like a waterfall.

"Here, sis, hold this," said Jimmy, making a bag of the skirt. He got his hat, rinsed it and filled that with water. He soused out his boots, and filled them with water. He didn't intend to be without water for awhile, if he could help it.

Then they grabbed each other and did a little weak-kneed mad dance. "My Gawd! Wasn't that good!" said Jimmy. He looked up at a streak of widening blue, saluted with a wave of his hands. "Much obliged!" he called aloft.

Down the cañon floor foamed a three-foot flood of yellow ochre, crested with suds and floating hail.

When this finally subsided, "I reckon I'll go rustle us a meal of grub—we need it," said Jimmy.

"Yes?" said Madeleine. "What can you get?"

Jimmy scrutinized her face. "Sand eels," he said. "This rain will drive 'em out."

"I never heard of 'em," said Madeleine.

"They're durn good eatin'," said Jimmy. "You stay right here now—nothin' to hurt yer. I'll whistle oncet in awhile and you call back. If you need me, yip three times."

He looked at her, so slim and helpless. Then he bent and quickly kissed her.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said, and caught him around the neck. Sobs shook her.

"There now, don't go takin' on like that. Just when we're in the clear! Where's my game little pardie? You just scrape the mud off'n yourself, and put on your pants and truck whiles I'm gone." He held up the riding knickers and regarded them. "Great rig for a hired man," he said, shook his head and departed.

"Don't be gone too long, Jimmy!"

"I won't—back as soon as possible—but a little supper won't go bad, will it?"

"Ooo, Jimmy! I'm *so* hungry!"

"Sure you are! S'long, sis."

"S'long, Jimmy—dear."

Jimmy noted the "dear." "Gosh!" he said, and stood still for a second.

THE first "eel" that Jimmy saw lay on a ledge—his fastidious majesty did not care for alkali mud. Up went the satanic head, swaying above the coil more graceful than a girl dancer. James reached down and gathered a handful of mud.

Smack! Mr. Crotalus was smothered! Jimmy leaped at him with the knife and whipped his head off. It seemed a blasphemy that so much deadly grace should be obliterated by a gob of mud. Jimmy grabbed him by the tail. The headless trunk struck him on the wrist. He looked at the splotch of blood.

"I don't like that," he said. "I'm goin' to eat yer, just for that." He caught four "eels" by mud and knife method, cut off their rattles, skinned them, hid rattles, heads and skins, then strung them on a piece of brush and returned.

"Here yer be!" he said.

"They're *awful* squirmy, aren't they?" said Madeleine.

"Eels is squirmy," said Jimmy. "Ain't got your pants on yet?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I feel so horrid and dirty."

"Reach me my neckercher, and I'll dust yer off," said Jimmy. Carefully he removed the caked mud. He held up the knickers. "H'ist!" he called. She raised a foot and thrust it in.

"'Tother," said Jimmy. He pointed to her toes. "Spread 'em and wiggle 'em." The maiden obeyed. "Them's the prettiest feet I ever see. And as fur them toes, I've seen ten less sensible-looking things in a jury box."

She pressed her lips against his face and hugged him.

"We'll never part, will we, Jimmy?"

"I reckon not," said Jimmy. "Not after this. But gosh, honey, I'm main starved to death—put on the little boots, and we'll see if we can rustle a few sticks, to make a fire."

HE would willingly have swallowed a rattler like a piece of macaroni, but manners is manners. They got a few reeds and weeds.

"Now, if I've left them matches behind!" thought Jimmy. The bottle of matches was in the first pocket he tried. He strung the rattlers on a strong reed and lighted the fire.

"Here we go, now," he said. "Robinson Crusoe and his little sister."

He looked at those "eels"—human nature could endure no longer. "Not to say *cooked!*" he thought. "But warm, anyhow."

"Dust off that slab of gumbo fer a plate. Now," said Jimmy, "we'll see what we can do to 'em. Careful not to swaller bones—eels is full of bones."

They tore into the repast. In no time it had vanished, and they were licking their fingers.

"Now," said Jimmy, "wasn't that good?"

"Bully!" said Madeleine. "But they'd stood a little more cooking."

"Now," said Jimmy, "whaddya say to a nice long, deep, broad, thick drink of water?"

They drank.

"The hat's most gone," said Madeleine.

"We got the boots left," answered Jimmy.

"It's all leaked out of the skirt, Jimmy."

"All right, dry it and put it on if you want to—clo'es don't make so much difference, do they?"

"Not a speck," said Madeleine. "Jimmy, will we ever get out?"

Jimmy figured: two boots of water, to be used economically, plenty of rattlers, maybe a plum tree drawing its life from some hidden source of water, perhaps mulberry bushes, prickly pears—good chance for another storm—

"Why o' course we will!" he said stoutly. "Bound to get us, in time."

"Daddy," whispered Madeleine, and the sobs began.

"Hush on that stuff," said Jimmy. "Daddy's just pawin' the yearth to get his girl—they won't leave nothin' undone, Mousie, don't you fret."

"Do you love me, Jimmy?"

"I wisht I was able fur to tell you how much." And he gave her a big hug.

"Why don't you kiss me then, Jimmy?"

"I'm a pretty lookin' objeck to kiss," said Jimmy. "But here goes!"

"That's *better*," she said, and lay back in his arms. It brought back the spring of life to the boy, that she lay in his arms. "Ain't had nothin' to pet in all my borned days," thought he, and drew her closer.

"Now, Maddie," he said, "which one of them cuts d'ye think they'll come through?" It was a little game to amuse her. Five chasms spread to the eye. She gazed thoughtfully and said, "That one!" pointing her finger, and as though the finger were a necromancer's wand and the words an invocation, at that instant around the corner

He snatched out his old muzzle-loading Colt, held it in both hands.

swept a big handsome cow-puncher!

"Hey there!" Jimmy yelled.

The cow-puncher whirled and stiffened as he sat, then let out a war whoop and came a-flying.

"Well, for Gawd's sakes!" said the cow-puncher. "Great jumpin' Jese Christ! I mean hell! I mean—I don't know what I mean! How the damnation are ye, anyhow?"

Madeleine swallowed hard twice.

"Just *fine!*" she said, and held out her hand.

"Just *fine!*" said that astonished cow-puncher. "Well, the Holy Mormon Brotherhood and little Mary Ann! Well, that's good news! Well, say, want sumpun t' eat?" He untied a bundle from his latigo straps.

"We had some nice sand eels," said Madeleine.

"*Sand* eels!" said the cow-puncher. "*Sand* — !" At that moment Jimmy rattled a finger behind Madeleine's head. "Sure!" said the cow-puncher. "They're good, all right—but whaddyer say to a ham sandwich?"

"There ain't no such a thing," said Jim. "So I sit still."

"Naw!" he said to Madeleine, who offered him the sandwich. "You bite first. I'm goin' to be polite if the bottom falls out. Wolf a bite and pass it."

"How about a little cawfee?" said the cow-puncher, tossing Jimmy the bottle.

"Now," said Jimmy, "drink like a lady, Maddie—fast."

"That's some great kid!" thought the cow-puncher.

"What happened your arm, kid?" he asked, pointing to the cut.

"He wanted me to drink—it was *awful,*" said Maddie.

The cow-puncher looked at the cut and then at the boy. His face became beautiful.

"That was a mighty reasonable thing to do, son," he said. He liked Jimmy better and better.

"Well, nobuddy come yit!" he exclaimed. "Don't know what th' hell's become of those folks—I'll go rustle 'em up."

He wanted to tell Jud Thompson about things.

"DON'T you know where he came from, Dick?"

"No, boss, I don't know nothing about him, except—he's got a boy's years, but he's one full-grown man."

"And Maddie, you're *sure* she's all right?"

"Pert and sassy as a chipmunk."

"Where is it?"

"Next turn to the left."

"I feel kinder gone in the head, Dick. God amitey! Will we *ever* get there!"

When Jud Thompson at last could put his little girl down he turned to Jimmy.

"Boy," he said, "if there's anything I can do for you," he blew his nose violently; "anything. Anything —aw hell!" said Jud Thompson, and turned his back on the company.

A very weak, but still energetic

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BAD LANDS
[Continued from page seventy-three]

Jimmy lay on a nice cot. There was lemonade beside him, and Dick, the puncher, to entertain him.

"Dick," said Jimmy, and caught him by the sleeve. "There's sumpun I got for to tell you."

"Yea, bo?" said Dick, and leaned forward.

"It's about Mr. Angie."

They'd found Mr. Angie.

"Just a minute, kid, till I reach me a cigarette." He didn't want Jimmy to see his face. "Let 'er go—I kin listen."

Jimmy finished: "And that's what sent me to the Bad Lands."

"'Twas Gawd sent you to the Bad Lands, boy—to save little Maddie, an' you done your job well—as fur Mr. Angie, you didn't kill no Mr. Angie. He just got kind of a fit from the heat, crazy in the head like. You didn't hit him—he just fell down."

"Dead, Dick?"

"Naw, sir! Same old Mr. Angie—I saw him three days agone and he told me he was going to leave this country. Mr. Angie's flew, bag and baggage."

The long sigh of relief testified to the value of the lie.

"It's a tur'ble thing to kill a man, ain't it, Dick?"

"*Some* men," Dick qualified. "And now," he added to himself, "I gotter get out there and sound the alarm before some damn fool gets to shootin' his mouth off about Mr. Angie.

"Kid, there's a feller I wanter speak to," he finished aloud. "Back in a minute."

Mr. Angie vanished from history's page.

THEN in came Big Jud Thompson and Maddie. "Well, son, how're they coming?" asked Big Jud.

"Fine," said Jimmy. "But I got to be up looking after that corn of mine."

"Ooo! Jimmy!" said Maddie and drew his head to her. "He's not going to look after any old corn—is he, daddy?"

"I reckin that corn will make without any assistance. That girl Maddie's got the notion you're goin' to stay with us. Wants to bring you up. Want to learn to read and write and sech, Jim?"

"I've got a positive hankering for it," said Jimmy.

"Will you let *me* teach you, Jimmy?" asked Madeleine, turning the full blue radiance upon him.

"I ain't got the *slightest* objection," said Jimmy.

Big Jud Thompson rose abruptly and went outside where he slapped his leg and enjoyed himself. "Demnedest kid I ever *did* see!" he chortled.

"Now, *Jimmy!*" cried Madeleine, reproachfully. "'Haven't got the slightest objection'—is that the way—"

"You come here to me," said Jimmy. "Didn't we stick it out in the Bad Lands?"

"Yes."

"Honest to Gawd, now, do you want *me* to slobber?"

Madeleine looked her Jimmy in the eye. Then she said it all in one very short word.

"No!" said Madeleine.

Jud Thompson peeked in the door. "They seem to be getting along all right. Reckin I'll take a stroll around."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 52

1—Utah.
2—The Crimean War.
3—Barbecue.
4—John L. Sullivan.
5—Louisiana; for Louis XIV.
6—Molokai.
7—A vertical window in a sloping roof.
8—The shaven part of the head of an ecclesiastic.
9—Bleak House.
10—Ermine.
11—In central Italy.
12—A system under which nations exchange commercial privileges.
13—Ottawa.
14—Between ourselves; in confidence.
15—A republic.
16—Mount Vesuvius.
17—A chief in some tribes of American Indians.
18—Boston.
19—Fourteen.
20—Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.

Clothes for a DARK Lady

By BETTINA BEDWELL

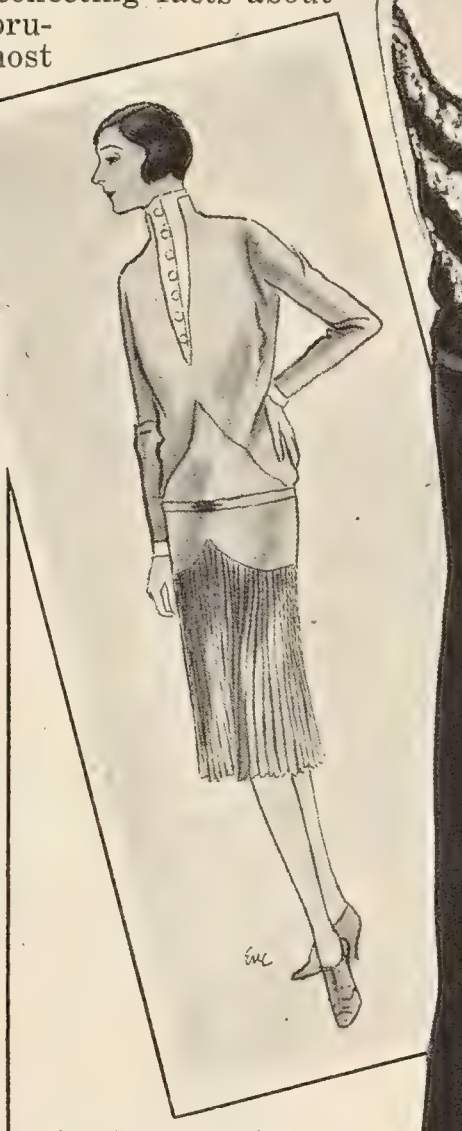
Paris.

ARE you a brunette? Then listen. There are certain dark secrets about the art of dress that you ought to know. These would be harmful for a blonde, useless to the brown-haired, and no good for the red-heads. But for you they are made to order.

Yes, I know there are all kinds of brunettes—big ones, little ones, fat and thin, swarthy and lily-skinned. But there is, at the same time, an atmosphere that inevitably belongs to all brunettes, and the clothes they wear should be so artfully assembled and so cleverly worn as to add charm to this quality.

For some time I have been collecting facts about the application of chic to the brunette sisterhood. I find that most of the Paris couturiers have a whole world of lore about what is effective for the dark-haired. Dresses, hats, coats, powder, perfume, shoes, jewels—yes, down to the tiniest detail—the brunette has special requirements; and she is effective in proportion to the degree in which she understands this. To get down to cases, what are these?

This evening coat of lamé has separate linings to match different frocks.



A dress worn by Comtesse de Vallombrosa. It was made by Yvonne Davidson of gray crepella with white crêpe gilet and cuffs.

Worth designed this stunning evening gown of dark green velvet for the Princesse Bibesco.

I am going to give you some style secrets of three famous brunettes. The first is one you all know. She is an expert on blondes, this lady, and she is so clever about dressing her little brunette person as to be quite as effective as the deadliest blonde—which is some order.

Anita Loos is small and slender, and very, very dark. She says that blondes get away with murder because they wear baby blue, and this is a color that she herself wears most effectively. As to cut, she has a street ensemble in light blue wool—you know the kind the French poilus wear—made with a detachable cape and a straight military coat.

This suits her petite brunette type perfectly. She

Yvonne Davidson made this simple crêpe de chine frock for Miss Loos.

Anita Loos in a light blue wool coat by Yvonne Davidson.

wears very simple clothes like this in the daytime, and her separate frocks are distinctly feminine, but uncomplicated. Miss Loos says the brunette takes on a too sophisticated air if she wears complicated clothes. About shoes she is very particular. Extremely feminine slippers are a great asset to the brunette. A typical frock designed for Miss Loos by Yvonne Davidson, shown here, is in crêpe of two tones of green.

THE Comtesse de Vallombrosa is another brunette who is dressed by Yvonne Davidson. The comtesse is medium in height, slender, with dark skin and dark eyes. She wears no more than two or three colors a season. She is this season wearing gray for daytime and cyclamen for evening. To these she adds black and white, one of the most effective of all color schemes for the brunette.

For daytime Comtesse de Vallombrosa wears the simplest of gray woolen coats, with a gray skirt, white blouse, and gray and white scarf; or a two-toned gray frock that depends on its lines for its distinction. Erickson has sketched for us one of her characteristic frocks. She wears the evening coat illustrated with all of her evening dresses. It is a double coat from Yvonne Davidson, the outer part of silver lamé. The inner coat, of velvet, she changes to go with her frocks—one black, one white, and one cyclamen.

The center sketch shows an evening gown worn by Princesse Bibesco, who is a brunette with a clear pale skin. Though she is of medium height, this Worth dress, with its soft trailing back, makes her appear "divinely tall." It is made of dark green velvet, with silver embroidery at the back. Green is preëminently a brunette color—tradition to the contrary—and green velvet or satin for the pale brunette is something to rave about.

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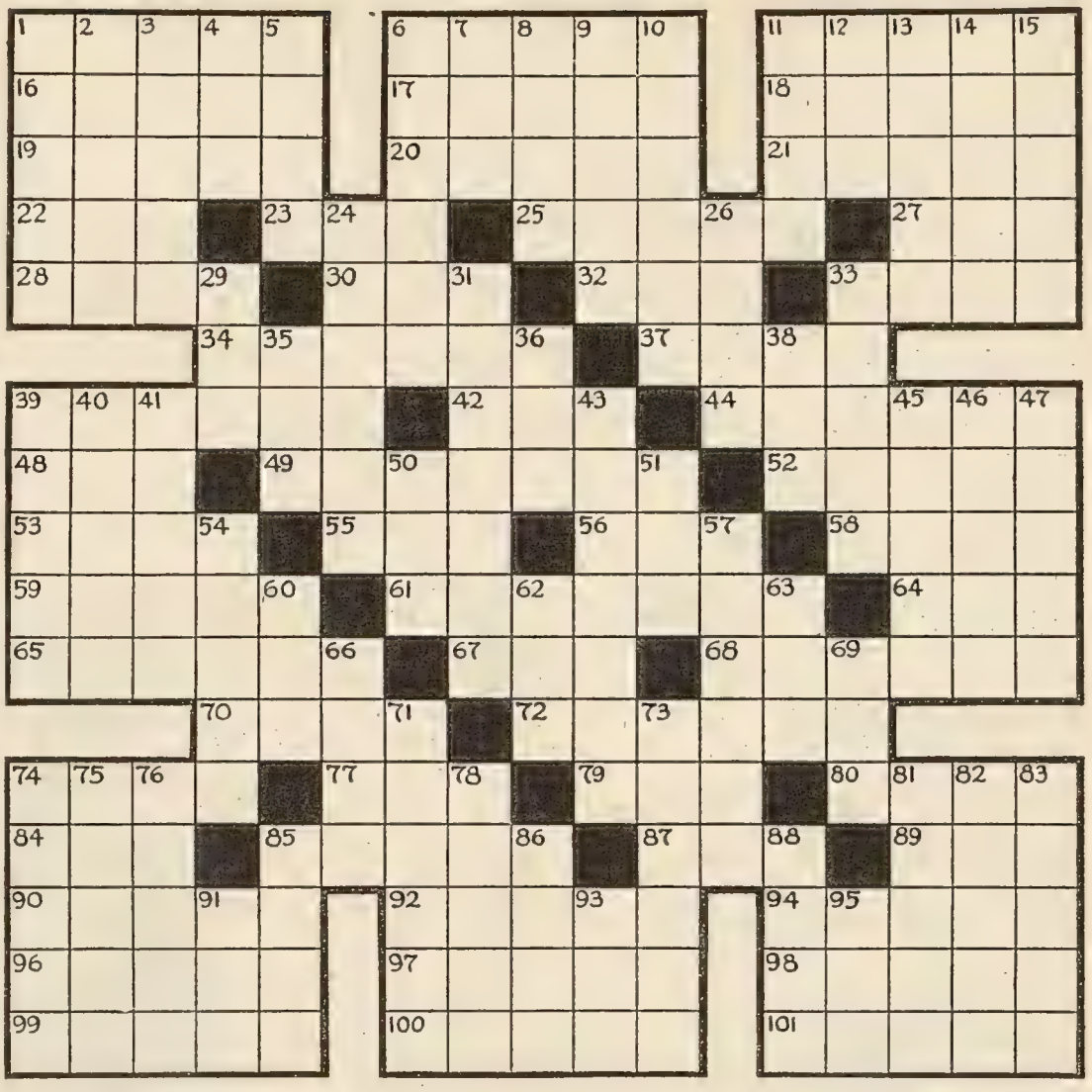
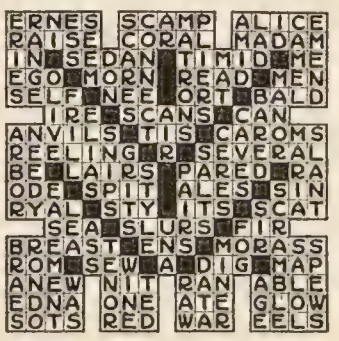


HORIZONTAL

1 A parrot
6 City in Italy
11 Relating to life
16 Having wings
17 Love deeply
18 Irregularly notched
19 To mature
20 Part of the neck (plural)
21 A gum
22 Point of the compass
23 Beverage
25 Ingress
27 Street urchin
28 Dry and withered
30 Duration of existence
32 Malt liquor
33 Iniquities
34 Any story coming down from the past
37 Compass point
39 Fancy slipper
42 Large cask
44 Granted the use of
48 Note of Guido's scale
49 Purified
52 Purloined
53 Woman's name
55 A pouch
56 To cut down, as grass
58 Give forth
59 Greek goddess of fate
61 Military officer
64 American humorist
65 Vigorous
67 Prefix denoting separation
68 Peruser
70 Intoned
72 Something very inflammable
74 A weed
77 A form of to be
79 Comprehend
80 Masticate
84 A wing
85 Thin or simple soup
87 Craft
89 Attention
90 Equilibrium
92 Possessive pronoun
94 A size of type
96 That which is set in
97 Annoy
98 Rants
99 Prophets
100 Elder
101 A representative

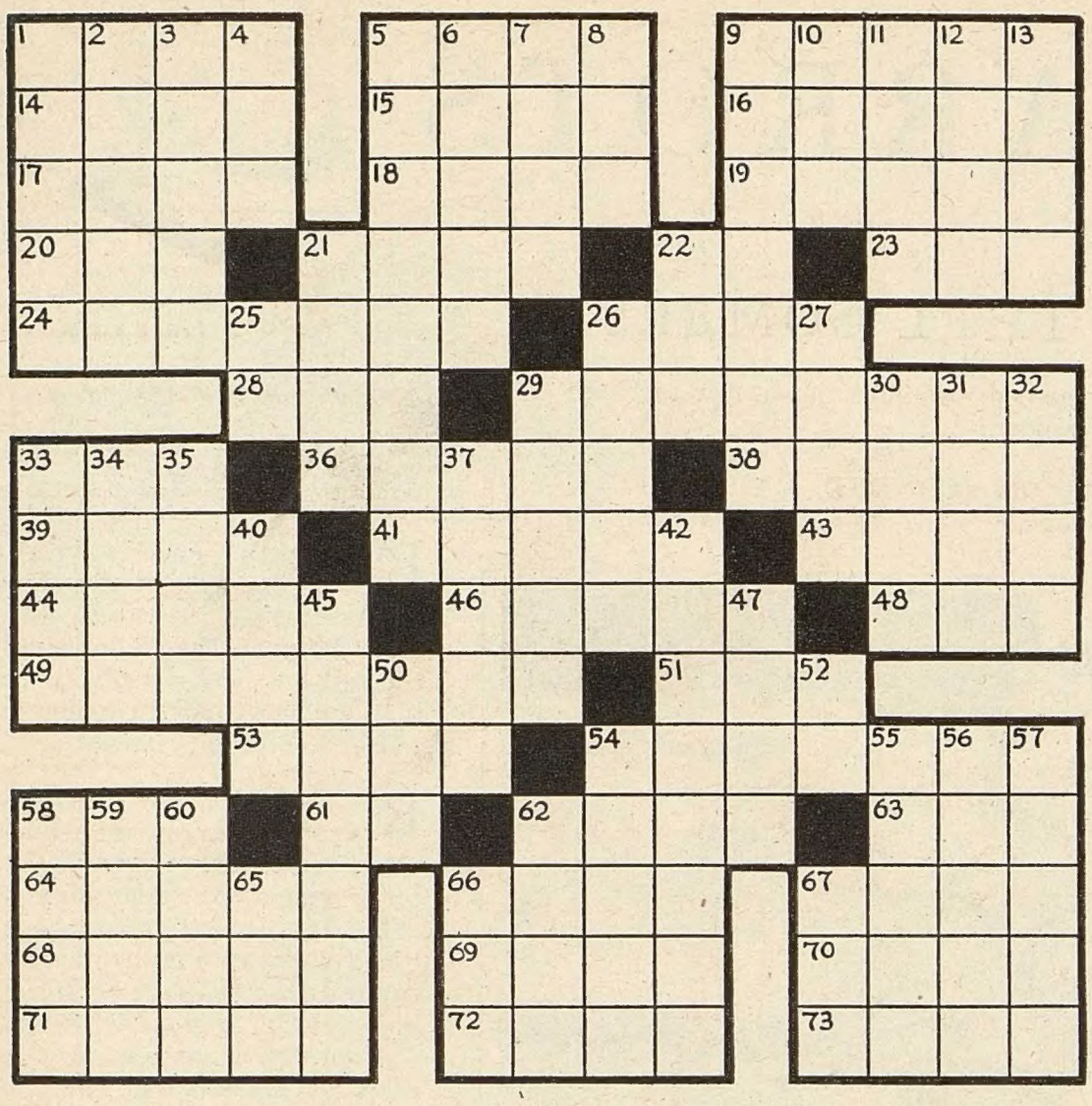
VERTICAL

1 Female equines
2 Arrange in a row
3 An antic
4 Devoured
5 Proceeded on the way
6 Conduct, as a business
7 Woman's name
8 An easy gallop
9 Central part of an amphitheater
10 Snuggle
11 Exceedingly
12 Wrath
13 Italian composer (1847-1916)
14 Pertaining to a particular continent
15 Loans
24 Birds of prey
26 Genuine
29 Antiquity
31 Lured
33 Condition
35 Part of the head
36 To beset for payment
38 Distress signal
39 Ridges
40 Apportion
41 Titler
43 Greek goddess of retributive justice
45 Wanderer
46 Strike out
47 Hinder
50 To tire by labor
51 A beetle
54 Ascended
57 Guard or keeper
60 Collection of facts
62 Insect's egg
63 Shelter
66 Snarl; growl
69 Part of a circle
71 Artificial recess or cavernlike apartment
73 Closer
74 Tapestry
75 Single
76 Elevate
78 Woman's name
81 Strain to do something difficult
82 Devoured
83 To wring or wrench
85 Wagers
86 Place at the beginning
88 Home of old Irish kings
91 A Hindu weight
93 Suffix; make into (variant)
95 Forcible restraint of speech



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

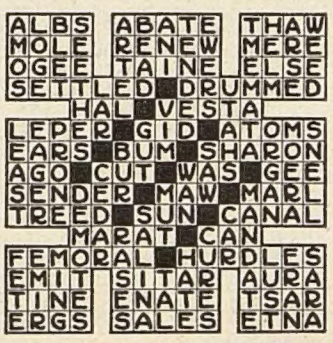


HORIZONTAL

1 A blue dyestuff
5 Measures added to a musical composition
9 Devastation
14 East Indian buffalo
15 Pertaining to the mouth
16 A fruit
17 To follow behind
18 Small isolated mass of ore (geology)
19 One of the Leeward Islands
20 Greek letter
21 The Deseret state
22 An ejaculation
23 Equine quadruped
24 Surrendered by deed
26 Confident
28 Boggy land
29 State of timorousness
33 Twenty-second letter of the Hebrew alphabet
36 Vessel for heating liquids (plural)
38 Town in Italy
39 Converts to one's service
41 Shrub which bears an edible berry
43 Cry as with agony
44 Starts suddenly aside through fright
46 East Indian weight (plural)
48 Comprehend
49 Political follower
51 Falling weight of a pile driver
53 Duck
54 Moves in a continuous flow
58 Those who are in office
61 Printer's measure
62 Formed by interlacing a cord
63 Lawn tennis term
64 Anguish (poetic)
66 Young of the coalfish
67 Situation
68 Avoid by subterfuge
69 Government in Russia
70 Declare positively
71 Glutted
72 Small bird of the West Indies
73 That which pertains to three things together

VERTICAL

1 Cause to drink
2 Harangue
3 Biblical name (1 Chron. vii)
4 Split pulse of the pigeon pea
5 Things included within specified limits
6 Mountain nymph
7 Short swift race
8 Octave above the treble staff
9 Woman's name
10 Beverage
11 Interjection expressing good will
12 Genus to which domestic sheep belong
13 In India, a tax for a special object
21 One for whose use a thing is done (law)
22 Sing without articulation
25 Islet near Marseilles
26 Henequen
27 Whirlpool
29 Shoulder of the bolt of a lock
30 Anger (plural)
31 Bind or swear to secrecy
32 American university
33 A long, pointed tooth
34 County in North Carolina
35 Ore deposit
37 Pertaining to birth
40 Party or faction
42 Recently
45 Deviated from the proper course
47 Not expressible in rational numbers
50 Humanity in general
52 Seventeenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet
54 Procreated
55 Living
56 Measure of length
57 Austere
58 Day of the ancient Roman month
59 A new star
60 A lath
62 Edible rootstock of a tropical plant
65 Poem suited to be set to music
66 Cooking vessel
67 Remained in a state of repose



Answer to last week's hard puzzle

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Molded salads may be made with minced vegetables and a dressing.

What to Do with CARROTS

By ETHEL SOMERS

Fluted knives for peeling or slicing make for a variety of shapes.

ALL vegetable roots rank high in food value, but no other root has the high vitamin content of carrots. For sweet flavor and high food value cook carrots slowly in little or no water, sealed tightly in a vessel or in parchment paper.

Cooked Carrots

(For six)

2 bunches or 1½ pounds carrots
¾ teaspoon salt

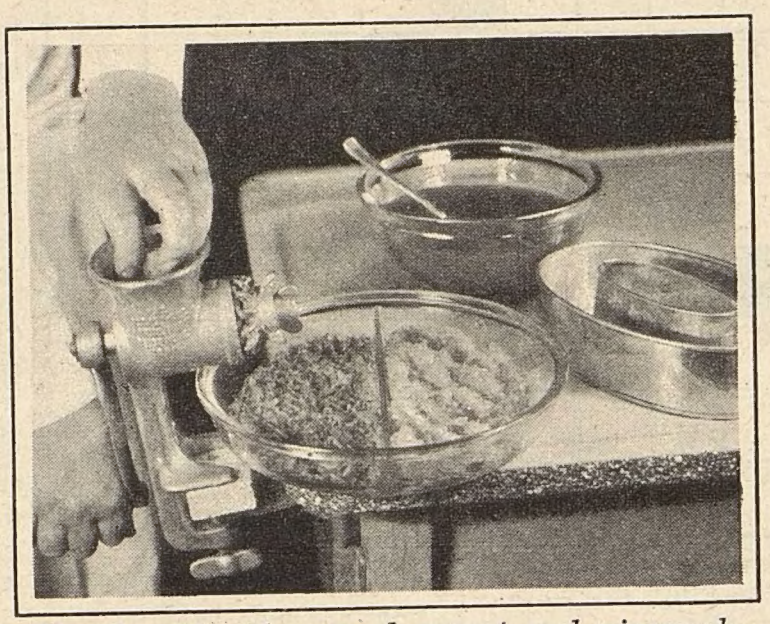
WASH and scrape the carrots. Leave whole or cut in halves or quarters. Add the salt and one-half cup cold water. Place uncovered on a moderate flame. When the water starts to boil, cover tightly. Reduce the flame until it is almost out, and if the carrots are young cook from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, according to the manner of cutting. Old carrots must be cooked from twenty-five to forty minutes. Steamed carrots are cooked tender over boiling water from twenty-five to thirty or from forty to fifty minutes.

Buttered Carrots

3 cups cooked carrots
1 to 2 tablespoons butter

ADD the butter to the hot carrots. Serve at once or pan fry for five minutes with one to two tablespoons minced parsley. If the carrots are to be mashed, increase the butter to three tablespoons.

SAVORY COOKED CARROTS—If your family does not like carrots, try adding one tablespoon sugar to the cooking water; also one to two tablespoons minced parsley may be added to the butter with which they are seasoned.



Equal parts of ground carrot and pineapple may be added to lemon or pineapple gelatin to form a refreshingly different health salad.

In cooking young carrots one may eliminate the troublesome scraping. Simply put the washed carrots into one-half cup boiling water, and when tender skin them as you would beets. Remove each in turn from the boiling water and hold under running cold water while squeezing off the skin.

CREAMED CARROTS—Three-quarters cup thin white or cream sauce stirred into three cups cooked carrots.

Glazed Carrots

2 bunches carrots
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar or maple syrup
¼ cup butter

PREPARE as for cooked carrots in any style of cutting. When tender, add the butter and sugar. When the liquid is reduced to about one-fourth cup, turn into a large fry pan and cook gently until the liquid cooks away and the carrots become shiny.

MASHED OR RICED CARROTS—Odd sized carrots may be cut into uniform pieces and when cooked tender may be mashed or riced.

If a ricer is used the carrots need not be skinned, as the skins will remain in the ricer.

Savory Cheese Carrots

½ cup mild American cheese, rubbed through a sieve
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
1½ cups diced cooked carrots

BLEND the cheese with the flour and add to the carrots by arranging in alternate layers. Pour in the milk in which the salt has been dissolved. Bake in a covered dish in a hot oven (425° F.) twenty minutes.

RAW CARROT SALAD—Raw ground carrot is ideal for salad purposes. It may be used plain except for moistening with salad dressing, or it may be combined with an equal quantity of ground raw cabbage, green pepper, celery, or roasted peanuts. Cooked whole green peas also make a pleasant addition. These mixtures moistened with salad dressing make a tasty salad service.

More attractive salads may be made by molding such combinations as these in layers rather than mixing them together. For example, grind equal quantities of carrot and cabbage, using about half as much green pepper, keeping each vegetable separate. Moisten each in turn with the salad dressing and pack tightly into individual or family sized molds.

The finished product is most attractive if the green pepper is put in the bottom of the mold, then the cabbage layer, and lastly the carrot. Chill thoroughly. Unmold carefully with a knife or by a quick dipping in and out of hot water.

Carrot Jam

1 quart cold water
1½ pounds carrots
3 lemons or 2 oranges and 1 lemon
Sugar
¼ to ½ cup chopped nuts (almonds, walnuts, or peanuts)

THE carrots should be run through the chopper, using the fine knife. Add one quart cold water. Place on the fire, and when boiling, cover tightly and reduce the flame until it is almost out. Cook gently until tender or for about twenty minutes. Add fruit which has been thoroughly scrubbed and thinly sliced as for marmalade. Add two-thirds as much sugar as combined carrot and fruit. Mix until well blended. Stir and cook *quickly* until a test sample of one teaspoon of the fruit cooled quickly in the refrigerator is of jam thickness. Add the coarsely chopped nuts and pour in sterile glasses.

YOU may improve your culinary skill by following Ethel Somers' suggestions on her page in LIBERTY. It is also wise to consider the advice given in the three cookbooks listed below. They contain only tested recipes. Each book costs 10 cents—all three cookbooks for only 25 cents. Order the cookbooks now, and please use the coupon.

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"All In" from Dining Out?

THERE'S only *one* place where a man can enjoy the cooking for a lifetime. That place is neither a quick-lunch wagon nor the finest hotel on earth. "Be it ever so humble," *that* place is *home*.

Good cooking *must* start with a *good* cook stove—and where can you find a cook stove to *equal* a Red Wheel Gas Range with its famous Lorain that measures and automatically controls the oven heat?

A sparkling, all-enamel Red Wheel Gas Range with its many labor-saving improvements is a *difficult-to-refuse* invitation to *any* woman to prepare a delicious home-cooked meal for her menfolk. In fact, you'll not find men "all in" from dining out in homes where Red Wheel Gas Ranges cook the meals.

Even though she be only a bride in her 'teens, any owner of a Red Wheel Gas Range can achieve success with her *first* attempt. For, with every Red Wheel Gas Range is given a cloth-bound cook book containing many unique and standard recipes, from dainty pastries to substantial Whole Meals that can be cooked in the oven at one time.

These never-failing Lorain Time and Temperature recipes (see coupon at left) are developed in American Stove Company's famous Research Kitchen which is under the direction of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, M. A., formerly of Teachers College, Columbia University.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges retain their beauty under hard usage and are built to give years of satisfactory service. At your dealer's you'll find a size, type and finish that will surely please you. And remember this: *insist* upon a Red Wheel Gas Range (*any one of the six lines illustrated*) when you buy.

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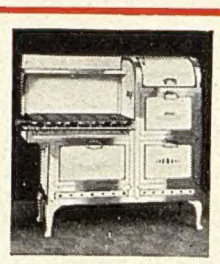

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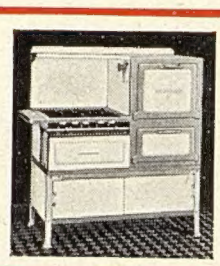

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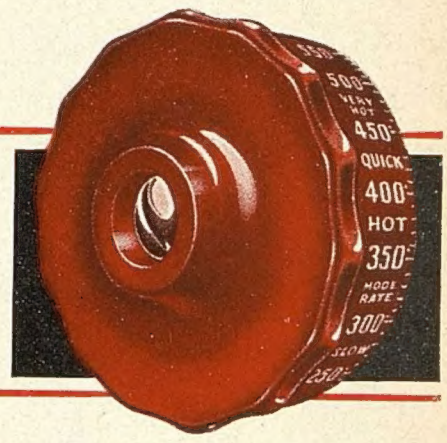

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